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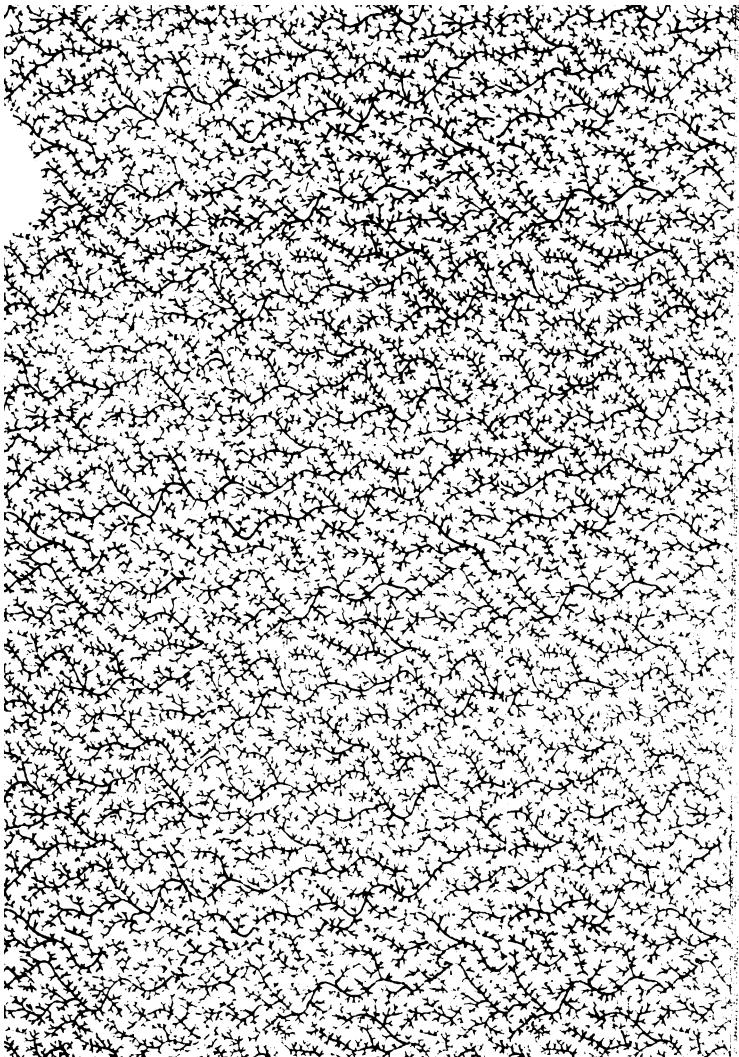
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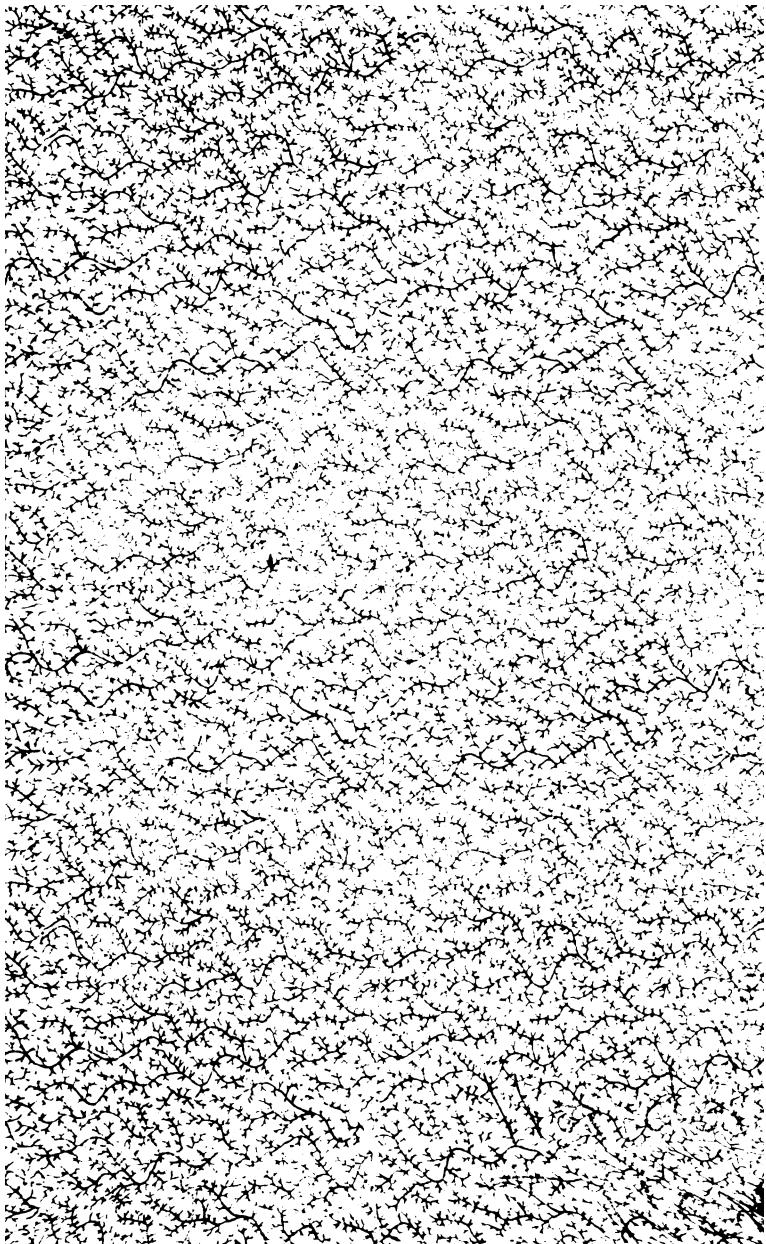
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— 1 —

UTOPIAN DREAMS

AND

LOTUS LEAVES.

NEW YORK
PUBLISHED
BY
GEO. W. WARDER.

"Laurel crowns cleave to deserts,
And power to him who power exerts.
Hast not thy share? On winged feet
Lo! it rushes thee to meet;
And all that nature made thine own
Floating in air, or pent in stone
Will rive the hills and swim the sea,
And like thy shadow, follow thee."

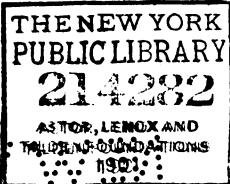
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

London :

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1885.

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214282
VRA 981

I weave a chaplet from the years
 All fashioned by the hand of Fate ;
I read a lesson from the spheres
 Whose mission is to never wait
That God hath written on time's page
 That *action* is the law of life,
And man from youth to hoary age
 A living struggle warm with strife.

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR
TO HIS SAINTED WIFE.

THE CHARM OF WHOSE GRACE AND CHARACTER, THE NOBILITY
AND LOVELINESS OF WHOSE LIFE, IS ENSHRINED IN HIS
MIND, AND LIVED IN HIS MEMORY.

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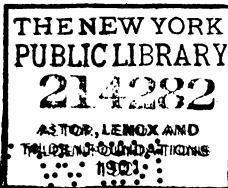
the Author

to the

New York Public Library

ELUSION,
RET.
DREAMS
T:
DUTIES,
PPING.

STONES ALONG THE PATHWAY OF IMMORTALITY,
WHERE THE ISLANDS OF THE BLESSED SMILE IN PERENNIAL
BEAUTY,
AND OUR LOVED SHALL GREET US ON THE BLISSFUL SHORES
OF THE DEATHLESS ETERNITIES.



OLIGON
VIAZELI

I weave a chaplet from the

VIAZELI

FEB 18 1901

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR
TO HIS SAINTED WIFE.

THE CHARM OF WHOSE GRACE AND CHARACTER, THE NOBILITY
AND LOVELINESS OF WHOSE LIFE, IS ENSHRINED IN HIS
HEART AND HALLOWED IN HIS MEMORY.

WHOSE ANXIOUS SOLICITUDE, AND UNSELFISH DEVOTION FOR
THE WELFARE OF OTHERS, MADE HER THE IMPERSONATION
OF LOVE AND DUTY, AND THE SYNONYM OF TRUTH
AND GOODNESS.

THROUGH HER UNTIMELY LOSS
HE FEELS THAT LIFE IS UNSATISFYING, YOUTH A DELUSION,
MIDDLE AGE A STRUGGLE, AND OLD AGE A REGRET.

TO PRESERVE SOME HALLOWED MEMORIES AND AONIAN DREAMS
HE HAS GARNERED THESE FLOWERS OF THOUGHT:

FOR THE PAST HATH ITS MEMORIES, THE PRESENT ITS DUTIES,
THE FUTURE HATH HOPE,
WHICH LOOKS UP TO THE STARS AS THE GOLDEN STEPPING-
STONES ALONG THE PATHWAY OF IMMORTALITY,
WHERE THE ISLANDS OF THE BLESSED SMILE IN PERENNIAL
BEAUTY,

AND OUR LOVED SHALL GREET US ON THE BLISSFUL SHORES
OF THE DEATHLESS ETERNITIES.

JOY WORD GLORY

We live for joy & whole or part.

The inspiration of all Art

Is love. 'Tis labour's best reward ;

The alchemy of joy ; life's lord ;

Earth's only heaven from above.

To those that live a smile of love

Is like the laurel to the brave,

Worth countless garlands on their grave.

Think not love's labour e'er was lost,

It built creation without cost

To frugal man, and named him lord ;

'Twas hate brought strife and dark discord,

And God will wipe love's sinless tears ;

Like truth, she hath eternal years.

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UTOPIAN DREAMS AND LOTUS LEAVES.

ÆSTHETICISM.

LIKE the bright and glowing radiance of the never-setting sun

Rising in effulgent glory as the ceaseless ages run,
Crowning with its golden vesture mountain tops and wooded plain

As a hallowed benediction resting over earth and main,
Is the spirit of all beauty—is the glad poetic thrill
Of the universe of nature that the ages cannot still.

And the souls of men enraptured, like imprisoned Titans rise

To meet the star-eyed fancies of the ever-dreaming skies
As they frown in clouds and tempest, as they smile in joy and shine

Till the silver cloudlets lining and the opal shadows twine.

For all nature hath a dreaming and a seeming unto man
Like the blending of God's features that the soul must rise and scan.

O ! the beautiful in beauty ! O ! the loveliness in
love !

O ! the sweetness of suggestion in fair Venus and her
dove !

In the wisdom of a Pallas, in a Juno's grace and
mien,

In the strength of Jove's deep thunder, in the smile of
Luna's sheen

As she bends to brave Endymion sleeping on the moon-
lit hills,

Till she lifts his drooping fancies, and her love his bosom
fills.

Comes no Helen from lost Ilium to enchant the ravished
soul

With her form like sweet Aurora bathed in burnished
light and gold,

With her queenly grace entralling, and love's heaven in
her eye,

For which half the world would battle, and the other
half would die ?

Comes no Hector, no Achilles ? Has the world's heart
lost its tongue ?

'Tis because we have no Homer, and its songs are still
unsung.

Is there beauty in a lily, shaped like ocean's listening
shell,

White as sea foam beat and sifted, where the raging
billows swell ?

Pure as snow upon the mountains, where Diana's feet
have trod ;
Chaste as angels' thoughts in heaven smiling goodness
back to God ?
'Tis the subtle, sweet suggestion that the yearning soul
doth fill,
When it gazes on the lily that its throbbing pulses thrill.

Is there beauty in that flower ever bending to the sun,
Its deep heart of adoration looking, bowing to but one ?
Fronting to the light and centre of this universe of
days,
Giving all its love and passion in the ardour of its
gaze ?
Thus the soul should front its centre, gazing up to truth
and God ;
Bowing ever to fair beauty as an angel on earth's sod.

'Tis from truth to truth ascending—'tis the beautiful in
thought,
'Tis the pure in heart and spirit, where the rainbow hues
are caught ;
That we call the *true aesthetic*—that we name the soul's
delight,
Fairer than the twilight shadows kissed by moonbeams
of the night,
Where the wings of soaring fancy, like the dove from
out the ark,
Gathers flowers and olive branches where the world
seems drown'd and dark.

Be thou toiler, bard, or prophet, lift the cold eye of the world,
Bid it glow and thrill and wonder where truth's banners are unfurled,
For the ages that are coming, linking nations, land and sea,
Shall have scope for broader knowledge, and a fancy wide and free ;
And, like Hermes, bear a message from the cosmos to the gods—
“He is greatest of the Titans who plants flowers on earth's sods.”

He was noblest of the Romans, who did grow a blade of grass
Where Alaric's war-steeds trampled, and where human souls must pass.
He is truest of God's prophets, who would strew the path with flowers
Of immortal truth and goodness, springing up in darkest hours ;
And who sings a song of beauty, spreading gladness far and wide,
Finds his crown amid the ages, though he sang that song and died.

Might is not the test of power, for the strongest in the land
Is king of wisest human thought, with spotless soul and hand.

And gathering gold and sordid dust is not life's aim
forsooth,
For soul is the only test of worth, and the only gold is
truth.
And the work of the noblest bard is to lessen the grief
and tears
Of the myriad souls *to be* in the coming countless years,
When the gems of the wisest thought shall spread and
leaven the whole,
Till the pulsing heart of the world shall throb as a single
soul.



BEAUTY.

BEAUTY hath its use and meaning, lifting up the eye and soul

Till the fancy glows and trembles as the needle to the pole;

Till we reach the beatific in impassioned pure delight
Through the soul-food of the fancy, through the doorway of the sight.

And hearts like birds sing sweetest 'mid the morn of dewy tears,

When the beautiful in nature blends with music of the spheres.

The prattle of a lovely child, the bird-song of the birds
Hath melody in golden thought, though not in spoken words,

And silent footprints of the wind upon Æolian band
Doth wake a sweeter, gentler chord than touch of human hand;

So beauty with enchanting thrall doth o'er the spirit pour
As silent as an angel's tread in blessings evermore.

O! the wisdom of the wisest; O! the goodness of the good !
Gleaning through the sweep of ages where Divinity hath
stood

Shining footprints of celestials, through the mystic
gleaming bars,
Of the ever past and present speaking in the earth and
stars.

How they teach the lofty spirit of the beautiful Beyond,
Of God's uttered truth and goodness, if but yearning
souls respond.

'Tis the tropic of the soul-land—'tis the Italy of dreams,
'Tis the Athens of the cultured, 'tis the godlike of all
themes,

Where the lovely Aphrodite, and the gentle Juno stand,
Peerless as the sun-kissed lilies, in a sunlit summer land—
The Utopia of the blessed, the Elysian of the good,
Blooming into star-eyed blossoms where the Deity hath
stood.

'Tis the music of all nature,—the anthem of the stars,
When they sang their first glad greeting, reaching
through the twilight bars

Of the finite to Infinite, from the morning song of praise
To the vesper prayers of evening at the end of endless
days,—

'Tis God's stamp upon creation where His rosy fingers
pressed,
Heaven's ladder to the climbing soul whose spirit will not
rest.

From the wreck of crumbling matter as a rainbow from
the skies,

With the majesty of Hera in the magic of her eyes,
With the loveliness of Venus, with impassioned lips, and
zone

Circled with the azure splendour of a Zeus on his
throne,

Comes the loveliness of Beauty to the heaven of the
soul,

Queen and empress of the ages from creation's pole to
pole.

'Tis the godlike in the earthly, and the life-spark to the
dead,

Shedding sunlight warm with gladness where Plutonian
shadows tread.

And the chaos of the ages was when beauty had no
name,

And the darkness of creation knew no voice to praise or
blame

Till the eye of God looked on it, and its shadows
turned to light—

And behold the good and beautiful stood only in His
sight.



LOVE.

COULD I but mould the vault on high,
I'd blazon *Love* upon the sky,
 Imprint it on the dazzling sun,
 And every life when first begun.
Pour it a song through coming years
Blent with the music of the spheres,
 A voice to keep the worlds from strife,
 The poetry of joy and life.

Love gives our lives a richer health,
Love adds unto our souls new wealth.
 It steps into the heart, when lo !
 New streams of joy begin to flow.
We see more wealth in one bright eye
Than in the proud and jewelled sky
 Of golden stars ; than in the deep
 Rich bosom of the sea where sleep
The continents of glittering pearl,
And the lost riches of a world.

Man may his warmth of nature hide,
And chill it with a freezing pride,
 Erase from life affection's port,
 Be traffic's ship, ambition's sport,

Yet in his secret soul will smile
Affection's sun, love's starry isle ;
Where he will wander when the soul
Is sad with strife and sorrows roll.
There love will ope the doors and bars
To isles that glitter like the stars.

Love is the home-land of the soul,
Beyond where glowing planets roll ;
Beyond the stars and central sun,
Beyond where blazing comets run.
Where mind is lost in whirling space,
It doth its golden pathway trace
To the throne of the Infinite ; where
It soars in bliss, and bows in prayer.
Its magic touch builds brighter domes
Than greatness, or the greed that roams
For gold. Ambition's lofty pride,
Bold, Cæsar-like may sternly stride
Across the Rubicon of love,
And spurn its joys. May look above
Its trampled bliss, and march ahead
On steeds with bridles dripping red,
Till on a pyramid of bones
A throne is made of all the thrones.
But on that dizzy sceptred height
The heart will shrivel with the blight
Of desolation, drear and dark,
Be sorrow's home, and envy's mark.

Love doth the fairest castles build,
Affection's gems doth deck and gild
 Its portals. There fancy's wing
 Oft soars for new-found joys to bring
Into its temple. The mind is but
 Its messenger to ope and shut
 The door of reason. The hands that toil,
 The feet that swiftly tread the soil,
 Obey its bidding. Memory holds
 Her treasured stores to glad unfold
 Their fairness, and to fondly bless
 Its idols with a sweet caress.

She is the fair enchantress of the earth,
Whose wizard touch gives joy to birth.
 The sun-light, star-light of the soul,
 The monarch of the tides that roll
 From being's centre to its pole.
The pivot turning night to day
Heaven smiling on the darkest way.
 The essence of all warmth and light ;
 While *hatred* is the gloom of night,
The chaos of an unborn earth
Till love hath spoke it into birth.

Love does not seek to grandly fly
To glittering heights where Fame sits high,
 And breathes her zephyrs of applause,
 And weaves her laurels. Her cause

UTOPIAN DREAMS

Is not distinction. Though tempests roll
There'll come a lull—a quiet to the soul.

Then turned from fame and greed of hire
'Twill feel affection's central fire,
Volcanic like, lift far above
The peerless monuments of love.

Lift like an isle amid the sea,
An Eden where the soul may flee ;
The only Eden earth can bring,
Where bliss can smile, and joy can sing.

There on Love's azure heights are built
Bright castle-domes of gold and gilt,
That glisten when the morn's begun—
A sapphire blaze at set of sun.
Where gorgeous-tinted rainbows loom,
And fairest flowers of beauty bloom,
'Neath rosy morns and tranquil noons,
'Neath mellow suns, and laughing moons.
Where angels come. Their wings of light,
Like diamonds quivering in the sight.

And in its portals like a queen,
Love sits enchantress of the scene.
Waves her mild sceptre and the while,
Smiles care away with but a smile.

While music swells the arches high,
And ripples through the starry sky,
And beings brighter than the light,
And angels come and go in flight,
From starry worlds, to starry height ;

And plant a ladder on earth's sod,
In footprints where Redeemer trod,
That reaching up doth rest on God.

Where sweet as harp of thousand strings,
The soul is music on bright wings.

And treads that ladder to its height,
Which ends in endless perfect Light.

Love is God's master builder, who
Rears fairer fabrics than doth strew
 Ambition's plains. They do not rise
 To dizzy heights to dazzle eyes,—
But bask like fragrant summer isles
'Neath golden suns, where pleasure smiles
 'Mid flowers. Where enchanting seas
 Ripple with entrancing melodies,
Enrapturing to the listening ears,
As music of harmonious spheres.

Where Syren songs are heard and sung,
And rich ambrosial fruit is hung,
'Neath nectared vines, and blissful bowers
Of sweet existence strewn with flowers.
 The heaven of all the heavens above—
 The God of all the gods—*is Love.*

Then sad, O ! sad, the heart that knows
No earthly angel 'mid its woes,
 Nor hears the melody of love
 In human voice. A music 'bove
All earthly—more charmingly divine
Than Syren's song, or Circe's wine ;

Than Amphion's lute, or Orphean lyre,
Whose strings thrilled with Promethean fire,
Apollo's harp of beauty rare,
Strung with his threads of golden hair ;
Or where *Æolia's* wind-swept band
Finds softer touch than human hand,—
The life of life, the soul of glee—
The essence of all melody.

Love is the joy of all the past,
Life's first bright dream, bright to the last.
The light of Hope—the bliss to be ;
The fruit of that once tasted tree
Of Eden life's perennial joy,
That sin and death could not destroy ;
Whose sweetness in its faded bloom
Is still exhaustless through the gloom
Of centuries. The sword of fire,
Flaming from Cherubim could not expire
Its sweets. Its fragrance spread
O'er all the earth, survives, though dead.

It is the light that makes the day
In heaven,—they need no other ray.
They have no sun like ours here,
Love *is* the sun that lights that sphere.
And in the heart where it doth dwell,
The bosom feels its glowing swell,
As if another Eden fair
Bloomed with perennial gladness there.

ICONOCLAST.*

“THE image is broken,” the horseman replied.
“There’s foam on my charger, the swift rolling tide
Of the Nile have I crossed, and the desert so wide
Will receive me at last.

Osiris is shattered, the priesthood will sing
His dirge in the fane. I am priest, judge, and king,
I am first of my race, swift Nemesis of wing,
Iconoclast.”

O, sad is Queen Isis! Osiris is slain;
And she finds not his image on Egypt’s fair plain,
Nor Typhon, nor aught on the broad earth again
Can that image recast.

“I will weep,” said the Queen, “for vanished away
The idol I worshipped, the dream of a day,
’Twas shattered to fragments where passed on his way,
Iconoclast.”

On Judah’s fair plain rode the horseman again,
Where Amon and Moloch, and Astoreth reign;
Their groves were cut down, and their idols were slain
And strewn to the blast.

* The image-breaker.

And these words spread behind him like waves on the sea :

“Thou shalt bow to no image on land or on sea,
For God the jealous, avenger is he,
Iconoclast.”

From Tempe’s bright vale, and Olympian throne
Fair Hera, great Zeus, and Venus have flown,
Their temples have crumbled, their worship unknown,—
A dream of the past.

The Fauns and the Satyrs, the Sybils of old,
The Nymphs where the Arno and Tiber have rolled,
Have vanished at sight of that horseman so bold,
Iconoclast.

On Albion’s shore see the tumult and fray
Where eagles of Rome rush swift to their prey.
The horseman hurled thunderbolts stronger than they,
Druid idols to blast.

Then the cowled monks came and whispered a name,
And lifted a cross. Even it was a blame—
“Thou shalt worship in spirit alone,” or else came
Iconoclast.

And there still rides forth on the wings of the breeze
The horseman of old, from the lands and the seas,
Rides silent and stern where images please, .

And they crumble so fast.

Is it well to love forms of fair beauty and grace,
Where the heart is enchain'd by the light of the face?
Let us love but the soul, and we'll dread not that race—
Iconoclast.

Time rides with that horseman, and death is the blow
He hurls upon mortals ; their idols o'erthrew,
Till swiftly, like shadows, they vanish and go

'Mid the dreams of the past.

We can claim but a tear, for little we own ;
And many, like Isis, weep idols o'erthrown.
In the years that are coming to all shall be known

Iconoclast.



A DISTANT VIEW.

METHOUGHT upon time's farthest verge,
 Within the range of countless worlds,
I saw the ceaseless ages surge,
 And suns like mazy snowflakes whirled
And, standing on the farthest star
 That decks creation's realms so wide,
I viewed the rolling earth afar
 In all its pomp of death and pride.

I saw it spin through realms of space
 And circle fleetly round the sun,
And changing seasons quickly chase
 Each other o'er the path she run.
Dipped half in darkness, half in light,
 As whirling on her poles she flew,
Till, lessening, as a bird in flight,
 She faded from my wistful view.

“ It was the vast Eternity,”
 I, musing, said, and thought I knew,
That drank her in its shoreless sea,
 As ocean drinks a drop of dew.

Methought is this the solid earth
On which I trod with joyous feet,
And was it spoken into birth
To fade with worlds my vision greet?

Is man the creature of an hour,
An insect of a summer day,
Decked with the gaudy show of power,
And wrapped with pride that sinks to clay?
Is that his home, his life, his all,
Where, with the bubbling toys of time,
He feebly treads a crusted ball,
Nor looks, nor soars to worlds sublime?

O man, with crouching spaniel heart!
With lust of wealth and bounded brain,
Is there no high and noble art
To ease the "world's immortal pain?"
When viewed from o'er the realms of space,
Passion's candle dimmed, and on the shelf,
How grovelling seems that noble race
Smote by the "dark disease of self."

Man's soul is like the rolling world,
Dipped half in darkness, half in light,
And each with maddening speed is whirled
To brightest day or darkest night.
One view has gladness and the sun,
One darkness and the sombre dream,
And passion marks the course they run,
And life is like a turbid stream.

Strong passions lose their power to please,
Joy sickening, drops her sweetest charm,
Nor balmy sleep the bosoms ease
Where grief has showed its power to harm.
Oblivion sweeps not o'er the past,
And memory oftentimes has a sting.
Affection's jewels will not last,
And hope sometimes forgets to sing.

“ What, then, is earth, and what is man ? ”
I ask, in gloomy thought and pride,
As on the viewless star I stand,
And view the countless worlds so wide.
Sure, it is but a meteor bright
That shoots awhile through ether clear,
And man upon it sinks from sight
As earth drinks up a falling tear.

A lofty scorn I dared to cast
On human passions, hopes and fears,
Because afar the world had past,
I stood beyond the rolling years.
But humbled is my gloomy pride ;
With bended head I hide my grief,
Nor seek to mock time's rolling tide,
Nor scorn life's fleeting years so brief.

Contentment is the home we need,
With will to work and patient wait,
And faith will give us wings of speed,
And hope will sweeten cruel fate,

And love will bring us golden bliss,
And heal the bleeding wounds of earth ;
And in a fairer world than this
We'll bloom in bright and endless birth.

A prisoner in earth's wintry waste,
I'll find enough of fleeting breath
To plume time's wing with gentle haste,
Nor fear the hungry eyes of death.
I'll think and soar on fearless wing,
While others grovel in the dust,
And faith will tune the song I sing—
In God and Heaven shall be my trust.



SLEEP, DEATH, AND OBLIVION.

SLEEP, that smooths the rugged brow of care,
That fans with zephyrs from an angel's wing,
That o'er the mind, with softness of the balmy air,
Does her dark mantle of deep silence fling—
That checks the heated flow of burning thought,
And cools it with the waters from a mossy spring,
Until it drinks the shadows that are brought,
And fades into the twilight that its soothings bring—
Sleep, that wraps the world in darkness dim and deep,
Yet, all unseen, and felt alone in that we feel it not ;
All else has something of a touch, but balmy sleep
It steals our senses, and we know it not.

We walk like spectres through its silent shades,
Nor feel its spongy soil beneath our tread ;
But the closing daylight and the darkness fades,
And by oblivion's fabled waters we are led.
Yet oft we journey through its dreamy land,
As though it were a world of motion and of light,
And in its visions, joy and sorrow take our hand,
As though our mind looked through the doors of sight.

It is the sooth-ing balm and solace of a restless world,
Which else would roll in madness and despair.
Men would pray for it, as for the sun if hurled
From his bright chariot in the fields of air.

This angel sleep, that brings us sweet repose,
That blunts the edge of grief, and from heaven unfurled
Lets down our loved ones, silent uprose,
And led me down into its lower world.
When lo ! I stood beside a silent creeping stream,
That through a land of gloomy twilight stole ;
Its sombre cliffs stood deep and dark in dream.
The stream slid on, nor did its drowsy waters roll,
But glided smooth, unruffled as the flowing oil,
And slipped 'twixt gloomy cliffs, with dismal crest,
On which stood pines unvexed by breeze ; and on its soil
The poppies droop—the winds were folded on its breast.

“ Is this oblivion’s stream ? ” I asked of sleep.
“ Are these the waters of the fabled Lethe ?
And o’er whate’er they darkly sweep
The past is lost and buried far beneath—
Where sweet or sad forgetfulness is found,
Where men who’ve searched in near and distant lands,
And after treading restless earth around,
Have lifted here their pale, beseeching hands,
And found forgetfulness ? ” But sleep silent stood,
With eyes still closed, and then I asked again,
“ And why should men forget ? Is there some blood
That cries from earth, like Abel’s ‘gainst a Cain ? ”

“ Is Lethe the fabled fancy of a feverish brain,
Invented, when the gory hand of cruel deeds
Was shaken in man’s face by victims slain—
When remorse, like a vulture, on his memory feeds ? ”
But methought sure sleep gives peace and rest,
And for a time forgetfulness. And then I look,
And lo ! the earth was lying in sleep’s breast,
As a sick, moaning child whom peace and rest forsook.
“ Have men drank poison, and can sleep no more ?
Is it the restless longings of the soul, or cares of life,
The sting of conscience, or proud thoughts that soar ?
Must man even in his dreams mix in hot strife ?
“ Then, where’s forgetfulness ? ” with anxious heart
Again I asked ; “ that I may bring it to the upper earth ;
That it may still life’s pangs, and soothe pain’s smart ;
That men may dwell in peace, with quiet mirth.”
When lo ! I saw, but just beyond, a stream,
Whose dark and chilly gloom did make me start.
’Twas deep and narrow, and o’er it light nor shadows
gleam,
So dark the gloom ; and cold, as if from heart
Of more than thousand icebergs. I knew ’twas death.
I saw the grim, wan ferryman, with his shadow boat,
Like spectres glide, freighted with mortal’s breath—
With silent oars and deathly stillness did it float.
Methought, here man is your oblivion of life.
This narrow stream will wash out all your fears,
Your loves and joys and dark and restless strife.
Here you’ll forget earth’s pains, and toils, and tears.

Methinks I've learned this in sleep's shadowy deep,

These silent streams are not so far apart,
And death may have its dreams like sleep.

Sleep stills the mind, death stills the heart—
They are twin brothers. One, lasts in time ;
The other, we know not how long it lasts ;
But each locks up our senses in an unknown clime—
The one builds up the body that the other blasts.

Sleep, death, and oblivion are things that mock ;
Sleep, in dreams ; death and oblivion, in the grave ;
And yet we are not mocked. We only walk
Amid realities that bind us like a slave.
Sleep soothes and cheers ; death grimly reaps and slays.
It makes earth but a tomb—its house of revelry ;
It stalks amid life's dark and brightest ways
And takes its victims. All are 'neath its slavery.
With chilling frosts it nips life's brightest flowers,
And with pale faces and a gasp they go,
And vaguely trust to bloom 'neath other bowers,
Where death's grim hand will never blast them so.



APOSTROPHE TO THE SOUL.

HAIL, invisible spirit ! immortal essence of Divinity,
Creative breath that breathed upon cold, sluggish clay,
And every atom felt the warm and thrilling touch of
inward Deity—

A central, all-pervading presence, a bright and glowing
ray

Of heaven-sent light, and hope, and joy, and swelling life,
That thrills and trembles through its conscious being,
Like the tremulous silver of the sea in gentle strife
That waves and sparkles in the sun and breeze.

God breathed on clay and man became a living soul.

Thou God in man—a spark struck from omniscient life,
That, radiating from its central source, does warm the whole,
And give new touch and feeling to unconscious dust ;
To the dull habiliments that wrap thy viewless form,
And down receding time does hold thy life and power,
Thy essence fadeless, and thy being indestructible as the
breath

Of Deity that gave thee birth, and smiled upon thy
natal hour.

Incomprehensible, yet comprehending more than aught
besides ;

Viewless as the shifting air, yet viewing things visible
and unseen ;

Swayed by volitions that surge through all thy depths like tides ;

Whispering intuitions, feeling thoughts, and weighing what they mean.

Like Deity, a viewless eternal spirit, yet not like it unborn

And uncreated. Thou wast created by the Uncreated, And wrapt in finite dust—mortal in all through which thou manifests thyself,

Yet feeling an inborn power, an endless birth progressive and imperishable.

That spark once struck from Deity—breathed from His breath—

That made one living man, divisible, yet unimpaired, Has thrown off other sparks of vitalizing breath,

Until that uncreated creating breath has brought forth millions,

Peopled nations, and the realm of spirits beyond the stream of death.

God made but two ; it was enough to people endless worlds

Ne'er trod by living feet, or swept by wing of soaring spirits,

Through all the cycles of immeasurable duration as they ceaseless whirl.

The casket of decay that wraps thy fadeless form, Like solid substance all, does perish with the use,

And weighs thy essence down, like monarch's head is
bowed by diadem ;
And shackles it like slave condemned to toil beneath
a heavy chain,
So that it cannot soar to whence it came—and soon
Must go—to viewless realms where spirits reign.
Yet warm and glowing as the sun at noon,
It makes this casket thrill with intense joy or pain.

And from its living centre wildly sweep
Bright burning thoughts, sensations soft or sharp,
That tremble on the nerves with feeling deep,
Until they quiver at its touch, like strings upon a harp,
And sweet or saddest music swells through all the
chambers
Of this wondrous mechanism of creative power ;
And wears it till it cannot hold its panting prisoner,
Then takes its flight, and leaves it as a ruined tower—
Crumbling and time-worn to fall and moulder to decay—
Lone and silent, deserted by its lordly guest,
That once upon a chequered summer day
Did tread its joyous halls, then with beauty blest.
The link once broken or severed by time's rust,
That binds the immortal to its "mortal coil"—
That strange, connecting link between soul and dust,
No hand can forge again the brittle chain by science,
art, or toil.
Though clothed upon, and shackled down, yet still
It soars through all the doors of thought and sense,

And sees, and hears, and action does its dwelling fill ;
It sweeps far out into the realm of other worlds ;
It looks on matter with a calculating eye ;
It weighs it—treads amid the stars that glitter as they
whirl—
Measures the all-dazzling sun that sweeps above the
vaulted sky,
With all its retinue of worlds that circle round it as
they fly.

It tracks the comet as it shoots upon its burning course ;
It sails through space upon the wings of air, and by a
tireless force—
A magic sweep of fancy's touch it views bright scenes far
o'er the deep.
By subtle power it traces matter to its elemental source,
Nor knows its bounds, but seeks o'er all the universe and
time to leap.
Like its Father Spirit it moves on chaos, and it turns to
light ;
It smiles upon the world, and life and joy like flowers
spring up.
And matter feels its subtle essence, and morning dawns
above the night.

'Tis part of Deity, and as immortal as its creative God.
Death is but a shadow 'cross its path of destiny.
To the soul there is no grave ; the tomb cannot grasp its
viewless form ;
Earth is but its birthplace—the cradle of its infancy—

Where it drops its cumbrous wrappings for the wings of
immortality.

Time, the vestibule of eternity, is where it points its
course, and takes its leap

Into the vast unknown, toward the Infinite and Eternal,
and sweeps

Out upon its endless progression in knowledge and
perfection through immensity of worlds.

This thing invisible is greater than the visible, the unseen
than the seen ;

You cannot nail it to the cross, or puncture it with a
spear.

It can soar untrammelled, where matter ne'er has been.
Once created, ne'er uncreated, in time, eternity, far or
near ;

It must exist. The creative will that kindled it to birth
Can ne'er blast its glowing life, nor quench it in the
ocean of His wrath ;

The distant stars may fall, and nations perish from the earth ;
World upon worlds may vanish from their glowing path ;

Man may sink to dust, and all the living moulder in the
tomb ;

Time and eternity may perish in their onward flight ;
Earth may melt, the sun may crumble into specks of gloom,
And darkness wrap the universe in chaos, death, and
night ;

Yet thou, the soul eternal, the quenchless spirit,
Shall live in endless life, undimmed by age and death.

THE UNKNOWN GOD.

I SCANNED the cycles of revolving time
To know the gods of every age and clime ;
Olympian Jove, whose thundering nod
Shook the far heavens and our earthly sod ;
Enthroned o'er gods of lesser dower
Was elemental force—a name for power.

Minerva's goodness and Athena's pride
Was knowledge masked and wisdom deified.
Apollo's beauty, with his lute and lyre,
Was Music's melody and Muse's fire.
And Hera and the Cyprian goddess fair
Were loveliness enthroned, and beauty rare.

Hercules, Theseus, were heroes on earth's sod,
In strength or wisdom like a demigod ;
Deities abridged, epitomes divine,
Like Mars or Bacchus, full of strife or wine ;
And gods were wrought by human brain and hand,
As sculptors shape the marble into statues grand.

Mizriam, with Sphinx and pyramidal pile,
Worshipped Isis, Osiris, and the Nile ;
Assyrians bowed before their ancient kings
As marble lions stretching eagles' wings.

Strange paradox ! from clay and marble clods,
As God made man, so man makes gods.

What gods were they ? Desire and Hope and Hate—
Creations of man's mind that must create.
Embodyed thought, aspiring human soul
Climbing through ages to a higher goal—
Seeking light and truth beyond the path he trods—
One God made man, man hath made many gods.

Man's dread of power bends him at Zeus' feet,
Hate brings Nemesis, Eros lovers greet,
Pluto is punishment, and thus we see
All these are attributes, not Deity ;
As Evolution is but law new-found—
God's finger-touch that made the world go round.

The man of Tarsus said, “ Your bards agree
Ye are the offsprings of the Deity,
And ignorant, worship in your dubious ways
The very God whom heaven's angels praise.
Man's duty's plain, but know the God you've sought :
His smallest star would take a life of thought.”

Wisdom, power, love, these are His attributes,
The Christian's holy God whose goodness suits
The majesty of heaven. And climbing hills of love
From stars and suns, to central suns above,
At last we'll view his face with spirits free,
Like sunrise spreading o'er a boundless sea.

There is His central throne enshrined in light,
Blinding to mortal's gaze ; and in the flight
Of cycling time across the void of space
Angels and Logos sped unto the carnate race,
Whose words outspan an earth, whose suns are clods,
So far they seem from heaven's heaven and God of gods.

His suns and worlds are countless as the stars—
His jewelled finger-prints. Through chequer'd bars
Of light and shade all life is shadow of His breath—
An uttered thought. And law and change and death
His angel messengers. His spirit truth
Preserves the universe in fadeless youth.

The palpable Infinite ! Who can know ?
Mind from a mustard seed a world must grow.
The past the emblems of His power hath wrought
Whose thought created first creating thought ;
And veiled in mists above Olympian throne
We know the unknown God is God alone.



THE PAST AND FUTURE.

THE years have rolled their days of gold
Along the path of time,
While shimmering through the amber fold
Of skies that bend sublime,
The sun from out his heights of old
Rides through his azure clime,
And stirs the blaze upon his hearth
To warm the circling face of earth.

Who forged the fires upon his crest,
The burnished armour on his breast,
And sent him forth like knight of old,
With dazzling shield of brightest gold
Where day spreads forth her ambient sheen
With space of darkness stretched between,
And day and night, and gloom and light
Wheel in their grooves of endless flight?
Where goes he with his martial host
Of glowing orbs, whose grandest boast
Is that amid its cohorts far
Upon a tempest-driven star,
There lives and treads its rock-ribbed crust
A reasoning atom built of dust?



God rules and marshals all so well,
They feel His wise mesmeric spell :
 “ Let there be light.” Light did appear
 And worlds gazed on a sun-lit sphere.

And earth can whirl, and stars can sing,
And time fly on a tireless wing
 Ten thousand times, ten thousand years,
 Regardless of man’s smiles or tears.
A million hearts that bow and mourn,
A thousand worlds by earthquakes torn,
Is but the programme to that bourn ;
 What bourn ? God knows. The end of years,
 The summing up of time and tears.
When earth and time shall be no more,
And souls, like suns, shall shine and soar.

The Past is but a name for Fate,
Those hieroglyphics on the gate
 Of all the ages—what are they ?
 A dream that had a living day.
Go view the pyramids awhile ;
Read, if thou canst, the Sphinx’s smile
 Forever gazing on the Nile ;
• Untie the Gordian knot, and see
 The Sybil’s dream of destiny ;
And, if thou hast the wizard sight
To turn earth’s shadows into light,
 Tell of the hundred-gated Thebes,
 The crumbling shrines like autumn leaves

That strew the past. Of Memnon grand,
Where Ammon strews the desert sand ;
Unriddle all the fabled lore
Of Egypt and the Sanscrit store.

Earth's blazing altars, where are they ?
One varied chapter marks their day
From Druid's elm and Juggernaut,
Where Moloch's heated image wrought
Destruction to its votaries.
In superstition's blackening breeze
Blind devotees have blindly striven
To propitiate offended heaven.
From Delphian oracles to heights
Where Baal taught debasing rites,
And Astoreth held her court of lust,
And Mizraim worshipped reptile dust,
Man has bowed down to lowest sod,
And worshipped some false, unknown god ;
Few knowing of the flame divine,
Love's gospel, writ at Christian's shrine.

War's common history covers all,
From Nineveh to Plevna's fall ;
Earth's kings and warriors of renown
O'er bleaching bones marched to a crown,
And few like Xerxes wept to know
Their millions soon would march no more.
Hannibal, Cæsar, names that shine,
And Alexander, slain by wine ;

Alaric, curse and scourge of man,
And monsters such as Zingis Khan,
And Nero, and a thousand more
Were chiefly great in human gore.
And cities sacked, and maiden slaves,
And wives wronged o'er their husbands' graves,
Is justice such as ages find
Man metes out to his fellow-kind.

The Future, who can tell? To me
'Tis synonym of destiny.

Yet this we know: Each heart shall bear
Some faded dream, some cross of care
From out the flight of waning years,
And flowers of hope bedewed with tears
Shall bloom for all. And we shall see
O'er mountain height and sunset sea,
A prophecy of coming light,
Beyond the gloom that shades the night.
Earth is not a lone orphan star;
God's eye is on her from afar,
She dances on beneath his gaze,
While Autumns smile, and Summers blaze,
And seasons tread their round of flowers,
And mellow suns chase golden hours.



THE DAY COMETH, ALSO THE NIGHT.

TURN, turn oh wheel of cycling Time !
 Turn 'round and 'round oh wheel of Fate !
Bring flowers from the summer clime ;
 Bring treasures from the golden gate
Of sunset seas. And more than these
 Bring blooming roses to the cheek.
Let laughter ripple on the breeze,
 For youth is gay, and love will speak,
And day is but the span of light,
 Proclaiming there will be a night.

Turn 'round, oh wheel of fortune turn !
 All things move in a cycle strange ;
A cradle—then a solemn urn,
 And down the mystic groves of change,
A varied lesson all must learn.
 Life passes like a shuttle's flight,
A little span of day between
 The shadows of the coming night,
And darkness where it first was seen.

All things move in a cycle strange ;
 The ripple of the laughing rill,
The dewdrop on the mountain range,
 The cloudlet floating o'er the hill,
Are but the varied steps of change.

The seasons whirl through flowers and frost,
From icy Winters come the Springs,

The forms that change are never lost.
Can matter have such subtle wings ;

And yet the soul, once God's own breath,
Built up and shaped by His right hand,
Must it pass through the shadow death,
To find beyond no Border Land ?
Must that which gives to matter life,
And moulds it like the potter's clay,
While matter lasts through change and strife,
Must its proud master fade away ;
Or like the bird uncaged and free,
Soar to bright worlds of destiny ?

Life has its day ; its sombre night,
Then comes another fairer day,
Else why the angel hopes that write
Their sweet dreams o'er our earthly way ?
From heaven's far-off jewelled towers,
God hangs the stars like banners bright,
And in the silent whispering hours,
His voice is in their beams of light.
Ye weary toilers on life's road !
Ye burdened hearts so strong and true—
Patience, a step, death lifts the load,
And angel wings will come for you.

WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT ASPIRING?

MUST the forms divinely fairest
Perish here to live no more?
Must the heart's rich wealth and rarest
Find beyond this earth no shore
Where life's tangled web is woven
On the fields of fadeless bliss,
Where they'll tread God's peerless heaven
That no stainless soul shall miss?

Must the years that fancies brighten,
Brighten but to pass away?
Must the raven hairs that whiten
Guide the fingers of decay?
Must the joys of earth, all teeming
With its sunshine and its shade,
Be the transient things and seeming—
Seeming only born to fade?

For the sweetest voice at morning
May be stilled ere close of day,
And the fairest blossom blooming
Soon must cast its bloom away;

And the dream of life's first dreaming,
Rich in hope and tender years,
With its rosy tints and gleaming
End in sorrow and in tears.

What is life without aspiring ?
What is age without its youth ?
What is rest without the tiring ?
What is fancy without truth ?
What is man without the dreaming
That divinest dream of all—
That life's flowers that fade in seeming,
Bloom where shadows never fall ?

For a voice comes with the morning
And a light at eventide,
Like a prophecy and warning
From across the other side ;
And life's flowers that bloomed beside us
Seem to bloom beyond decay,
Where the mists that now divide us
Are transformed to endless day.



TRUE WEALTH IS ONLY OF THE SOUL.

TRUE wealth is not in gold or land,
Or treasures heaped by miser toil,
Or gorgeous flash of jewelled hand,
Bedecked with diamonds from the soil.
True wealth is only of the soul,
That must endure beyond all time :
Unfettered by the years that roll,
And blooming into life sublime.

True sentiment is earth's best wealth—
The noble promptings of the heart
Time cannot steal, with all its stealth,
Nor sever from the soul apart.
Without it naught is good or fair
Of all we trust, or hope, or dare ;
Its sacredness to Love it brings ;
To Hope its prayer, to Faith its wings.

I count the wealth of time and gold
But fading dreams of hope and strife,
The forms that do the soul enfold,
But dross to bear the spark of life
Across the hills where flowers grow,
To rest within the valley low ;
While life speeds on its endless way
To fairer worlds, and brighter day.

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

THE pen hath ruled with regal sway
The conquering sword, and crowned its way
Like Phœbus with Promethean fire,
Jove's thunder, and Apollo's lyre.
Its diamond point, like stars at night,
Hath turned earth's shadows into light.

The bygone ages were as naught,
The past a shadow dimly wrought
On shifting sand, did not the pen
Record the deeds on earth of men.
But for each subtle, magic word
Who'd know the conquests of the sword?

Had skill and genius never laid
Her hand on pen, or printer's trade,
What would you know? And did not books
Evoke with warm and living looks
The pale ghosts of departed years,
Of nations' dead, earth's noblest peers
Which with reflecting eye you read,
The past were as a dream indeed:

Unknown the thought, the joy, the pain
Of those who've sailed life's stormy main—
Unknown the nobly great who trod
The earth and towered like a god
So tall, the stars like fruit ripe-red
Hung scarce above their sun-lit head.

Alexander thirsting after fame,
Alaric fierce, and Tamerlane,
Cæsar, Napoleon, warriors dread
Who rode with bridles dripping red
O'er pyramids of whitest bones
To build a throne of all the thrones,
Did not the pen their glories shed
Were nameless as their trampled dead.

The soul and power clothed in words
Hath won more fields than lifted swords,
Or mailed warriors clad in steel
With martial tread, and trumpet peal.
Of weapons known to gods and men
The mightiest is the mightiest pen.



THE BURIAL AT SEA.

THE ocean is wide where the billows abide,
And the ship o'er its bosom was hastening,
While the ebb of life's tide to the stranger who died
Was silently ebbing and wasting.

A stranger was he on the ship and the sea,
And his prayers they were wild and imploring,
For he dreaded the fate that his fate was to be
'Neath the waves that were plunging and roaring.

He called on the Lord of the tempest and storm
In friendless and helpless despairing,
While the anguish of death was racking his form—
Alas ! for the sick and seafaring.

All in vain was his prayer, for death's terror was there,
And he died far from land on the ocean,
Without mother or friend, or sweetheart so fair,
To offer their love or devotion.

He died, ah ! he died like a waif from the strand,
That floated afar and unknowing,
On the breast of the sea where there stretched not a
hand,
To a bubble that strayed from its mooring.

They wrapt him about in the flag of the free,
And freely the breezes they kissed him ;
For no mother was there to mingle her prayer
With the waves that rose up and caressed him.

Twas the Sabbath of rest, and calm was his breast,
For the dread of the ocean had left him ;
And he shuddered not once as he touched its cold crest
And the dark billows tossed far above him.

He was buried at sea—this stranger was he,
God knew, but none others did know him ;
And they made him a grave 'neath the deep ocean
wave,
Where the wild winds are sighing above him.

And the wild waves for ever their vigils will keep,
In their surging and endless commotion ;
But who knows what eyes for his coming may weep,
And grow old in their loving devotion ?

Who knows what the hopes and the aims of his life ?
What his struggles, temptations, and sorrow ?
Alas ! how they vanished in silence and strife,
As ours may vanish to-morrow.

Like him we may sleep a thousand fathoms deep,
Where the monsters disport in the ocean ;
But it matters not where, in the sea or the air,
If the God of all truth is our portion.

VICTORIA'S REQUEST TO TENNYSON.

[Since the death of John Brown, it is said Queen Victoria has requested Tennyson to write a poetic tribute to his memory, but as yet he has not complied.]

THE noble Queen of Albion's isle
With regal grace and tender heart,
Hath claimed the poet's gifts awhile
The glowing tribute of his art ;—
The pathos of his song to lend,
And crown the dust of buried friend.

Oh ! princess of the grandest realm
That girds the earth and rules the sea
Where islands bask, and oceans whelm,
Where circling suns in splendour free
For ever kiss the sea and land
That own thy sway, and feel thy hand,

Thou canst not ask amiss of one
Who's felt the throbbing pulse of years,
The joy of duty nobly done,
The pathos born of time and tears,
To lay a garland on the dust
Of buried faith, and humble trust.

Oh ! poet of an age sublime !
That takes the iron dross of old
And moulds it in the heat of rhyme
To subtle truth, and shining gold,
And turns the grasp of battle brand
To touch as soft as woman's hand.

Shall silence seal thy lips so long,
Nor humble faith receive its meed
That clung so trusting, true, and strong
To thy fair sovereign in her need ?
Whose humble sympathy could find
The balm to soothe a noble mind.

They met 'mid Scotia's highland glen,
This mourning Queen in mountains wild—
He, trusted guide, did humbly bend
In faith as simple as a child,
And to his liege with anxious breath
He gave his all, and gave till death.

Who knows the subtle touch of mind,
The sympathy of heart with heart,
Must own the queenliest soul may find
In humble life a counterpart
Of good and truth, that kindly saves
From fawning courts and crouching slaves.

The humble faith that moves the soul
Like earth around its central sun,
With watching stars from pole to pole,
Whose course of love is never run ;
The faithful service, queenly trust,
Is this not theme for song most just ?

Then Druid of immortal fame !
Scorn not to sing his worthy praise.
This humble servant free from blame
Is greater than the kings whose days
Had blood upon their royal line
To make them blush as red as wine.

The noble Queen whose heart still bleeds
For Royal Albert, lost of yore,
And on his loving memory feeds,
For her your grandest carols pour ;
And “take occasion by the hand”
To cheer the Queen and bless the land.



EUGENIE'S PILGRIMAGE.

'MID rolling waves on sundown seas,
A ship hath caught the shoreward breeze,
And 'neath far Zulu's blazing sun,
In widow's weeds, her journey done,
She views the death-scene of her son.
And who is she with sobbing moan,
In faded beauty grieves alone?
She once was queen and empress fair,
And diamond stars shone in her hair,
A nation's pride ; a nation's prayer—
Eugenie !

On Afric's plain all drear and wild,
She bows where died her princely child,
In the first dawn of manhood's fire,
The offspring of a kingly sire.
Ah ! well may'st thou bewail the day
When martial fame, ambition's sway,
Led forth Napoleon's destined star
To tempt the fate of Prussian war ;
Or meet the Zulus' spears afar—
Eugenie !

In fair green England's aisle to rest
With star of honour on his breast,
Far from the land he deemed his own,
Shall sleep thy first-born cherished son.
Thy glossy braids of golden sheen
With brow of snow that rose between,
Once peerless in their beauty rare,
Are shadowed by thy dark despair—
Eugenie !

Napoleon's star must fade and wane ;
But not the fame of thought and brain
The first Napoleon's genius won.
And hearts will weep, with grief undone,
O'er empress, or o'er peasant's son.
Though sculptured shaft shall speak with pride
Of thy young soldier, where he died ;
Thine eyes must see, a pilgrim there,
Where poured his blood, must pour thy prayer,
All hearts that love, thy grief shall share—
Eugenie !

Imperial splendours ! What are they ?
The meteors of a passing day,
Their dazzling glitter was thine own ;
For thou hast sat on jewelled throne.
Of all thy joys remain not one—
Thy throne, thy lord, thine only son.
In Chislehurst one found his bier ;
One perished by a Zulu's spear—
And none are left thy grief to cheer—
Eugenie !

NEILSON, OR TO AND FROM THE BOIS.

SOFT the mellow tints of evening
 Purpled o'er the hills of France.
Glowed the summer skies of Paris
 Like a maiden's sunny glance.
In her landau to the Bois,
 Look ! behold the beauteous sight !
Lovely Neilson, fair and queenly,
 Dressed in robes of saintly white.
Bow the head in silent homage
 Like a priest in solemn prayer,
If Divinity be Love,
 Sure, fair loveliness is there.

I have seen the sun at morning
 Kiss the shadows into light,
I have seen the blushing roses
 And the lilies peerless white ;
I have seen the mountain's grandeur,
 And the skies bend down sublime,
But naught fairer than fair woman
 Dwells amid the realms of time.

With her beauty, with her culture,
With a graceful form and mien,
She's as lovely as a goddess,
And as peerless as a queen.

Polished wheels flash in the sunlight,
'Mid her maids with folded arms
Sits the famed and courted Neilson
Brightly smiling in her charms.
Soft white hands with flashing diamonds,
Diamonds in her golden hair,
Snowy brow of saintly whiteness,
And a queenly regal air.
Famed and petted, fortune-favoured !
In the prime of womanhood,
Like a world-crowned conquering Juno
Strong for conquest and for good.

Smile thy sweetest smile, fair Neilson !
Ere the evening shades are nigh ;
Drink the sunlight of life's setting
With a pleasure-beaming eye.
Dream not of the glorious Future,
All earth's hopes are like the sand
Sifting through the hours that vanish,
And their wrecks are on the strand.

* * * * * *
From the Bois upon the morrow
Passed another stranger scene,
On a cart there sat two cartmen,
A policeman sat between.

In that cart all wrapt and shrouded,
Wrapt in packing cloth and tied
Like a bundle of old fabrics,
From the Chalet forth did ride—
Wending through the streets of Paris
Gazed on by the passing crowd.
“To the morgue?” How sad the meaning!
What a piteous corpse and shroud!

Go, untie this curious bundle,
Lift the sheet with bended head,
Look upon our modern Juliet;
Lovely yet, but changed and *dead*.
Yester eve she rode in grandeur
And stood up before the world,
Peerless in her blooming beauty
As her dazzling carriage whirled.

Oh! what potion quaffed fair Juliet
That she sleeps so strangely now?
Naught can break the seal of silence
Stamped upon her pallid brow.
Hast thou tears to shed at sorrow?
Let them moisten earth like dew
That Fate brought such sad to-morrow;
Weep for all that's good and true.
Let her woman's patient courage
Nerve the souls of those who press
Onward to the goal of merit;
And her memory all shall bless.

WOMAN.

METHINKS, o'er all the realms of space,
 Creative hand ne'er meant to trace
A nobler form, or fairer face,
 With brighter charm, or sweeter grace,

Than woman, who was sent to cheer
 Man in his lonely, hapless fate,
With kindness, and affection's tear,
 And lead him to a higher state.

Her charming face and trusting heart
 Wakes in his breast heroic flame ;
For her he toils by strength and art,
 To carve his way to wealth and fame.

He tills the soil, and sails the fleet,
 Subdues the earth, explores its wilds,
To lay his treasures at her feet,
 For her approving love and smiles.

In every land where women stand
 In loving beauty by man's side,
His rudeness turns to manners bland,
 And truth and honour is his pride.

First at the cradle and the grave,
With swelling heart and anxious breath,
She opes the eyes of great and brave,
And shuts them in the glare of death.

Then lordly man, that scoffs at fear,
At your own hearth, or where ye roam,
Strive with true love to bless and cheer
This angel of our earthly home.



REMEMBRANCE.

LIKE dew gems of morning that sparkle so bright,
Like moonbeams adorning the glory of night,
Like visions of beauty, like stars in the main,
Thy image, my fairest, haunts bosom and brain.

Like roses of summer when fairest they bloom,
Like streamlets that murmur 'long banks of perfume,
Like sweet music 'waking, o'er isles in the sea,
Is memory's glance taking bright glimpses of thee.

The hopes that allure me to bliss in the skies,
The promptings that bid me be great and be wise.
Are not in their beauty more pure and more true
Than my heart's fond devotion, my fairest, for you.

Were this world ever bright and fair as it seems,
Were our joys and delight as we paint in our dreams,
They could add no more bliss, as I journeyed along,
Than thy smile and thy presence, thou theme of my song.

FAIR WOMEN.

Oh ! the peerless grace of a lovely face,
Since the world was young and woman had place
 In the realms of time.

Methinks earth smiled with the smile of God
When beautiful Eve first trod earth's sod
 From the hand Divine.

For beauty will rise like rainbow skies
In gorgeous, bewildering, sweet surprise,
 As the sunlight pours ;
And the soul will thrill to a charm divine
Till the heart grows warm as a world of wine,
 And the spirit soars.

What a rapturous joy, when Helen of Troy
First beamed on Paris, though gods might destroy,
 He'd woo and he'd win.

And the chieftain of old, Marc Antony bold,
For fair Cleopatra lost kingdom and gold
 When love did begin.

Ah ! Dante's Beatrice was queenly and good,
And Petrarch's fair Laura in loveliness stood,
 And the world will admire.
And David's fair Hittite moulded like love,
As shapely as Venus, as soft as a dove,
 Set his soul all afire.

And Byron and Burns, who burdened their song
With love of sweet Mary, impassioned and strong,
 Will pour through all time ;
While Juno the queenly, and Venus the fair,
Will dwell in the soul like the incense of prayer,
 With a beauty sublime.

But sweet as the perfume borne on the breeze
In the valleys of heaven, and fair as the trees
 That grow in God's garden,
Are our own fair women, as lovely and good
As roses that bloom, where God yesterday stood
 In His own fair Eden.

With soul-melting eyes we can win every prize,
With angelic forms we can vie with the skies,
 And we challenge the world.
Here's fair as can be on the land or the sea ;
And in faces of beauty all will agree
 God's grace is unfurled.

Unfurled to the world, like His banners that blaze
On the walls of the night, to mirror His praise ;
 As a lamp newly given.
Like a seal to a scroll, each face has a soul
With a charm all divine, pointing fancies that roll
 To the beauties of heaven.

THY FACE IS FAIR AND LOVELY.

THY face is fair and lovely,
Thine eyes are softly blue,
And who could help but love thee,
Who knows thy heart so true.

Who knows the wealth and depth of love
That in thy bosom glows,
The purity like heaven above,
That from thy spirit flows.

Thy soul looks through the doors of sight,
And beams from out thine eye
With golden light, both pure and bright,
As angels passing by.

And once I gazed into those eyes
That beam with heavenly thought,
And felt the ties of love I prize,
Still nearer to me brought.

That hour I never shall forget,
But memory will retain it,
And time will only deeper set
That diamond gem within it.

Then fleeting time did plume her wing,
And dip her feet in pleasure,
And from the streams of bliss did bring
Us gladness without measure.

The zephyrs sang unto the sea,
The golden stars were beaming,
While hope, like bird on pinions free,
Her sweetest dream was dreaming.

Endymion on the moonlit hills
Ne'er bathed in Cynthia's smiling,
And felt the sweet enrapturing thrills,
As in that hour's beguiling.



OH ! SMILE ON ME, LOVE.

OH ! smile on me, love ; like a dream of delight,
Like the gleam of the stars on a beautiful night,
Like the tremulous silver of waves on the sea,
Is the mystical touch of thy spirit to me.

I have drifted where shadows were deepest and dark,
Where the sky was like billows to shatter my bark,
I have traversed the stars in my fancy, so free,
But thy smile is as sunlight and starlight to me.

I have loved : who has not in the visions of youth ?
I have bowed at the shrine of fair beauty and truth,
In the land of my dreams I have built thee a throne,
So queenly thy grace and thy virtues have shone.

I have said in my homage, “ How lovely my queen,
How fair as the moon in its bright silvery sheen
Is the luminous gleam of thy saintly blue eye ?
I honour thee, love thee, I reason not why.”

If the sweet-scented flowers that bloom on earth’s sods,
Are the footprints of angels, the gifts of the gods,
What an Eden of bloom, what a garden divine
If thy spirit would smile on the pathway of mine.

So noble, so graceful, so lovely thou art,
There are pictures the fancy will snatch from the heart,
And blend heavenly joys with the visions that roll,
For thy smile unto me is as wine to the soul.

Then smile on me, love, and I'll drift never more
From the shadows behind or the storm that's before,
But sailing life's sea be a haven divine,
While my spirit is linked in communion with thine.

Smile tenderly, sweetly, my beautiful one,
Making gladsome the earth like the luminous sun ;
Gather sunshine and scatter it kindly and free,
And an angel of light shalt thou be unto me.

May the blessings of heaven attend on thee here,
Earth bestow every joy and claim not a tear,
Till transplanted afar in that Eden above,
To dwell in all bliss with the God of all love.

Then smile on me, love, like a dream of delight,
Encircling the day and enchanting the night,
And the mists and the shadows departing shall roll
At the thought of thy smile in the dreams of my soul.



“I WOULD DWELL AS A DREAM IN THY
BOSOM, MY LOVE.”

I would dwell as a dream in thy bosom, my love,
And glowing with rapture thy visions should be,
And thy soul should come forth as on wings of the dove,
And list to the song I would sing unto thee.

I would kiss thee so softly thy spirit would think
It touched but the down on an angel's fair wing,
And mine arm in the arm of thy spirit I'd link,
And love is the song I would teach thee to sing.

We would wander through groves in that dreamland so
fair,
And listen to music from harpers divine,
And our souls would drink in the sweet melody there,
Till our hearts grew warm as a world full of wine.

When the twilight comes softly with dew on the rose
Our thoughts would together soar fondly and free;
And I'd sing down thy eyelids to sweetest repose
In a voice never heard on the land or the sea.

I would feel the soft thrill of thy bosom, my love,
As it glowed like a star in its heaven of charms ;
And thy spirit would rush like the coo of a dove,
And fold me so fondly in two lily arms.

From that world naught could charm me, or lure me
away ;
But our thoughts be flowers that blooming spring up,
And thy soul to my soul be as sunlight to day ;
While I drank from thy spirit as wine from a cup.

If thy dream had no waking that comes with the morn,
If thy spirit soared upward to mansions above ;
I would drink with thee then heaven's light newly born
And dwell with thee there in God's bosom of love.



EYES.

OH ! shining windows of the soul !
Where thought and vision meeting
On glowing curtains, like a scroll,
Reveal the spirit's greeting.
In thy soft depths, like azure seas,
What fancies have their being,
What sweet beguilings come to please
From thought and soul and feeling.

Oh ! lovely eyes of saintly blue !
The heaven of my adoring
Is in the melting soul so true,
Through their soft beams outpouring.
There is nepenthe in their gaze,
A dream of shady bowers ;
The mellow haze of autumn days,
The scent of fragrant flowers.

Oh ! flashing eyes of midnight hue !
Ye sparkle in your beaming,
Like polished diamonds wet with dew,
And rouse me from my dreaming.
Thy witchery, like the bugle's call,
Brings thoughts of squadrons marching ;

While love and passion over all
Will moist the lip that's parching.

Oh ! tranquil eyes of melting brown !
So sweet, so sad, so charming.
In quiet vale or thronging town
What havoc in thy harming ?
Thy dreamy pathos like the skies
Doth woo the heart like sighing,
And lingers in the souls they prize
Like stars that are undying.

Oh ! steel grey eyes ! none should despise
Thy wisdom, art or cunning ;
Thy knowledge linked with shrewd replies
And earnest hate of funning.
For what they find they hold and bind
By strength or wily scheming,
And scorn and hate glance through their mind,
Like daggers in their gleaming.

The black are strong, the blue are true,
The brown are good when mated,
The grey are fierce with vengeful hue
When hopes or joys are fated ;
But bliss or woe do not abound
In eyes whate'er their sheening,
But in the noble truth that's found
Within the soul's deep meaning.

BE IT EVEN SO.

THE summer sky is rich with gold
And purple shadows, reaching far,
While shimmering through the amber fold
Of twilight, gleams the evening star.
'Mid rich embowering shade and bloom
A lovely mansion nestled fair,
Where floated flowery sweet perfume,
Like breathings of angelic prayer.
Within, a youth and maiden meet,
And talk there in the twilight low,
Enwrapt in love's pure converse sweet ;
"Twas even so.

His wrapt soul, in his eyes of blue,
Oft gazed on her, nor turned away ;
While her dark eyes, of midnight hue,
Flashed brighter than the diamond's spray.
"You come too late," she sweetly said,
"The battle has been fought and won
For my true love, and him I wed
Comes yonder through the shadows dun.
He is thy friend, and wouldest thou seek
To snatch the jewel from his hand ?
The justice of thy soul must speak,
Even were it now at thy command."

“Thou angel truth ! thou pure white soul !
Dost love him ? then I answer, No.
Though shadows dark my heart enfold,
Be it even so.

“I would not snatch one sun-bright ray,
One diamond gem that love hath won,
I'd rather live through one dark day
Than steal the lustre from the sun ;
But if thy truth should prove in vain
And he should wander from thy side,
And love be like forgotten pain,
And he should seek another bride ?”
She sighed and answered : “'Neath the sun
Such is the fate of many tried,
They prize the jewel till it's won,
Then, as if worthless, cast aside.
Then couldst thou love and come again ?”
“At thy sweet will,” he bowed him low,
“In truth of soul, come joy or pain
Be it even so.”

Oh ! lovely form ! Oh ! rosebud lips !
Oh ! soul-lit eyes of raven hue !
Thy glowing orbs in bright eclipse
Would shame the diamonds, wet with dew ;
Enthroned in queenly beauty bright
Methought all men did pass thee by,
And kings did bow and bless the sight,
And at thy feet their crowns did lie ;

And holy men forgot their prayer
With lifted eyes to look on thee ;
Nor dreamed that heaven could be more fair
With angels by the crystal sea.
I yield my tribute as I pass,
For some must come, and some must go,
And light and shadows blend, alas !
Be it even so.

Oh ! shining brow of fairest mould !
Oh ! glowing smile ! and rose-lipped mouth !
Oh ! glossy braids in sable fold !
And breath like zephyrs of the south !
Farewell ! across the hills no more,
To tell the tale that was not told,
He'll pass again that threshold door,
Through sunlight, shade, or twilight gold.
The shadows of unuttered thought
Swept through the chambers of his soul,
Where manly truth and hope had wrought
Some rainbow dreams time could not hold ;
And yet he had no curse for fate ;
There is a strength the tried shall know,
To say to joy, or grief, or hate,
Be it even so.

DISENTHRALLED.

SHE stood by the foam-capped waves of the sea
That kissed and sobbed at her beautiful feet,
And the waves spread far, and the waves spread free,
As her lover bowed, and sighed “ My sweet,
My love has come, like the ocean grand,
To bow at thy feet and kiss thy hand,
With devotion broad and deep as the sea—
For thy smile is life and hope to me.”

But she gazed afar with a careless mien
Where a ship sailed out of a distant bay ;
And the ship went down where a cloud was seen,
And a tempest spread o'er the tranquil day ;
And the ocean gnashed white teeth at her feet
As she hastened on in her swift retreat ;
But her lover stood like the chiselled stone
Whose heart is dead,—and no fear is known.

And the wild sea kissed with its lips of foam
The pale cold-face where the breakers roar,
And Leander came from his sea-girt home
To love his love, ah ! never more.
And fair Hero trod with dishevelled hair
The lonely strand with remorseful prayer,
But never again from across life's main
Came Love that was lost by a look of disdain.

THE THINGS I LOVE.

I LOVE the love that's warm and true
In calm and stormy weather,
That like the sky and ocean's blue,
No tempest can dissever ;
That whether far or whether nigh,
With gentle hands are clasping,
With smile for smile, and sigh for sigh,
Bestowing without asking.

I love the joyous ways of youth,
So rich in hope and dreaming ;
And prattling childhood's mirth and truth,
With pleasures' brightness beaming.
I love the fragrance and the bloom
With which God clothed the flowers,
And sprinkled them above earth's tomb
To gladden summer hours.

I love the nobly good and true,
Whate'er their name or calling,
That shed kind blessings like the dew,
And raise the weak and falling.

I love the charm of woman's face,
So sweet in its beguiling,
Her matchless form and queenly grace,
The sunshine of her smiling.

The beauty of the earth and sky,
The song of birds at morning,
The silver cloudlets floating by,
The rosy tints at dawning.
But more than beauty, birds, and flowers,
I love the hopes immortal,
That lead to fair Elysian bowers,
And open Heaven's portal.



HOW SHALL I KNOW THEE?

How shall I know thee, my beautiful one?
The star of love, and its central sun,
The peerless queen of my earthly heaven
To guide my soul to its brightest haven,
And love but thee !

Fair as the lilies in summer lands
Standing in beauty with braided bands,
I saw thee and smiled when my heart was oppressed,
And drift to thee now as to isles of the blest,
Love thou but me ?

Oh ! sweet as the perfumed zephyrs' kiss
To the roses' heart, is the nameless bliss
Of that swelling tide of joy divine,
As I drink thy smile, as drinking wine,
And love but thee.

How shall I know thee ? Who can tell ?
Will the pulses thrill, and the heart's deep swell
Herald thy coming ? At clasp of hand
Will mystic ties strong as sea or land
Bind me to thee ?

Or like ocean's tides surging strong and true,
Till they wear the heart of the mountain through,
Will my soul grow sick till it seeks thy smile,
And a trusting heart that is free from guile,
And love but thee ?

I know not where in the realms of earth,
I may find this treasure of priceless worth,
But I'd swim the rivers, and sail the seas,
And dare the storms and the tropic breeze,
To love but thee.

To love but thee, if thou lovest but me !
Ah ! here is the test as broad as the sea ;
For Cynthia must bend to Endymion bold,
And blend and be blended, as gold with pure gold,
And thus we shall know.



MEMORY AND IMAGINATION.

THERE's a world within as a world without,
And the mighty depths of the human soul
Is a boundless sea where the billows roll
To the zephyrs' sigh, and the thunders shout ;
Where voices come from the sobbing years
Like watching stars in their dreamy spheres,
And the soul, like earth in its mystic flight,
Is half in shadow and half in light.

Thou mighty magicians to stir the heart
To its silent depths, with thy voice of tears,
Pouring its pathos of tremulous fears,
Till the troubled sea of the soul will start,
And feeling and passion like billows roll
From the sighing heart to the sobbing soul ;—

Eyes dreamy and blue as the tranquil sea ;
Face beaming and changeful, pleasing and fair ;
Voice sad and sweet as a Magdalen's prayer
To a pardoning Christ when He set her free.
Thy genius, purpose, and mission grand
Teaches men to feel and their souls expand,
That mercy may blend with her loving eyes,
The joys of earth with the dreams of the skies.

LOVE AND DREAM.

LET us love, let us hope, let us trust,
For we live, it is life, and we must.

Let us dream there's a land where the soul has command
And the heart cannot moulder to dust.

Let us dream of Utopian spheres,
Where the star of bright destiny cheers,

And Lethe's stream fed by the tears that we've shed
Will wash out the pain of lost years.

Let us dream of the "Isles of the Blest,"
When our barque by its billows caressed

Shall pause on the strand of that beautiful land,
And rest as a dove on her nest.

Let us dream that we stand on its beautiful shore
And clasp by the hand to part nevermore,

The idols we lost where time's billows tossed,
And drink of the nectar the gods have in store.

Let us love while we may through life's chequered day,
And sunlight and beauty will brighten our way.

In stars far above, in the æons of love,
We'll feast on ambrosia for ever and aye.

Let us love, let us hope, let us trust,
Let us dream there's a home for the just,

Where the beauties earth bore shall bloom evermore,
Like flowers that spring from the dust.

SMILE AND LOVE.

SMILE, and the world will seek you ;
Frown, and your friends depart,
For the cheerful grace of a kindly face,
Is a joy to the human heart.

Love, and the world will love you ;
Hate, and the earth is sad,
And brands with pain and the curse of Cain
The brow that is bold and bad.

Laugh, and the world joins with you ;
Mourn, and the world goes by,
For the earth will sing at the joy you bring,
But flee at the breath of a sigh.

Be gay, and the world rejoices ;
Be sad, and you sigh in vain,
For men would borrow of joy, not sorrow,
And the earth has enough of pain.

Be kind, and the world is gentle ;
Be harsh, and its rose has a thorn,
And the crown that's thine, thy brow shall twine,
Be it pleasure, or hate, or scorn.

Give, and the world receives you ;
Feast, and your house is a throne ;
But weep and sigh, and the world will fly
From a hearth that's drear and lone.

Sing, and the vales echo gladness ;
Wail, and men mock in reply ;
Your pleasures they'll share, but none of your care,
And " no man can help you die."

Smile, there is room for pleasure
In the lordly halls of mirth,
But only one face has its lonely place
In the charnel-house in the earth.

Build, through time and for ages,
A character noble and sweet,
And love and smile, and the sad earth beguile,
And its flowers will bloom at your feet.



MOONLIGHT ON MELROSE ABBEY.

LIKE a helmet of silver the twilight of gold
Encircled the landscape. Like amber of old
In the nectar of gods shone tremulous far
Through the shimmering purple of evening, a star,
Then another, and others ; in columns come they,
As angels of light drawn in battle array.

In the rich mellow haze of the twilight so fair
Stood the ruined old Abbey, a monk bent in prayer,
With his garments all tattered, and bearded and grey—
Standing lone in the shadows ; in the light of the day
Looming up in dark grandeur, majestic and wild
As ruins Titanic when earth was a child.

O'er the far Eilden hills, triple giants that stand
In their armour of steel, reaching upward so grand
To the concave of blue, rose the fair maiden moon
With her white silvery shield like the sun at its noon
Resplendent in beauty, in goodness to shine,
Smiling down on the earth with a blessing divine.

Far in mist stood the hills with the village between,
And the wide-spreading meads in their verdure of green
Sloping down to the Tweed—a girdle of gold
Shining bright in the beams of the moon as it rolled ;

While the ruins of Melrose their shadows did fling
In lofty, quaint beauty—a luminous thing.

O ! Scotia ; fair Scotia ! look forth on the pride
Of thy ancient of days, where thy strength did abide ;
Where cowled monks gathered and friars did pray
In the dawn of thy youth, in the morn of thy day ;
For this wreck of lost faith that illumines thy sod
Looks grandly in ruins—reaching up after God.

Thy lakes and thy castles are lovely and grand—
Thy mountains that rise 'round thy valleys and stand ;
Loch Lomond, and Catrine, the Trossacs, and where
Ben Venue, Ben Lodi lift foreheads in air ;
Dumbarton and Sterling are castles so tall,
But the moonlight I love on the old abbey wall.

Through the rich shafted orielis the moonbeams now
fling
A halo o'er tombs of a wizard and king ;
Michael Scott, Alexander, rest here in the shade,
And without, in the churchyard, a thousand are laid.
No roof now on gable, or buttress or wall,
But moonlight and shadows enshroudeth it all.

Oh ! the soft golden ripples that flash from the Tweed !
Oh ! genius of Abbotsford ! great is thy meed ;
For grand as these hills, and the ripples that roll,
Were the dreams of thy fancy, the thoughts of thy soul.
And the beams of thy genius o'er Scotia still fall,
Like moonbeams that rest on the old abbey wall.

Through yon narrow arched door passed the brave
Delavane

When he sought the clasped book of the wizard to gain,
On the night the good monk of St. Mary's Isle died ;
And he bore it in triumph to Buccleuch's fair bride.
Ah ! deep have the centuries worn thy stone floor ;
And beneath sleeps the past that shall rise never more.

That past that threw sorrow and gloom o'er the heart—
That tortured the soul that its sins might depart—
Stood aloof from the world to fast and count beads,
In the name of God's love working horrible deeds—
That past is in ruins, while truth from above,
Like the moonlight, is bathing the world in its love.

Farewell ! and if ever across the far main
Comes ruin and wreck to the hopes that remain,
May the pathos and beauty that hallows thy form,
And the peaceful repose that succeeds to the storm,
Lift the genius of truth to illumine the pall
Like moonbeams that rest on the old abbey wall.



HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE grand old ship, so staunch and true,
One autumn day with breezes free,
Sailed on and on, sailed out to sea,
'Mid dancing waves and skies of blue ;
And fair as diamonds kissed with dew,
Shone sparkling eyes of lovely hue.

The tinted waves are blue or green,
As heaven reflects them from above,
And sweet as dreams of whispered love,
The zephyrs kiss the starlit sheen
Of sea and sky. And souls must glean
What sunlight and what shadows mean.
If love must come, and love must flee,
Its wounds unseen be like the sea.

Oh ! golden days of hope and youth !
Oh ! sparkling waves and sea so fair !
Oh ! golden braids of sunny hair !
That blend your tints with joy and truth ;
My little love, with soft blue eyes,
And sunny face like summer skies,
I send a kiss across the sea,
To link thy dreams of joy to me.

Welcome, America ! mine own,
Welcome ! my best beloved land,
Soon on thy shores again I'll stand,
And know thy joys as I have known.
From classic fields of ancient lore,
Where Arno and the Tiber pour ;
From lands beside the Thames and Rhine,
I turn again to thee and thine.

Thy shores hath greater charms for me
Than where the Roman warriors trod ;
Or fane, or shrine of ancient god
In temples old, beyond the sea.
And thy free homes, beloved so well,
Than palaces where Cæsars dwell.

Then, good ship, bear us safely o'er
The briny deep, now smooth and fair,
And guard us like a mother's prayer
From wind, and storm, and breakers' roar ;
That trusting souls no harm may feel
Within thy breast of oak and steel.



THE COMET.

WHO lit the fires on thy burning crest?
Who hastened thee forth on thy mission wild,
Like the hurried step of a long-lost child,
Who wanders far o'er creation's breast ;
Spreading the stream of its golden hair
Like a beacon of hope in its dark despair,
Wandering alone,
Afar and unknown ?
Thou silent wanderer !

Perchance the Eternal hath sped thy course
From the mystic bounds of His central throne,
As a chariot of fire, a burning zone,
To bear, with grandeur and swiftest force,
His high archangel through countless years,
To view the realms of his distant spheres, —
To number the worlds
Where the bright sun whirls,
Thou heavenly wanderer !

When the suns grow old, canst thou kindle their blaze,
Gathering fuel from where their fires are fed ?
Canst strengthen the living and raise the dead
Of the worn-out worlds ere they end their days ?
Sliding down by the locks of thy golden hair,
Canst thou people worlds with the good and the fair,
By a mystic chain
Draw them back again ?
Thou mystic wanderer !

Sweep on and ever while the cycles roll,
Thou wandering orb of luminous sod !
Thou blazing banner of the mighty God !
From creation's centre to its farthest pole,
Speed on and on in thy unknown track ;
But the hand that sent thee can draw thee back,
And teach thee the way
When thy footsteps stray,
As He doth the wanderer.

Like a silent thought from creation wrought,
Thou speakest a language weird and strange
Of the breadth of space and the speed of change,
And the wondrous dream that the ages taught ;
That from star to star and from sun to sun
The soul shall pass while the cycles run,
Renewed in its youth,
Gleaning wisdom and truth,
God's wisest wanderer.

The living shall die, and the dead shall live,
And the mystery deepens on every hand,
And the worlds shall melt, and the soul shall stand,
And a lesson of truth shall all things give.
And a mystic touch hath a world to a world ;
And the banners of God are ever unfurled
In creation's face,
Teaching truth and grace
To the wanderer.

THE CYCLONE.

THE earth and sky were bright and free,
The sun his golden noon had passed ;
Like islands in the azure sea
The floating clouds their shadows cast,
Then vanished like a dream that's past
Beyond the realms of destiny.

Come forth, oh wise and reasoning soul !
Look far and scan the western plain ;
See, where the fleecy cloudlets roll
There comes with neither hand nor brain
A power to blight with death and pain,
And flash its curse from pole to pole.

Behold ! the air is fresh and fair,
Ye breathe it and it blesses life ;
The zephyr's fingers in thy hair
So soft, are elements of strife
When stirred to anger wild and rife,
That knows no mercy, heeds no prayer.

Amid the city's domes and spires
There springs a wrestler fierce and strong,
With hungry breast that never tires,
With spiral winding limbs and long,
He swallows quick with greed and wrong,
Tree, shrub, and dome and hearthstone fires.

Fierce was his rage while timbers flew,
And walls that stood the storms of years,
And giant oaks in strength that grew,
And stately domes, earth's pride and peers,
While death stalked o'er life's hopes and fears,
Were scattered light as drops of dew.

'Twas demon of the air and wind,
Its path was ruin, wreck, and death,
It left a gloom on every mind ;
Each thinking soul found air, and breath
Hath elements of power and death
God's hand must hold and check and bind.

Oh ! ye who doubt immortal life,
And deem but matter strong and great,
The unseen touch of air in strife,
The unseen grasp of soul on fate,
Would make earth seem a feather-weight
To spirit, power, and viewless life.

Oh ! terraced city, young and fair,
Built where the flowing waters meet,
Rebuild your homes with vigour rare,
And grow a giant strong and fleet ;
Be commerce, art, and learning's seat,
Be wise in virtue, strong in prayer.

THE OVERFLOWING MISSISSIPPI.

HURRYING on in thy maddening sweep
Down to the gulf and the far-off seas,
Thy rushing waters are dark and deep
As they toss and plunge with a roaring leap
O'er verdant valleys and waving trees.

Onward relentless, thou wilt not pause ;
Like a robber thou ridest in dark disdain ;
And thy curse is as cruel as Draco's laws
From the northern snows, to the southern pause,
Where thou losest thyself in the raging main.

A swelling tide ! and an inland sea !
The mighty blending of many a river !
God's finger marked out thy course so free
Where thy foam-lips drink with maddening glee
The moonbeam's gleam, and the sunlight's quiver.

Houses and lands are torn by thy hands,
And swept by eddying current and tide
On thy restless breast to the ocean sands,
And buried where Time with its iron bands,
Can find no trace in its realms so wide.



Many a form that was young and fair,
Have thy wave-lips kissed and folded to rest ;
And many a ripple has hushed their prayer,
And twined its fingers in braided hair,
That sleeps 'neath thy turbid and billowy breast.

Broad as the Tigris, and old as the Nile,
With cities ancient as Thebes or Rome,
Where a race unknown when earth was a child,
Are buried in mounds now rugged and wild ;
Once a joyous, bustling, and happy home.

And the bison roaming a thousand plains,
Were their peaceful kine for service and flood,
They bowed their necks to those ancient swains ;
And their faithful dogs that shared their pains
Are howling wolves in the lonely wood.

And the sun-brown maids that played 'neath the
shades
Ere Sappho was minstrel or Helen a bride,
Here mirrored their forms while plaiting their braids ;
In silent canoes glided on through the glades,
And murmured a song to thy low rippling tide.

And men like Hercules bent in the vale,
Recounting their deeds in the days of old
To dark-eyed Helens, impassioned and pale ;
But their loves are gone like the wild wind's wail,
And o'er the dreamer thy billows have rolled.

Above their tombs young cities have sprung,
Where empire marches with mission grand,
And the unknown nations no bards have sung,
That sleep where thy shifting sands are flung
As thou sweepest ever to ocean's strand.

Then swift in speed as an uncurbed steed
Go to the sea and back to the cloud,
Like fretful man in hurry and deed,
Through the vale of time till blended and freed,
Thou with the sea and he with the shroud.



THE PRESS.

THE tongue of the world, the trumpet of fame,
To the conquering great, and the heroes of old ;
The voice of the sage and the sword of the bold,
The pipe of the minstrel, the harper that came
With the harp of the poet, to bless or to blame,
With the beauty of song—with the words of the wise,
To strengthen the soul, and to brighten the skies.

The Vulcan to forge the weapons of truth,
For the mailed ranks in the world's grand march ;
To moisten with knowledge the lips that parch,
To lead from ignorance dark and uncouth
To Olympian springs and fountains of youth ;
Moving and marching in thought sublime,
From beginning of truth to the end of time.

Like a giant's strength in the days of old,
With arms of steel and touch of hand
To lift proud thought as a lighted brand,
And march with the tread of a warrior bold,
Undaunted by strife and unbought with gold,
Is the work of the press as it moves and wheels
Like a throbbing soul that thinks and feels. ^

Its tread is the lightning speed of thought,
As the earth turns round and the seasons run—
And the seas splash up in the face of the sun.
On its brow is writ what is known and wrought
Of the nation's deeds, with knowledge fraught
That is seen afar as the years go by,
Like peaks that dash through the purple sky.

I listen and stand by its turning bands,
As its heart beats strong like a living heart,
And it seems of a vital soul a part,
As it presses its breast with its iron hands,
A steel-clad Titan that rises and stands
Till the white-winged missives of thought are whirled
Like flakes of snow o'er the darkened world.

As soft as the strains of Apollo's lyre,
As strong as a Hercules clad in steel,
Or the voice of Jove when the thunders peal
To the flash and gleam of Promethean fire,
Is the force that can neither sleep nor tire
Of the world's great heart as it throbs and thrills
In the voice of the press that it empties and fills.

To bear the mystery of soul in words,
To light the world as a kindled fire—
To throb and thrill as a pulsing lyre ;
To prove the pen more mighty than swords
And the earth is swayed by genius, not hordes—
To enlighten the mind and lift the soul
Is the Press' mission as ages roll.

WHAT CAUSES POETRY.

THIS causes poetry. 'Tis the first effort of the
Mind to soar into fair fields of glowing fancy ;
To lift itself into high channels of bright thought ;
To perceptions lofty and enthusiastic of the
Grand and beautiful, to struggle up to
Greater light, to something better and more noble
Than the grovelling and material things
That make the routine of each passing hour,

And to discover fresh grandeur in the earth and sky.
The good and great of every age have felt
In early life or elder years this restless
Longing and enthusiastic inspiration ;
And some have written with their pens
Dipped in the sunbeams.

The rainbow's tints,
The silver lining of the gilded clouds,
The ocean's grandeur, the mountain's height majestic,
The splendour of the burning sun, the ceaseless roll
Of circling seasons, the mighty sweep of rivers
To the ocean, the matchless skill of Nature,
Her beauties and sublimities, the acts and incidents
Of ages past, the ebb and flow of human life,
Its wondrous thrilling cords of human passion,
Its loves and cares, hopes, toils, and strifes,—
Its brightest joys, and darkest woes,
Have all been painted with a master-hand.

WHEREFORE SWEET MUSIC?

BECAUSE the sky is bright, because
 In borders of the dreamy sea,
The glistening sunbeams fall and pause,
 And then dance on delightfully
Because the heavens bend down so fair,
 And flowers will blush and bloom in spring ;
And music's soul is everywhere,
 And hearts like birds will soar and sing.

Chorus—

From music then we'll gladly borrow
 The bliss that dreads no sad to-morrow,
And sing the songs that bless our days,
 Till tuned to everlasting praise.

Because the soul-pulse throbs and thrills
 Like murmuring streams that seek the sea,
And swells with grandeur like the hills,
 At sounds of sweetest melody.
Like glances of a loving eye,
 Its charm the sweetest pleasure brings,
Where souls may answer and reply ;
 For music is sweet thought on wings.

Because the heart hath gladness rare,
A heaven of melody within,
As guileless as an angel's prayer—
Untroubled with a thought of sin ;
And music's magic voice can start
These holy whisperings at command,
And raise in temples of the heart
A voice ne'er heard on sea or land.

We drink in song, and thirst for more,
Our hearts beat to a mystic rhyme
That silence utters o'er and o'er,
Like echoes from a far-off clime.
Perhaps it is angelic song
Vibrating from the heavenly shore,
That listening souls have heard so long ;
They can but answer, sing, and soar.



LIFE IS JUST WHAT YOU SHALL MAKE IT.

LIFE is just what you shall make it—
It's your own uncultured field ;
You can plough and cultivate it,
And its fruit and flowers will yield.
But no other hand can do it ;
And if you leave it all undone,
You will feel the shame, and rue it
Ere its transient course is run.

If you waste your life in riot,
If by idling night and day,
You try to kill time by it,
Life will vanish soon away ;
But when life is sadly ended
You will have no garnered sheaves,
And naught of love or hope is blended
Where there's only dark dead leaves.

Seek in future life to gain
Honest wealth by earnest toil,
Honoured name without a stain,
And a soul without a soil.
Seek to mount to higher heights
With a firm and steady aim,
And by good and valiant fights
Have, or earn success and fame.

WOMEN LOVE LOVE MORE THAN LOVERS.

“WOMEN love love more than lovers,”
I sighed unto the sobbing sea,
By Elysian isles, where Eros hovers,
I dreamt of love and thought of thee.
Love me, beloved!

In the Cyprian isle of sun-land song,
Cythereia dwelt in the days of old,
Her lover, Adonis, was fair and strong,
But she dallied with Mars and Paris bold—
Her loves beloved!

Ariadne at Naxos waited in vain
Theseus’ return to her longing breast,
But Bacchus crowned her, and eased her pain,
And she found, like a dove, another nest—
Another love beloved!

And thus Cleopatra, and Helen fair
Spread impassioned arms like the sun-kissed Nile,
And many lovers their loves did share,
And they sunned their souls in many a smile;
Their loves beloved!

Women love love more than lovers,
For they were formed for love’s demands,
The blissful charm, and the grace that hovers
In glance of eye and touch of hand
Is love beloved!

THE BRAHMIN'S LEGEND OF POESY.

CELESTIAL suns through crystal spheres
Their glowing race had run,
And twilight mists, like rainbow tears,
In dropping beauty hung,
When gods immortal wished to find
A pastime for celestial mind.

But none could solve the problem grand
Till Brahma's lofty queen
Created with her peerless hand,
A child of wondrous mien.
“Oh ! Poesy, with glowing eyes !
Thou first-born goddess of the skies !

“Wave, winged child, around these gods,
These drowsy gods,” she said,
“And flowers will spring above the sods
Where'er thy footsteps tread ;
Without the zephyrs from thy wing
Even life in heaven's a dreary thing.

“When heaven's asleep wing thy far flight
Unto yon tempest-driven world ;
Bid flowers bloom as fair and bright
As beauty e'er unfurled ;
Each spot of earth shall be more fair
When thou hast breathed thy fragrance there.

“ Returning, ere the gods awake,
Upon thy starry wing,
Do thou the human spirit take
And thence to heaven bring,
And crown the inner soul and sight
With mystic truth, celestial light.

“ Clear, deep, and dim as shoreless seas,
No human barque doth sail,
The joys, the hopes, the dreams that please
In new enigmas veil,
And be the soul’s true guide divine,
Where fadeless constellations shine.”

Thus Poesy was born in heaven,
As pastime for the gods,
And when they slept was kindly given
To brighten earthly sods ;—
With fadeless beauty, joy, and truth
To bloom in everlasting youth.

Fair as Aurora at the dawn
Upon her jewelled car,
Or where the blazing suns are born,
Or where they build a star ;
Or where the smiling angels shine,
And life is blent with bliss divine.

THE STORY OF ISRAFEL.

[“And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute and who has the sweetest voice of all God’s creatures.”—*Koran.*]

IN realms of light where angels dwell
Stood forth the sweet-voiced Israfel,
To answer to the high behest
Of gods divine and spirits blest.
Whence came that voice so sweet, so fine,
So rich, enchanting, and divine ?
It rivalled all the hosts of God,
It echoed to the vault of heaven,
And sweetly charmed, where’er he trod—
A music new, divinely given.

He laid his dazzling armour down,
In robes of saintly white wrapt round
He stood erect with lifted eye,
And smile that seemed to light the sky.
His voice was soft as moonbeams pale
That kiss the rose in Sharon’s vale.
His jewelled hand he did upraise,
Obeisance to the spotless throne
Of Deity the angels praise,
And spoke and made the wonder known.

“ In distant flight through worlds afar,
It chanced I trod God’s youngest star.
'Mid isles of palm in sunlit seas,
Where tropic trees bow to the breeze,
And bud and bear through years of spring,
I paused to gaze and rest my wing.
The bulbul’s song was on the breeze,
I saw the flowers in fragrance bloom,
And birds as thick as humming-bees
Of every gorgeous shade and plume.

“ And as I gazed, two beings fair
Came forth the evening breeze to share ;
In love and youth held sweet commune
And plighted troth beneath the moon.
I heard, ‘ My sweet, my dove, ‘mine own.’
I heard love’s low, impassioned tone ;
But demons trod that Eden bower
And envied them that golden hour.
From trees a poisoned arrow sped,
It pierced his breast—he sank as dead.
A pallor crossed the fair one’s brow,
She sprang beside him, knelt, and now
As bee the golden honey sips
She drew the poison with her lips,
And lifted voice in sad, sweet prayer,—
‘ Save him, O God ! for Thou canst spare !’
My soul was moved, my heart-strings thrilled,
And lute-like sounds swept through them there,

And voiced whene'er I spoke or willed
The lover's vow, the maiden's prayer.

“ In further quest o'er flowery trail
I reached a cottage in a vale ;
Within a mother cooed and smiled
And prattled with a cherub child.
She marked its glee with loving eyes,
And answered with such sweet replies,
No angel harp such tones hath given,
Nor sweeter voice is found in heaven.
The accents of her voice and word
Like anthems through my bosom rung ;
My heart-strings trembled while I heard
And voiced it with a lute-like tongue.

“ I journeyed on, when soon appears
A sage in wisdom and in years—
An aged bard, all wandering slow,
With bended form and locks of snow.
His faltering course he onward pressed,
Till forced beside the way to rest.
He seemed so still, I thought him past
The gates of life ; when at the last
He roused and touched his slumbering lyre,
His eyes glowed with a quenchless fire.

“ He sung of country, hope, and heaven,
Of endless life to mortals given.
He sung as if he felt the strain
Of deepest anguish and all pain.

Yet joy and hope soared through his theme,
And seemed to raise his trembling form
As eagles catch the sunlight's gleam
And soar above the wasting storm.

“I caught those songs and hold them here,”
He touched his breast. “In yonder sphere
Who melts the heart or holds it long
Must sing a deep, impassioned song,
Must thrill the chords of life that start
And tremble to the inmost heart.
And they sing best joy’s sweet refrain
Who’ve felt the touch of deepest pain ;
Know more the bliss of hope and prayer
Than we who never knew a care.
Ah, wonder ye ! and marvel much !
My voice hath love, hath sorrow’s touch.
Hath dove of hope that soars serene,
Sent out from ark of inner soul,
Some olive-branch of joy to glean
Beyond where stormy billows roll.”

Then standing on celestial sod
Divinely tall—tall as a god,
He bared his breast that glowed like fire,
His heart was but a living lyre—
With every string a breathing lute,
And when he spoke all else was mute.

He ceased. Through heaven’s arches rung
The accents of his silvery tongue,

That echoed in enraptured glee
Like sunbeams dancing o'er the sea.
Sweet as the song the stars essayed
Of welcome to God's newest sphere,
Or requiem sung o'er lost Pleiad
That vanished like a melting tear.

In after-time, in heaven they said
Who spoke of worlds where tears are shed,
Where grief and pain with joy is given,
Where hope is but a name for heaven ;
“ They wear their harps within their breast,
Their bosoms rise and throb and swell ;
They sing like birds within their nest—
It is the voice of Israfel.”



THE ROLLING YEARS.

THE great, far-reaching future is all within thy hand ;
Thou canst blast a thousand hopes like wrecks upon the strand ;
Thou canst build up mighty nations, and can rudely pull them down ;
Thou canst dim the monarch's jewels, rust his sceptre and his crown ;
Thou canst waste the wealth of fortune, bring to poverty the proud,
Lay the great within their coffin, fold fair beauty in her shroud.
Thou art the peer of earth, and shall see it flee away
Before the face of Him who brings the awful Judgment Day ;
When the years shall all be numbered, and their secrets shall unroll,
And be read unto the millions as the ancients read a scroll.
Then time-worn earth shall melt with strong and fervent heat,
And no more upon its bosom feel the million heart-throbs beat.

No more a grass-green sepulchre, no more earth's gaudy scene,
No more gay tinselled tapestry, death's sombre walls to screen ;
No weary hands to toil, no human hearts to burn,
With all the whelming tide of woe, and joys for which we yearn ;
No more bright, joyous scenes that cheered a dreary earth ;
No more sweet childhood's dreams, no more a happy hearth ;
No more love's blissful throb at beauty's blushing cheek ;
No more the lover's vow ; no more the passions speak.
This earth may then be changed to a heavenly mansion bright ;
The sun and stars may pale and wane before a brighter light.
Till then, relentless as the grave, remorseless years shall roll
Upon the burning track of time toward their final goal.
The eagle proud, with fearless wing, that cleaves the azure dome,
And bathes his plumage in the clouds amid the thunder's home,
That braves the storm and hurricane, pressing onward to the sun,
Must rest upon some mountain crag before the day is done.
The timid deer, the fleet gazelle, that, startled, flee with swiftest speed ;
The agile hounds that eager chase, for rest soon feel the urgent need.

But time for naught shall stop, nor years shall pause to rest,
They weary not, nor seek to fold their pinions on their breast ; .
They feel no jaded, anxious wish to see their journey close ;
They pause not for the shades of night, nor sigh for sweet repose.
Stern and unbending, on their course they roll with ceaseless haste,
Whether earth blossom as the rose or shrink to barren waste ;
Regardless whether cities rise or crumble to decay ;
Or earthquakes heave their solid base, and 'gulf them in a day ;
Volcanoes flame, or mountains shake, or land be swallowed by the sea,
Or islands rise in ocean deep, or shackles bind the brave and free.
They never pause to muse upon the crumbling wrecks they've wrought,
As children gaze on broken toys, or victors over battles fought ;
But onward sweep, with tireless speed, nor reck they in their course
What hopes they blast, what nations fall, beneath their conquering force.
The year just past, has gone—like a bright and golden dream,
Like a ship rich freighted, it has passed adown time's restless stream ;

It laid its hand on the strong, and the haughty form lies low ;
It trod the halls of revelry, and its mirth was changed to woe ;
It stalked o'er the field of carnage, and the gory plain grew red,
And the grass and flowers sprang fresh and green above the mouldering dead ;
It touched the bloom on beauty's cheek, and it changed to pallid hue ;
As it passed, the trees and flowers bloomed and faded as they grew ;
It stilled the lips of childhood's glee that strayed among the flowers,
And nipped the foliage bright and green that shaded lovely bowers ;
It came with the flush of pride, like a conqueror marching by ;
It has gone like a gleam of light, like the breath of a passing sigh,
Like a summer cloud at morn that fades at the rising sun,
Like a mist at dewy eve that melts ere the night is half begun.
Yet, ere it vanished in its flight, to the dim, eternal past,
It heralded millions to their home, to the sleep that long shall last.

TWO LOVERS STROLLED BY THE RIVER SIDE.

IN the golden light of the eventide
Two lovers strolled by the river side.
She swung her hat in her dimpled hand,
Her hair streamed out from its silken band.

Her lips were ruby, and red as wine.
“O, love!” he said ; “O, love divine !
Could I but claim a nectared kiss,
Twould crown these halcyon hours with bliss.”

Coquettish and gay, she then replied,
And tossed her hat in the river wide.
“Plunge thou and return it, my anxious lord,
And claim thy wish as a just reward.”

He sprang at once in the hasting tide,
With strokes of strength and a heart of pride ;
Far out on the wave at length he caught
The floating, hurrying thing he sought.

But he heard a scream that chilled his blood—
She had slipped and fallen into the flood !
Then quick he turned and skimmed the wave,
To save his love from a watery grave.

He caught her there, in her last despair,
As she sank with a moaning, hopeless prayer ;
He brought her in safety to life and land,
And restored her hat to her dimpled hand.

Then she murmured not when he bent to kiss,
With a lover's joy and a lover's bliss,
Those ruby lips with their smile so bland,
As she swung her hat in her dimpled hand.

O, heart of youth, with its hopes as bright
As the stars that glow in the fields of night,
A smile of love and a nectared kiss
Hath thrilled two souls with a dream of bliss.

And never again, on land or tide,
Can warm hearts throb with sweeter pride
Than at touch of lips on the river sand,
As she swung her hat in her dimpled hand.



BE FRUGAL WITH EACH TRUSTED THING.

BE frugal with each trusted thing,
And use it with your power ;
You know not what a day may bring,
Nor when life's closing hour.
You should not bury dark and deep,
Within the grovelling earth,
God-given talents meant to sweep
To realms of higher birth.

Do not squander precious hours ;
They should earnestly be sought,
To increase our noblest powers,
And unfold the flowers of thought.
Save and waste not ; 'tis unjust
To cast away what's not your own.
Life and time is but a trust,
Where you reap what you have sown.

Do not seek with miser's greed,
But strive to attain and stand
Where you can give to those that need
With kind and generous hand.
Then shun with care the useless waste
Of money and of time,
It soils the life, depraves the taste,
And points the mind to crime.

MY IDEAL.

THERE is a bright ideal, whose presence makes me blest,
It warms my brain with sweetest thought, and glows
within my breast,
It brightens fancy's magic touch with radiant life and
power,
And yields its joys and nectared sweets to every passing
hour.

Its smile lights up the darkest path, and points me on to
duty,
It charms me with its soothing voice and face of fairest
beauty ;
With glowing heart and heaving breast, and gaze fixed
on the future,
Its beaming eyes that ardent shine immortal fires nurture.

It is not beauty soft and fair, like Helen in her gladness,
To please the eye, and tempt the heart, and thrill the
soul to madness ;
It is not pleasure flushed with wine, and lips still red
with passion,
Whose heaving breasts with ardour sigh, and seek but
love and fashion.

It is not wealth, that takes its ease, and rides in finest carriage,

That worships gold, and worships self, and joins the two in marriage;

It is not fame, that blows her trump, and down the coming future

The storied urn, the marble shaft, nods over buried virtue.

I've often wished to twine my arm around the waist of beauty,

To gaze on pleasure's beaming eyes that dim the path of duty.

I've often thought a worthy name, that fame could justly honour,

Would add to life a brighter charm than pleasure, wealth, or power.

But they are not so charming yet as is my bright ideal,
They wake not joys in the breast so quiet, true, and real,
They cast not o'er the present life, nor o'er the coming future,

Such radiant light, such glory bright, nor heavenly visions nurture.

For my ideal, fair and bright, has the loving face of duty,
With eyes of truth and guileless breast, mind rich with thoughts of beauty,

Soul fresh with purity and love, and stored with fadeless pleasure,

A smile of quiet joy and peace, and heaven's unfading treasure.

LOTUS LEAVES.

Oh ! if in all God's countless spheres
There is no heaven where souls shall come,
And on love's bosom free from tears
Be welcomed when the pulse grows dumb ;
Where lotus leaves and balm are pressed
To soothe the weary, troubled breast,
And souls from grief and pain are free ;—
What grovelling, thrice-mocked dupes are we.

Mark well, who wed should give the hand
With undivided heart, and stand,
In single purpose, true to one ;
Or else the loving soul's undone
 In bitterness and agony.
And like the curse that blights the land,
The heart's at variance with the hand.
A house divided cannot stand,
 True love should know no jealousy.

Mark more, brave souls with scorn of pain,
With life's devotion, oft in vain
Have sought with generous faith and true,
Like loyal hearts, return well due
 Affection's peerless dowry.
Yet sought in vain, and found too late,
It was not there to win, and Fate
Had linked them to a faithless mate,
 They thought the flower of chivalry.

THE SECRET OF THE MARRIAGE MORN.

HE brought her to his lordly hall upon her bridal morn,
She, young and fair as lilies rare, and he a warrior born,
With haughty mien and lofty pride, and ill it did betide,
That she should wed the stern, proud earl that followed
at her side.

They entered through the castle gate, and through the
spacious hall,
Till 'mid the grand old corridors, a picture on the wall
Enwrapt their gaze as with a spell. A woman, young and
fair,
So like his bride—yet not his bride—that stood beside
him there.

His bride, the daughter of an earl, yet spoke as if
in fear:—

“Whose face and form is this I see? How came this
picture here?

For at my home at Inglewood, within my chamber late,
Hangs that sweet face, with soul-lit eyes, its counterpart
and mate.”

Across his graceful, haughty brow a shade of grief and
pain
Swept like a torrent to the sea, or tempest on the main.

“ If thou dost bid me speak, I'll speak, though bitter sorrows roll.

No secret thought or deed shall stand between thee and my soul.

“ Across the sea in Italy I roved in early youth,
And loved with all the boyish love and ardour, warmth
and truth,

The fairest of that sun-lit land with lustrous, soul-lit eyes,
Dark-hued and warm, with moulded form like fruit of
tropic skies.

We loved ; she was of humble birth, I suitor for her
hand ;

My father heard—with haughty curse he bade me leave
the land.

I lingered, for my love was strong, and had two pictures
made

Of her I loved ; this one I kept, and one I gave the
maid.

“ But lingering in the light of love, young love 'neath
tropic skies,

She lost the pearl of womanhood, so valued by the wise,
And yet I swear with lifted hand she was as truly wed
As though I gave the marriage ring at words the priest
had said.

I left with her each sacred pledge a man can give or
break

At my stern father's dread command ; and yet for her
pure sake

I would I'd dared his darkest curse and saved a trusting soul,
Though want and toil had chased my steps from farthest pole to pole.

“A year passed by, my father died, and I was rich and free,

On wings of love in haste I flew to her across the sea ;
The wind sighed and the sad moon said, ‘ You are too late to save,’

As pausing at her door I found all silent as the grave.

The moonbeams kissed a new-made mound, the spot I knew so well,

I wandered there in dread and read the name of “Isabel.”

I learned too late she could not bear the joy of giving life
Without a loving husband’s cheer—without the name of wife.

“I could have snatched this cursed heart from out this trembling form,

And burned my very soul for grief in Tophet’s fiery storm ;

I sought the bloody fields of war to lift dishonour’s blame
From off a broken heart and life, and proud ancestral name.

I turned at length from vanquished fields—I met thee, dear, my dove !

The sins, the follies of my youth thou wilt forgive,
my love ?

My heart had never found the mate that answered to
its call,
But that thy face seems like the face that hangs upon
the wall."

She answered then, " Alas ! alas ! the picture that I see,
To that within my room at home the counterpart must be !
And now there flashes on my brain a thought that makes
me wild !

I came from 'cross the sea in youth, an earl's adopted
child.

That picture was the only gift to point with loving grace,
And link her memory to her child—it was my mother's
face,

Who died in that same spot you name, ere scarce my
eyes knew life !

And I——" "And you !" he said. " Great God ! my
daughter—not my wife !"

He kissed her brow of snowy white, he knelt and kissed
her hand,

While grief and pain swept o'er his soul as billows o'er the
strand.

"They told me that the mother slept,—an infant on her
breast,

In one lone grave across the wave, their spirits with the
blest.

What have I done ? Sin has its curse ! The wrong
across the sea,

Nemesis-like hath followed mine, as it hath followed me.

What's done must be undone in haste, and none must
know—forgive !

I join the ranks of war to die ; be blessed, be good, and
live.”.

The earl passed from the castle wall in dark and silent
pride,

Men wondered that he left so soon his lovely new-made
bride.

None dared to question when they saw his brow and
clenched hand,

Perhaps it was a freak of pride, perhaps the king's
command.

On India's rugged field of war they bore a bloody form,
All trampled in the gory heap of battle's leaden storm ;
A savage squadron's iron hoofs had beat a picture small
Into the earl's cold, pulseless heart, like one upon the
wall.



ENOLA.

PALLID and still, with no pulse's thrill,
Was the silent form of Enola,
And her soft blue eyes with their sweet surprise
Where her soul beamed warm as the summer skies,
Was shrouded and cold ; and came no replies

From the fair sweet lips of Enola.

Wed but a year, she sleeps on her bier,
The fair lovely bride Enola ;
And Norvin bent with his soul in a tear
O'er the angel that came to gladden his sphere,
Now lost—for ever lost to him here ;
The charming blue-eyed Enola.

They laid her to rest, her hands on her breast,
The pulseless white breast of Enola.
Ah ! lately she came as a dove to his nest,
His beautiful bride that his soul had blest ;
And he turned to wander afar and distressed
From the grave of his sainted Enola.

Night's shadows are still on the shafted hill
And the new-made grave of Enola.

But see ! shadows move to the grave new made,
And the ghouls work well with the pick and spade,
Till the coffin comes forth and the corpse is laid ;
 The beautiful corpse of Enola.

Oh ! curse the wrong, and the dastards strong,
 To seize the fair form of Enola ;
For beauty and death is sacred to God,
And heaven's curse blights with chastening rod
Who disturb the dead 'neath the peaceful sod ;
 As was done to the fair Enola.

The sad winds sigh as the ghouls pass by
 Lifting the form of Enola,
When her ring flashed bright on the dismal night,
Her bridal ring on her hand so white ;
And the ghouls they grasped it with sordid might
 To despoil the helpless Enola.

They pulled with will, but it came not still
 From the finger of fair Enola,
For she kept it well in death and in life,
Till the ghouls, with curses to end the strife,
Dissevered the finger with bloody knife
 From the lily-white hand of Enola.

And the pulse so still sent forth a thrill
 To the heart of the dead Enola,
And there burst a sigh with a sobbing cry
That frightened the dastards, who quickly fly,
And brought the old sexton that dwelt near by
 To the helpless form of Enola.

Suspended life came forth from the strife,
And breath to the form of Enola ;
Then fever came with its breath of flame,
And reason tottered infirm and lame,
And she lingered long with the sexton's dame,
Who cared for the sick Enola.

God's sweetest thought is a little child,
And it came to the feeble Enola ;
And a spark of life from a life most gone,
Came forth as a star on a dismal morn,
When a lovely blue-eyed cherub was born—
The sweet-faced little Enola.

Like a restless star from lands afar
To seek the grave of Enola,
And lay him there in his last despair,
Feeble and sick and worn with care
Came Norvin pale ; and bent in prayer
At the grave of his loved Enola.

In the twilight gloom beside the tomb
Dying, he cried for Enola ;
Though feeble her reason she seemed to hear,
And sprang from her couch with frenzied fear ;
And he saw her form like a ghost appear—
And he fell at the feet of Enola.

Ah ! grief and pain will number its slain,
'Twas thus with him and Enola.

They were silent and dead when the night had fled ;
One's breast still pillow'd a dying head,
And the two in death, as in life, were wed—
 And buried in the grave of Enola.

On their grave so green in the summer sheen
 Oft sits little blue-eyed Enola,
With her guileless soul watching cloudlets roll ;
And the smile of God in her tresses of gold ;
But the sorrows of earth her pathway enfold
 For the innocent feet of Enola.



THE DOOMED VESTAL.

IN Rome, in Vesta's sacred temple,
The vestal fire flamed on the altar,
Emblem of chaste vows once spoken,
Changeless as Medea's laws naught could alter.
Near by stood priests and white-robed vestals,
Confronting with stern ire harsh spoken
A meek-faced fair young priestess,
Death doomed for vows once broken.

When they paused, she meekly answered
With a slow and quivering breath,
"I know my vow is broken,
And I know the doom is death ;
But in youth I had a lover,
In my far Sicilian home,
Whom I loved with love's devotion
Ere my father moved to Rome.

"In our early youth we parted,
Plighted by true lover's ties,
Parted loving, broken-hearted,
'Neath our native sunny skies.
He was forced to join the army,
While I came here afar,
But I heard, ere three short summers,
That he was slain in war.

“Then the vestal vows, in sorrow,
Sought I meekly as a dove,
That no other man might tempt me
From the idol of my love.
On an eve in mellow autumn,
Just beyond the temple gate,
As I strolled, behold another !
’Twas my long-mourned plighted mate.

“When I faltered, hard he pleaded—
He had bought a quiet home
In a fair green vale of Sicily,
Where we’d live, no more to roam.
He was wounded, but recovered,
He had sought me far and long,
We were plighted, I had loved him,
And my vows were worse than wrong.

“Long he urged. At length he led me
Down unto the Tiber’s shore,
And we sailed toward our native vale,
That I shall see no more.
We were married, and our cottage
Holds a pledge of constant love,
Cooing in his little cradle
Soft as wooings of a dove.

“Doomed I am, no arm can save me,
Such is fate and human laws,
Yet my vow was for a purpose,
And I broke it for a cause.

And is human life so perfect
It can keep a changeless vow?
It may waver, fade, or perish,
As this flame shall perish now."

With a forward step she scattered
At a stroke the vestal fire,
On the temple floor its cinders
Glowed as sullen as her ire.
Then her troubled brow grew calmer
With a look serene and brave,
Till upon a bier they bore her
Onward to a living grave.

At length they stood before an open tomb,
Within there was a candle lighted
And a cup of water—her place of doom—
A fearful doom, but not guilt's penalty.
The priestly pontiff sternly now approached,
Took the *infula* from her queenly head,
The snowy surplice from her shapely limbs,
To send her robeless to her dismal bed.

She stood in the eloquence of beauty,
The embodiment of grace in woman,
Her robeless form was mantled with the charm
Of loveliness as heavenly as human.
The marble whiteness of her snowy brow
And swelling breasts that fell and rose,
Vied with the fairness of her falling robes,
As spotless as the drifted snows.

She was young and fair and beautiful,
Her raven hair hung down in glossy braids,
Her form was Juno-like in faultless symmetry,
With the warmth and richness of Italian maids.
Her plump, rose-tinted, and rich moulded shape
Had such bewitching charm unto the sight
As when Uriah's wife, at that ill-fated bath,
Tempted enamoured David from the right.

They mocked and cursed her with a curse,
As she shivered in her nudeness and despair,
Standing with dimpled limbs and dainty feet,
And eyes uplifted as in prayer,
Upon the verge of that dread, living tomb
Where she must linger out her fearful doom ;
A rich, ripe rose of perfect womanhood,
To perish in the fragrance of its bloom.

She waited not for force, but fled to earth
As to a shelter in her hopeless grief,
As if the grave was earth's last best asylum,
Where the heart of sorrow found a sure relief.
The clods fell heavy on a living grave,
Bereft of hope and wrapped in gloom,
A robeless maiden shrank within its pale,
For ever prisoned in a living tomb.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

OLD legends of romance that seem half divine,
Are the castles that stand on the banks of the Rhine,
From Bonn unto Bingen, perched lofty and bold,
Like chieftains in armour, or giants of old.

O ! Bingen, how lovely ! and Lorlie, how strange
Are the echoes of time, and the grandeur of change ?
For ages the voice of the fair and the brave,
Like the kiss of the zephyrs, hath dimpled thy wave.

Like temples of Eros, once fair and sublime,
Now ruined, dismantled, and shattered by time,
Stand the castles of Sternenfels and Liebenstein,
Where two brothers loved fair Lady Geraldine.

She was ward of their father, his favourite and pride,
She was rich in all beauty and lovely beside.
The brothers were rivals, and sought her to wed,
The young lord she loved, and the elder one fled.

So these lovers roamed fondly with arms oft atwine,
In soft golden twilight on banks of the Rhine.
Oh ! love had no rival till ambition came !
And his zeal as a soldier burst forth as a flame.

For the good St. Bernard now preached the crusades,
And he joined the fierce band with their crosses and
blades.

Years passed. Lady Geraldine waited and prayed
With the faith of true love for her lover who stayed.

And at length he returned ; but oh ! what a change !
Debauched by long war in a land that was strange.
A Greek wife he brought from far pagan bowers,
In pleasure and revelry passed the gay hours.

Then the elder brother rose, in anger and shame,
And sought the young lord, with curses and blame,
Struck him then with his gauntlet, and challenged to
fight,
Though brother meet brother, such wrong he would
right.

In the valley below, by the banks of the Rhine,
With the purple of morning o'er river and vine,
Stood the fierce, angry brothers ; oh ! sad was the sight !
And their blood mingled there on the sand in the fight.

For mortal the combat ; till loud on the air,
Rang the convent bells, and Lady Geraldine fair
Rushed forth to the scene, with abbess and nun,
And stopped the dread fight, ere either had won.

Oh ! the Lady Geraldine was lovely and fair,
And she melted their anger with tears and her prayer.
Then they lived long in peace, and at last when they
died,
Like an angel she tended and watched by their side.
So the ruined old castle, the convent below,
Tell a tale of earth's love, and life's sadness and woe.

TWO STRANGER GUESTS.

"The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love,
The taint of earth, the odour of the skies is in it."

"YOUNG man, you say that love is best,
And yet you cannot reason why ;
It works dark deeds, and broods unrest,
And makes the yearning bosom sigh."
Thus spoke a dark-eyed, stern old man,
And stroked his beard of silver grey ;
And watched the stars drift now and then,
From out the twilight of the day ;
As at the magic touch divine,
They formed their cohorts into line,
And marched upon their nightly way.
'Twas where three sat 'twixt gloom and light
Beside a camp fire blazing bright ;
It chanced as conversation's stream
Rolled on, that love became their theme.

"You say that love will reason not,
And yet it has a power supreme,
Beyond where reason is forgot,
And tyrant passion is supreme.

And yet you cannot reason why
The God who does the things He would,
And wisdom questions not His will,
Should make the noblest means of good,
The very instruments of ill ?

“ I loved a maiden years ago,
Back in the sunny days of youth ;
It was a grand, an awful truth,
And yet I never told her so.
Suffice it that we had a quarrel,
Suffice it that we said good-bye ;
For she was proud and so was I.
I married one that well I knew
Was paragon of all that’s true.

“ She wedded, and we seldom met,
Somehow she thrilled me with her eyes ;
I wondered if I loved her yet,
And then the thought I would despise.
‘ Well, what of that, felt she the same ? ’
I had all love I could have asked,
And yet it was a something tame ;
Beside the love that o’er me flashed,
I could not help, was I to blame ?
When she was near all things were fair,
I felt new joy swell through my veins ;
When she was gone I lacked for air,
And wandered in my restless pains.

“ I’d tasted of the better wine,
I could not quench my thirst with dew,
I longed to pluck this nectared vine,
And warm my being through and through ;
Yet still I trod the narrow way,
And said to Satan day by day :
‘Get thou behind me—go thy way.’

“ It chanced upon a summer night
I strolled beneath a cooling grove ;
The moon shone wondrous fair and bright,
My heart was restless, and would rove.
When lo ! I heard a gentle sob
Near by within a moonlit bower ;
It made each pulse of being throb,
’Twas *she*, heaven bless the joyous hour.
We met ; it was a glorious pain
That bid new tides of feeling roll ;
She wept a husband’s cold disdain,
I was a hungry, famished soul.
I took her hand, some words of love
Flowed low and softly in my speech ;
She blushed, and fluttered like a dove,
Until our hearts throbbed each to each
And nestled there in sweeter speech.

“ ‘ Dora,’ I said, ‘ the years go by,
We are not loved as we could love ;
There’s sadness in thy noble eye.
Think’st thou there is a God above ?

What matter that we've vowed a vow,
And others wear the marriage ring ;
What matter, love is monarch now,
And joy smiles 'neath his rosy wing.
Could God forbid that we should drink
When pleasure's fountain is in reach,
Could He forbid that love should link
Her dreams in deeper joy than speech ?
Look down into thy secret soul,
Were we not famished until now ?
Then let us drink our being full,
Love's altar is the place to bow.

“ ‘Wouldst thou deny, yet tempt the thirst
When streams of bliss are flowing nigh ?
I'd drink, let stoics be accursed,
If it were death, I'd love to die.
This once, in all the lonely years,
Let our glad hearts pursue their ease,
Affection taste the streams that please ;
Drink deep the Samian wine that cheers,
Our souls upon love's nectar feast,
With bliss the boon, and God the priest ;
And sailing past all doubtful seas
Wave nature's banner to the breeze—
Love's stronger than man's frail decrees.’

“ The moon looked through the silent night
And smiled so sweetly down ;
The golden hours their velvet flight
Stole o'er the starry crown.

We trod the stars beneath our feet,
We shamed the bashful moon,
We made the sky our bridal sheet,
And called the midnight noon.

“The dalliance of that rosy hour
Was sweetest of life’s fleeting dream—
Our souls met in love’s magic bower,
And mingled in one stream.
We drank at that perennial spring
God made in Paradise
To soothe the wily serpent’s sting
Where knowledge should suffice.

“We plucked the very bread of heaven
From off the table of the gods ;
We entered where another Eden
Blushed through the bloom of rosy sods.
We slaked our thirst and warmed the soul,
And felt new tides of being roll.

“The streams from which we’d drank before
Had not such power to tempt our thirst ;
We wished to taste and taste it o’er,
And sail this sea from shore to shore,
And drink and die and be no more,
Let heaven decree the worst.

“The golden hours flew swift and fleet—
We took no note of honeyed time—
Earth’s fair Elysian was too sweet ;
What starving soul would fear to eat,
Or question if it were a crime ?

Oh ! I could feast for ever there
Upon her beauty as a star,
And dream there was no heaven so fair,
And fear no rude alarms of war.

“ But what a wakening from a dream !
I heard my loving Dora scream ;
I saw a bright uplifted sword,
And through its sudden flash and gleam
I knew her angry lord.
I saw the stars—behold the scar !
It was a thrust of more than war,
And brought a rude alarm.

But mine was more than leopard’s leap
Roused by a sudden blow from sleep ;
I wrought him more than harm.
I caught him with a tiger’s clasp,
I wrung the weapon from his grasp,
And sheathed it to the hilt.
I had no time to think or feel,
My head rang with the clang of steel,
I could not pause for ill or weal
To her who stood where blood was spilt.

“ I fled. Old time has swiftly rolled
His chequered wheels of gloom and gold,
And tamed the blood that once was bold,
And yet I cannot reason all,
The why such evil did befall.

But this I know, make me as then,
I'd dare all danger, grief, or pain,
To live that hour o'er again.

My soul at danger seemed to laugh,
I feared not man nor gods of old,
I longed this nectared cup to quaff,
Let it be poison to the soul.

“ I did not care to think, for then
I would have slaked my burning thirst,
Though God wrote at the fountain-head,
‘ Beware, it is accursed, accursed.’
You might as well have sternly told
A wounded, thirsty, dying man
To pause and not to slake his thirst,
Because another owned the spring—
Because another drank there first,
As to have quoted in my pain,
‘ Forbidden fruit ! refrain, refrain.

“ The story’s old. Ah ! that is all,
And nature put it in my mood ;
An apple caused two saints to fall—
The soul will seek the sweetest food.
The fruit was golden ripe and fair,
So sweet to taste, ’twould pay to die.
Though sought it was not found elsewhere,
Can Nature tell the reason why.
For Nature, father of our will,
Is Love’s true impulse and its fire ;

'Tis Reason that discards the ill,
And lifts sweet Passion from the mire.
They say there is a heaven above,
Where tempted not all doeth well.
Here God meant we should live and love—
We 'love not wisely, but too well.'"

He ceased, and silence brooded then
Awhile o'er camp-fire and o'er glen ;
The musing youth did not reply,
He deemed the case was stated fair,
He would not banter words, or pry
Into a grief that had no prayer.
Another, wrapt in sable cloak,
Drew down his brow with cynic smile,
Essayed to speak, then seemed to choke,
Then eyed the burning coals awhile,
Then rose erect, with haughty form,
And gazed into the ether blue,
And shook himself, as in a storm,
And beat his foot in wild tattoo,
And peering at the arch on high,
Said, " Love was never born to die,
But curse us young, and curse us old,
And bind us in the serpent's fold,
And give us guile to be more bold,
And cheat us with its lie.

" I once was young, and good and true,
And walked the paths of virtue pure,
A proud young English nobleman.

Well, when I loved, my nature changed ;
The one I loved was cold, estranged,
 And loved another nobleman.
There's nothing strange in that, I'm sure,
And yet it was the demon's lure,
 That urged me on to shame.
I sought to slay him from the day
I knew where her affections lay,
 And spread a slander on his name.
He was as brave as drew the sword,
And then I sought and got him word
That 'twas another who had said
The thus and so that he had heard—
 A proud young plebeian youth,
Whom next she loved for his true worth,
And who adored her on the earth
 Within his noble heart of truth.

“ I urged the breach, they met and fought,
 And parried bloody steel with steel ;
 At length the nobleman did reel,
A deadly thrust he caught ;
 It pierced him where he buckled belt,
 And in his dying blood he knelt—
This was the curse I wrought.
I waited for her grief to fade,
 Then offered her my hand ;
I might as well have sought to stayed
 The tide upon the strand

As to have checked her bitter scorn ;
She seemed to read my guilty face
And brand me as ignoble born,
A fraud, a foul disgrace.

“ This stung me to the very quick,
I’d have her now in spite of all.
Some daring knaves I hired then
To seize her in a lonely glen.

I was to be a hero brave,
And rescue from their power ;
Her plebeian lover chanced to save
And shield her in that hour ;
I dared not meet his flashing sword,
But rallying then my hired horde
We pressed him to the wall.
At length his sword fell from his hand,
And then o’erpowered by our band,
We caused the hero’s fall.

“ His gory breast met many shocks,
But in the silent glen
We piled some lonely scattered rocks
Above the heart that feared no shocks—
The bravest of brave men.

“ Now she was mine I’d have my will
And wreak my vengeance to its fill.
But she was brave, my valiant heart
Did almost quail before her breath,
She was supreme in virtue’s part,
And even courted death.

Virtue is strong. Could you behold
Her lifted hand and flashing eyes,
You'd said the very gods were bold
To think to claim her for a prize.

“She dared me with a fearless brow
In presence of the God of gods,
To bow the soul that would not bow
Against a thousand odds ;
She scorned me with a haughty scorn ;
She scoffed me with a coward's name,
And bid me slay her ere the morn
Should look upon her shame.
Great God ! she so defied me still,
Though I adored her charms,
That in the frenzy of my will
I slew her in my arms.”

He paused, and twirled his dark moustache,
And pulled his cloak 'round like a sash,
And bowed his head, and seemed to choke,
And then again the silence broke :
“Thus love hath wrought me worse and worse,
And cursed me with a double curse.”

Then spoke the youth with ardent mien,
And stirred the coals that glowed between :
“ Say not that love hath thus accursed,
Thou wast a felon from the first.
And what if thou hadst loved and lost,
Think'st thou that guile could pay the cost ?

Think'st thou that crime will ease thy pain,
And evil is the better way?
Think'st thou we ne'er shall live again,
And love our loves some other day?
Think'st thou the bard that loved and sung
Along the winding banks of Ayr
Will praise no more with silvery tongue
The one he loved so fondly there?
Or he who roamed the sea and shore,
And in his deeds and song was bold,
Think'st thou that he will dream no more
Of her who charmed him to the soul?
“God's justice points the wheels of time.
Heaven is, and deathless spirits soar
To where there is a fadeless clime—
Where suns that rise shall set no more—
Where is a balm for every pain,
And they that loved shall love again.
There, in the pure and brighter blaze,
Where far-off constellations shine,
They'll walk again love's flowery ways,
And broken ties will re-entwine.
“But coward felons such as thou
Before a darker fate shall bow.
Heaven's wrath shall blast such dastards bold
Who'd dare to mar God's purest gold.
Ye gods! Shall Heaven's sweetest charm,
Earth's highest type of truth and grace—
That leans upon man's stronger arm—

By force or fraud find dark disgrace?
 Use force on woman? Lift the might
 Of strength to batter down her right
 To virtue and an angel's place?

"A pyramid of curses high
 As Heaven, shall crush him till he die;
 Like Ixion, hurried to Pluto's shade,
 For lawless love where Iwo stayed;
 Hell-walker on tormenting sods,
 Through the long road of the gods.
 Thou art a coward by thy word—
 Thou fear'dst to meet thy rival's sword,
 But dared to do the deed confessed,
 And plucked a helpless woman's breast.

"Ye thought to rest here for the night,
 Beside my camp-fire blazing bright;
 But now thy feet thou canst not rest
 Beneath the tent where mine hath pressed."
 Then quick they raised their hands in strife,
 And said, "Thy money or thy life!"
 And reached to where their weapons lay—
 He stopped them ere they reached half-way,
 With pistols pointed to their teeth.
 He backed them to the wooded benth.
 They disappeared within the grove.

He picked, with cautious steps, his way,
 And feared the men who sinned for love,
 More than the beasts that roamed for prey.

A LEGEND OF THE DELUGE.*

'MID the isles of the sea, the far Southern Sea,
The sundown of waters whose fair witchery
Blends the flush of the sky with the blue of the sea,
And the heart is as mellow as dates on the tree,

Where they sit 'neath the palm, and the soul is as calm
As their streams that flow soft as the lute to the psalm,
And love is as sweet as rich incense and balm,
Or the roses that bloom in the vales of Siam,

There a continent smiled, and the sunshine beguiled
The Eden of earth when she first was a child ;
But the Deluge was near, when the waters were piled
O'er that Eden now doomed while she dreamt, while she
smiled.

On a mountain-side bright as the snow on its height
A hermit dwelt, lone in deep solitude's sight.

* This legend is supposed to be told by a Montezuma Indian chief, in which he relates how Montezuma came to earth and brought down the sacred fire ; also, how there came to be a man in the moon. Besides, it is intended to illustrate love—that grandest theme that has occupied the thought of deity or man since “God broke the silence of the dead eternities.”

In a vale far away spread the gold of sunlight
Where a maiden dwelt, fair as an angel of light.

And the paradise-bird paused here in her flight,
And the bul-bul sung in the soft twilight,
And the dodo chattered the morn away,
And life passed on like a summer day.

She loved the lone hermit, but he years before
Had loved a deceiver, and brought to his door
The wreck of a heart and the dream that was o'er ;
He had wooed a deceiver, he'd woo never more.

And the hermit was shy, but the maiden's soft eye
Beamed softly upon him as oft he passed by
From the spring in the vale and the cocoa-tree nigh,
Where he sought his provisions and found a supply.

When her love was the strongest she wended her way
To the hut of the hermit at noon of one day,
And the sun was enamoured and kissed with his ray
The bloom on her cheek as she passed on her way.

And she said to the hermit : "Come with me, I pray,
From this lone hut—this doomed earth—come with me
to-day.

Father Noah hath filled the old Ark where she lay,
And the beasts, two and two, entered in there to-day.

"I have come as a dove on this mission of love ;
The beasts choose a mate, why not I choose my love ?

The preacher of righteousness preacheth his last,
And the floods shall descend with the clouds and the
blast."

" Be cursed in thy folly, thou simple—thou child !
The heavens are smiling—thy judgment is wild."
His words were too rude for the maiden so mild ;
One moment she trembled, one moment she smiled.

Then she turned in dismay, and she fell in despair
From the height where she stood through the soft yielding
air.

Down the side of the mountain the warm sun hung, where
He caught the sweet maiden with long golden hair.

She was gone. Like a star that is sweet to the eye,
Her worth was unknown till she passed from his sky.
He peered down the void, he covered his face—
He shuddered—remorse was as gall to his taste.

But the wise sun was loving and took to his arms
The fairest of maids and the sweetest of charms.
On his bosom she lay, and at sunset of day
She spread her gold tresses o'er mountain-tops grey.

Her love was too pure and her heart was too warm
For the chill blasts of earth and the shock of its storm.
There she reigns as a queen, for the times they were
then,
When the sons of God sought the fair daughters of men.

And the sun was so warm and the maiden so fair,
So enamoured his love and so ardent his prayer,
Montezuma the great was their son and their heir,
And at sunset slid down by her long golden hair ;

And brought from that heaven the bright sacred fire
That flames on the altar—earth's great purifier.
And the joy of the world is the love that hath stayed—
As warm as the sun and as pure as the maid.

* * * * *

Now the stars are awake, and a boat skims the lake,
And far muttering thunders the silence doth break.
No breeze stirs a ripple or sighs through the trees,
But sadness broods heavy and moans like the seas.

And the hermit stepped quickly but sad to the shore,
Where a woman sat weeping with sorrows that pour
On the heart of a woman that but one can adore,
And that one has forsaken, and loves her no more.

Love beamed from his eye and poured from his voice :
“ Come, dearest, come weep not, but cause to rejoice
The heart, oh, so weary ! that sighs for its choice—
The solitude dreary hath spoke but thy voice.

“ And the lone years far from thee, like stars in the night,
Held thee warm in my bosom though unseen by my sight.
But a maiden, last noon, as fair as the morn,
Said, ‘ Come ! Earth is drowning.’ I answered with scorn.

“But the faith of that maiden, my own faith imbued—
Thou art lone and forsaken—my love is renewed.
Well, I passed the old ark as I came on my way,
She’s been building for ages—she’s finished to-day.

“There the rabble had brought the old gods from their
fané,
While they scoffed the good prophet with tauntings
profane.

They had made a bonfire—one snatched a brand out,
Said, ‘Come, burn the old galley, and hustle them out.’

“When from out a clear sky thunders muttered a curse,
Heaven flashed sudden fire, and threatened far worse;
At that sign from his hand I snatched the red brand,
Hurled it up,—’twas a cloud that o’ershadowed the land.

“Then come to the ark, or my mountain retreat.”
But she answered him low, with voice sad and sweet;
“He for whom I left you proved untrue, and has fled,
I’ve blessed him that hath cursed, scorned the true heart
that bled.”

Now the thunders roared dreadful, and deafening their
crash,
The lightnings gleam woful, and lurid their flash;
The earth sinks beneath, the waters heave up,
Heaven pours her dark flood like wine from a cup.

And that continent smiling far in the South sea,
Faded ’neath the drear waters in dark misery;

The ocean above and beneath lost their shore,
And she sank 'neath their bosom to rise never more.

The people fled wildly, but fate's stern decree,
Like hosts of proud Pharaoh whelmed them in the dark
sea.

On the top of a mountain two struggled alone,
The last of earth's surface—love's last hopeless throne.

'Mong the people who sought on the day of their doom,
To climb the tall mountains through torrents and gloom,
They scaled it together and hoped through love's prayer,
To o'ercome the dark waters, and conquer despair.

But at length o'er the place surged the dark watery waste,
When grasping the girdle that circled her waist,
He reared her above the dark waters awhile,
O'er earth the proud victor, heroic his smile.

Then his soul rose to front the stern judgment of heaven,
Through clench'd lips he muttered, "I've long been
storm-driven
On a dark raging sea. Rage, rage on and smite me,
But Jehovah take her to yon heaven with Thee.

"Pour on me Thy dark curses, this heart shall ne'er shun,
The fate that's before, till its purpose is won!
Love is stronger than death, it can outlast the breath,
'Tis the ark that shall glide o'er eternity's path."

Then he lifted her higher by the lightning's red fire,
She saw a pale drowned face floating nigher and nigher ;
'Twas the one who had cursed her with sorrow and woe,
She sprang fondly toward it, and vanished below.

He stood all alone. The pale moon and proud,
Unveiled the dark waters and peered through a cloud ;
The moon was enamoured with his courage so true,
She honoured his love and she sought for it too.

She caught him up to her, and in her embrace,
He sighs at his folly and smiles in earth's face ;
He that cut down the thorn-tree one calm Sabbath noon,
Is a far different man from the man in the moon.

And he dwells in that heaven, the pale orb of night,
And he smiles on the earth with a calm, sad delight ;
And so melting his glances, so beaming his eye,
The soul of all lovers he fills with a sigh.

For the souls that are lofty are noblest and kind,
And the humblest may love with a love that's divine ;
And if God hath a heaven in the moon, stars, or sun,
Love only can win it, if it ever is won.

MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.

ON Utah's vales the sun had set,
Draped in his golden shrouds ;
The moon strode through the tangled net
Of bright and silvery clouds,
And lit the jewelled helmet spread
Above the silent hills, and shed
Refulgent glory o'er their head ;
And dipped the mountain-tops in white—
As fair as morn, as still as night.

The dimpled waves of Great Salt Lake,
Beneath the moonbeams play ;
And southward shone fair Utah Lake,
And southward Mountain Meadow lay ;

Where warriors grim of sable hue,
Talked by the fires in groups of few.
Ill suited it, those groups, to tell
How they attacked, like demons fell,
That train now camped in strong corral.

How they approached through the ravine
And drove their stock away ;
And in their ambush, and unseen,
Fired on the train at break of day.

A dozen fell beneath that fire,
Which roused the emigrants' stern ire.
They chained their waggons each to each—
They ditched and fortified with care—
They drew their rifles of long reach
And fought, strong armed, with bosoms bare.

Ill-fared they then, the lurking foe—
Their fierce attack was vain—
For stalwart men hurled back the blow,
And thinned their ranks with slain.
The bullets flew—the bullets slew—
From frontier marksmen, strong and true ;
They scatter, form their ranks anew
Till backward hurled and routed, too.

The emigrants have won the day,
The foe hide on the wooded height ;
And now besiege and guard the way,
And fear to join the deadly fight
'Gainst those that battle for the right—
'Gainst arms nerved by the desperate will
To sell their lives most dear,
And guard their wives and children still,
Through every danger, strife, and fear.

Five days besiege At length the foe
Conceive the dark design,
By treachery to lay them low—
And cruelty condign.

For having fought from day to day,
And turned repulsed from every fray,
These Mormon saints and savage fiends,
Thus allied for dark, murderous ends,
Deemed treachery gave the only art
To crush these men of valiant heart.

So, dropping their dark, Indian guise,
Haight, Lee, and others on this wise,
Advance. The emigrants now see
 A waggon with a flag of white
And white men, whom they hail with glee.
 And lift a girl, all dressed in white,
 And signal to draw near—alight.
For on that Mead, five miles by two,
They knew naught but a savage foe ;
And, unsuspecting, gladly lend
Consent to meet as friend with friend.

Think ye, e'er on the boundless plain,
 Beat human hearts more glad than they,
Unloaded from dark dread and pain,
 As the besieged, that hour and day
They saw the friendly whites appear,
And welcomed them with lusty cheer ?

For, in the heart of mountains wild,
They had no transportation there—
 Their cattle gone, and danger piled
Her billows o'er their hearts of care.

These sainted fiends, with honeyed smile,
Say, "They, as friends, have come to save
The emigrants from savage guile,
And snatch them from a bloody grave.

" The savages are fierce and strong,
But, if they'll give up arms and train,
And trust *them*, *they* will right the wrong,
And see that none—not one—are slain ;
And guard them to the towns near by,
Where Mormons rule and none shall die."

And they consent. It best did seem.
Unarmed, they gather on the green—
With gladsome steps did go—
While in that Mormon guard is seen
Their former lurking foe.

Some yards they march, when with a yell,
Like fiends who knew their work too well,
Their guard turn on these unarmed men,
And slay them like fat beeves in pen.
And rifles blaze and bullets hail,
And fearful echoes shake the vale.
They shoot, they slay, they strew the way
With brave as ever joined the fray.
No time to seek, no quarter given,
The knife and tomahawk are driven
Through flesh and limb, through heart and brain,
And thus this noble band were slain.

Heavens! what a fearful slaughter then ;
Foul murder of brave helpless men ;
Wet with their blood the heather waves,
And gory were their nameless graves.
While forward in the captive train,
Their anguished wives behold them slain ;
And shrieks and groans of wild despair
Are borne upon the maddened air.
The guards now turn on youths and wives—
Inhuman slaughter none survives.
'Twas doubted then but since proved true
That Brigham of the slaughter knew,
Ordered attack, and then did share
The lion's part of booty there.
This monster saint smiled on the deed
Of crime, that made the Gentiles bleed.

The sun all-seeing, whose bright eye
Lights up the universe of time,
Turned black as Erebus, would die
At sight of such incarnate crime,
Did not the future hold for these,
Beyond their brief, accursed probation,
A torment, wide and deep as seas,
And seven-fold hot with red perdition.
But for the antidote to come,
The very worlds would stand aghast,
And maddened angels, with swift tread,
Unbar the gates of all the past,
And leap the chasm of all wrath,
To shatter vengeance on their head.

If retribution these shall miss—
If good and bad that sink to dust
Must tread alike the realms of bliss ;
If monsters of such crime and lust
Must with the righteous join their song,
Or sleep alike the eternal night ;
Where, then, is Justice ? Here's a wrong
The power of God could not make right.
Retribution—hurt whom it may—
Is part of Justice and God's sway—
The fitness of eternal things ;
'Tis Truth well armed, and Law on wings.
Say, it is not—and Reason's mad,
And you abolish good and bad.



THE POCASSET SACRIFICE.*

EDITH FREEMAN, sweetly dreaming,
Curly locks about thy head,
Parents in love's anxious seeming
 Bend above thy peaceful bed.
Dost thou fear their gentle sorrow,
 As they pray in anguish sore ?
Wake ! oh, wake thee ! ere the morrow
 Life's short dream will then be o'er.

Little hands so sweetly folded,
 Drooping lashes, placid brow,
Cherub form so gently moulded ;
 Curse upon the bigot's vow !
For a father's hand will smite thee,
 And a mother's heart consent,
And fanatic zeal will slay thee
 Where a demon might relent.

And the mother took up Bessie,
 Sleeping by her Edith dear ;
Will they give her not a warning
 Of the doom that hangs so near ?

* The facts of the murder of little Edith Freeman, at Pocasset, Mass., about two years ago, by her father, who claimed a divine inspiration so to do, are presumed to be familiar to the reader. What is most remarkable is her mother consenting to the deed.

Then he folded back the cover,
Drew her arm from where it laid,
That the heart where sweet dreams hover
Might be bared before his blade.

Lift white hands in holy horror !
While he draws the blade on high ;
And in fancy's anguish borrow
The sad pathos of that cry
Of " Oh, papa ! " as poor Edith
Felt the cold steel pierce her side
When her father's hand descended,
And gushed forth the living tide.

Oft in sorrow's shadow straying
Must our grief be swelling full,
As we mark the sure decaying
Of the good and beautiful.
But what hope comes with the morrow,
If the bosom's yearning tide
Feels itself hath wrought the sorrow,
And its hand with blood is dyed.

Once the Druid slew his victim
On his altars hewn of stone,
And the fakir maimed his body
Sitting in the forest lone ;
But in Freedom's land abounding,
Wisest 'neath the shining sun,
In the light of truth astounding,
Can such bigot crimes be done ?

TO-MORROW.

TRUST not the future, strive to-day,
For truly never comes to-morrow,
And time, that bears you on the way,
Ere then may bring you sorrow.

To-morrow is the unborn day,
Held in the hand of Deity,
And it may find you on time's way,
Or in the vast eternity.

I knew a lady friend who said,
“To-morrow will be pleasant,
For two dear friends are coming then ;
How dreary seems the present.”

To-morrow came, also her friends,
She joyous ran to meet them,
Her heart leaped up with sudden bound,
With gladness then to greet them.

The sudden bound, the joyous thrill,
Life's brittle thread did sever ;
Her heart leaped once and then grew still,
To-morrow was for ever.

“To-morrow I shall see *her* face,”
A youth said in his gladness,
“And I will kiss away each trace
Of anxious thought or sadness.”

He took a seat within the cars,
They whistled, and they started ;
He thought *they* met 'neath happy stars,
Met never to be parted.

He thought *they* stood in loving pride,
And faithful vows were plighted,
He thought he claimed her for his bride,
They two were one united.

But quick a shock ran through his brain.
And darkness passed before him,
From off the track had plunged the train,
Its wreck was strewn above him.

To-morrow came ; the glorious sun
Rose high with warmth and brightness,
And a happy heart that day begun
With cheery glee and lightness.

Her cheeks were dimpled with a smile,
Her lips were red with ripeness,
Her busy thoughts the hours beguile,
Her face was flushed with brightness.

The guests were there, the marriage hour
Stood in the living present ;
How strange no bridegroom at that hour,
How awkward and unpleasant.

But soon one came and breathless said,
"Crushed 'neath the train." 'Twas softly
spoken.

She caught the words, she fell as dead,
Her heart was rent and broken.

And thus it is o'er all the land,
We spurn to-day and seek to-morrow ;
And hopes are wrecked upon that strand
Unknown to joy or yet to sorrow.

And men may die and hearts grow cold
Between the evening and to-morrow,
Yet still the sunset weaves its gold
For those who smile, for those who sorrow.

And graves are made, and men grow old,
Betwixt to-day and bright to-morrow,
And still new lives and loves unfold
To those who smile, to those who sorrow.

For joy and hope, and grief and death,
Fill up to-day and make to-morrow,
And will until we close life's breath,
And cease to dream of bliss or sorrow.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

FIRST-BORN, first murderer ! When, then, ye rolling years,
Was the golden age of man ? When was neither fears
nor tears ?

When did peaceful, loving man walk in simple, quiet ways,
With few wants and fewer cares, pass pure, blissful, golden
days ?

Before the flood, when giants lived in wickedness and strife,
Or when, in Patriarchal age, men led a wandering life,
And watched their quiet, lowing herds, and every chief-
tain sought

To rob his neighbour, and in feuds for flocks and pasture
fought ?

In the dark and middle ages, when the strength of might
was right,

And vice and superstition wrapped the earth with gloom
of night ?

When the cruel Inquisition led to torture and the stake,
And the captor slew the captive, or base slave of him
did make ?

When, by claim of right divine, cruel kings did fiercely
reign ;

Thousands cast they into dungeons ; whom they would
were quickly slain ?

Ah ! methinks in romance only, when the mind is fancy
free,

Can alone be found the age of perfect peace and purity.

ALPIN.

HE wandered alone on a beautiful night
To the new-made grave that hid her from sight,
And there his impassioned soul he did pour
O'er the relics of her who would cheer him no more.
Then burst these words with fearful force,
While the tears adown his cheek did course :
“ Farewell to earth and earthly toys !
Here lie my buried hopes and joys.
I, daring, thought to write my name
High on the gates of deathless fame,
And hoped that she might share the same—
My fortune and my deathless name.
But oh ! this fleeting world of ours,
Where hopes are twined round fading flowers.
The dead leaves scattered o'er the dead,
Are emblems of bright visions fled.
And here I bow in quenchless grief,
That her pure life should be so brief,
That *death* should claim such beauty bright,
And *grave* should hide her from my sight.
Ye stars ! ye moon, with pitying ray !
Know ye this was her bridal day ?
I have, while here in grief I lean,
The end of all perfection seen.”
Then turned he mournful from the mound,
And sadly in the dust sat down.

FOOTPRINTS AND SHADOWS.

Thank heaven ! there are brave hearts and true,
God knows them as the world ne'er knew,
And men that dare to think and do
 And fear no tyrant's prison bars.
And there are souls, meek souls and wise,
Some in frail bodies of small size,
Some hunchback, bowed, that in God's eyes
 Are taller than the red ripe stars.

We are but footprints on life's strand,
Incarnate shadows for the shadow-land ;
Sorrow and hope, and smile and tear
Point to an unknown hemisphere.
Like bold Columbus' ships, they pour
From known toward an unknown shore.
What far Atlantis there may smile,
What fount of youth and Hesperan Isle,
Each soul adventuring soon must see
Where finite grasps Infinity.

Oh ! life would be a sweeter dream
Did it not end in death's dark stream ;
Did we not hear the dismal roar
Of death's cold waters at our door,
And know no light nor cheering gleam
Shines o'er this dark Plutonian stream—
That those who've crossed this Stygian shore
In all the ages gone before,
In all the many crossings o'er,
Returning, cross it *never more.*

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

“BREAK, break, break,” o'er the purple dawn, O day!
Break in gleams of silver and gold,
For a soul is born where the night grows old,
And scatter the gloom away.

Oh, well for the sun in the morn,
That it dreads not the heat of the way.
Oh, well for the soul in its earthly toil,
That it dreams of a brighter day.

For God-given genius, the mystery of mind,
That sways an electric and unmeasured force,
The fires of the soul, burning bright and refined,
Have waned in their once brilliant course.

In the lives forgotten, and the immortal few,
Something unfinished remain,
And genius, and learning, and greatness, and fame,
Promise that which they ne'er can attain.

For the laurel will fade, and the brow where it laid,
And the ear grow dull to its praise,
And the noblest form lie at rest in the shade,
Unmindful of marble its glory may raise.

“Soar, soar, soar, thou spirit uncaged from clay!
Soar to a dome on the golden shore,
Where suns never set at the close of the day,
And souls are at home evermore.”

And the spirit heard, and it said to the clay,
"Go thou to thy chamber of rest!"

And the brow grew pale and cold where it lay,
And the heart ceased to beat in the breast.

And the eye that was bright, lost the glow of its fire,
The arms lay unnerved on the breast,
And the tongue that was silvery as songs of the lyre,
Were stilled in their long dreamless rest.

Oh, sad that the hand that was honoured and true,
And the heart that was noble should fail,
And sink in the dull nerveless grasp of the earth,
Till they mingle with clods of the vale.

Oh, well for the arm when it's strong in its grasp,
And the heart beats bravely and gay,
That they dread not the chill of that chamber of gloom,
That lies just before—at the end of the way.

Break, break, break, thou light of an endless morn!
Though clouds obscure, that we cannot see,
We know thou wilt break o'er a soul high-born
In the realms of eternity.

Gone, gone, gone is the light of a noble eye,
And the grasp of a genial hand;
But beyond the night there breaks the light
On a soul in the better land.

LONGFELLOW.

GREAT, noble soul, thy work is wrought !
Thou tread'st no more earth's chequered sod,
But lifted up beside thy God,
Hast caught more near His wisest thought ;
As hoary harpers who would sing
In presence of their liege and king.

The millions mourn like sobbing seas,
In far-off isles, by rocky shore !
And where the inland rivers pour,
And commerce burdens every breeze.
Thy words, the mystery of the soul,
Is borne where'er the billows roll.

God gave thee wealth of soul and heart,
Magician of the sea and land !
So tall the stars were in thy hand,
And truth and goodness were a part
Of all thou felt, aspired and wrought—
To teach to others what God taught.

No more like thine Evangeline
Thou wanderest on a loveless earth,
To trail the deeds of noble worth
O'er barren isles that once were green.

Where youth smiled through the twilight gold,
And laughed at thought of growing old.

Like Hiawatha's steps, no more
Thine own shall visit lake or glade,
Or wander through the forest shade,
Or pause beside the sobbing shore.
Thou poet dreamer by the sea !
Death's great white ship hath come for thee.

Thy life-work thou didst shape and aim
With honest soul and earnest will,
And wrought it with such power and skill,
Its brightest hopes most real came ;
And like that Cæsar ere his fall
Thou wast a conqueror over all.

Thou stood'st like some primeval tree
All hoary with its bearded moss,
And limbs outstretched like antique cross,
That gazed into eternity.
Sweet majesty was on thy brow,
Whose lips are sealed with silence now.

Deft worker in the fields of thought,
Explorer of the human mind,
To seek the gems of truth and find
Promethean fires that earth hath sought,
To light with diamond hope divine
The soul of good at human shrine.

O ! Druid of a nobler cause
Than Dante dreamed, or Homer sung,
Or Byron's heart of anguish wrung ;
Thou lovedst the bond of human laws ;
Thy song was gentle, warm with love—
An eagle's flight, with voice of dove.

Farewell ! the pulsings of thy soul
The world shall feel from shore to shore,
And con thy sweet instructions o'er,
Far as the bounds of thought shall roll ;
And bless with drooping banners furled
The poet of the Western world.

Farewell ! the muse's deepest sigh
Shall linger o'er thy latest breath,
Whose memory shall not cease with death,
But fame shall carve thy glory high,
And link thy name with life sublime,
Immortal as the flight of time.



IMMORTAL SHAKESPEARE.

CHILD of immortal song and deathless fame !

Bursting the narrow bounds of shackled thought,
Thou didst lift reason as a torch of flame,

Blazing where'er thy burning genius wrought ;
Towering o'er earth and treading stars,
Like thundering Jove and conquering Mars.

All glowing orbs and circling worlds were thine,

Thy kindred were all people and all realms ;
Thy genius gathered gems from every mine
To shine like suns no cycling age o'erwhelms ;
In peerless beauty of unchanging truth,
Eternal as the years of God in fadeless youth.

Grasping earth and human nature's greater world

Thou didst unfold them to their farthest bound,
And hope and joy like banners were unfurled

From centre to circumference, round and round ;
And all the secret springs of hate and fear
Stood up like warriors armed with shield and spear.

Thy genius spanned all ages and all time,

Like a rainbow from celestial spheres,
Linking the mountain tops of truth sublime

Through coming years with human smiles and tears ;

Blending the future and the fading past
With dreams that linger and the thoughts that last.

Thy glowing fancy peopled moving worlds
Where lordly spirits fought and won,
And kings and men like fiery meteors whirled,
Begirt with glory as the setting sun ;
And time and all the earth was but a stage
For gods Olympian, and the wise and sage.

All thought and being, purpose, fear, and aim
Were in thy subtle comprehensive grasp,
Resolved to elements of good or blame,
And read as in a book whose clasp
Reached out beyond the sweep of spheres
To gather spirit truth with human tears.

Like gods immortal in their lofty prime
Stands forth great Cæsar and the noble Dane,
Jealous Othello and his hasty crime,
Remorseful Richard on the bloody plain,
The guilty Macbeth and his cruel spouse—
The pangs of conscience and the dreams they rouse.

How like an angel does Ophelia move ;
O'er troubled seas of Hamlet's tortured mind ;
A vision of all loveliness and love,
Yet not to be the golden link to bind
His quenchless spirit and his daring soul
To tranquil seas where sweet affections roll.

Behold fair Juliet with sweet flush reveal
The queenly ecstasy of love and bliss,
And time with all its envy cannot "steal
The rapture from bold Romeo's kiss,"
Or still the ardour of his glowing speech
On moonlit balcony, thrilling the stars they reach.

See sweet Rosalind, so coy, fair, and bright,
In all her wealth of beauty's charm and pride,
The sweetest picture of earth's best delight
That swept Orlando's bosom like a tide,
Lifting the monuments of peerless love
Like mountains towering to the stars above.

Ingenious Portia ! mouthpiece of the law,
To guard and crown her love's imperilled life,
No Delphian oracles such wisdom draw
To wield the sword of fate and end the strife ;
And save from whetted knife of Shylock's hate
By wise decree that almost came too late.

Fair Desdemona, innocent as truth,
The victim of mad jealousy and crime ;
Lucretia's rape, and Venus in her youth,
Who wandered with Adonis in his prime ;
These and a hundred more, in forms of flame,
Stand out like Phidian marble on the heights of fame.

How shall I name thee in the ranks of earth,
Thou bard of Avon ! Druid of the ages !
All-conquering time can measure scarce thy worth,
To crown thee king of thought, the sage of sages.

Profoundly deep, and tall as truth sublime ;
Colossus of the cycling years of deathless time !

Creative mind ! Magician of the soul !
The master spirit of all quenchless thought !
Thy finger touch did shape from pole to pole
 Creative worlds thy soaring genius caught,
And flung them forth like winged stars of light
To glitter in the realms of conquered night.

Thou mighty Titan, swaying land and main,
 Pile Ossa on Pelion, crown them with a star,
Sit thereon Olympus and the Alpine chain,
 And towering high thou dost o'ertop them far.
Thou hast no peer in all the sweep of time
That hath been or shall be in strength of thought sublime.



CHARLES DICKENS.

DEFT weaver of fiction the soul to enthrall !
Reaching wide, reaching far, like a tremulous star,
Into realms of the heart where the tear showers fall,
And the soul pulses rise with a throb and a start,
At humanity's call !

Thou builder incarnate of undying thought !
How vast is the dower of thy mystical power ;
Bringing flowers of gladness the humble have sought,
And lifting the dreams of the lowly to tower
Where rainbows of beauty are caught.

Thy visions of genius are flowers that blow
On the wayside of life in its lowliest strife ;
Where the poor are not poor in affections that flow,
And the sunshine of love spreads its halo and glow
O'er sorrows most rife.

The heart and the hopes of the struggling and weak,
The needy that toil, the wicked that broil ;
The good and the vicious, the fierce and the weak,
As real as truth like diamonds we seek
Shine undimmed by the soil.

Thy pen lifts humanity grandly and tall,
From earth's prison bars to far glowing stars ;
And the humblest aspires—no soul can be small,
For the whispers of God are heard by them all
 'Mid their battles and scars.

Who can picture so kindly, so feelingly tell,
Of the fair little angel, the heart's bright evangel,
The lovely child life of sweet little Nell ?
How she lived, how she died, and her soft bosom's swell
 Was the throb of an angel.

Thy bright glowing visions were not of the great,
By lofty birth without the deeds of worth.
The tinselled pomp of majesty and kings
Is not so fair, as lifted on thy genius wings
 The lowly loves of earth.

Thou hast created living, breathing forms,
As real in their griefs, fears, hopes, beliefs,
As though their beating heart still warms
With thrill of sunshine, 'mid earth's storms,
 Garnering life's sheafs.

Genius was thine to paint in glowing words,
The inner life of lowliest earthly strife,
Singing their sad life songs like warbling birds,
'Mid storm and tempest, vales and lowing herds—
 Life's chequered dream of life.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

THE honoured in name, the chieftain of fame,
Looming bright in the strength of his noon,
Scarce touched by the blight of a blemish or blame,
Has passed from earth's glory too soon.

The noble of mind, the princely of soul,
Where genius and honour were one,
Whose fame is enshrined in a nation's heart,
Has sunk to his setting sun.

The star that arose on the sheen of the west,
And glowed on the brow of a day that is past,
Whose fame was the pride of millions that bless'd,
Is gone like the dream of a hope that will last.

Oh ! well for the land of his birth and his pride
That he fought for her union and glory.
A patriot in life and a hero, he died
Emblazoned in song and in story.

He was modest in mien and mild as a child,
So gentle in peace, so dauntless in wars ;
Where the crest of the battle was fiercest and wild
He rode like a conquering Mars.

He has won all the glory that cannon can give,
The world's fair acclaim and the patriot's applause ;
And his country is bless'd that this chieftain did live
To battle and win in her own noble cause.

Let cannons be silent—no need of them now—
And ensigns of glory be sadly laid by ;
The victor is vanquished. Upon his cold brow
Is the seal of death's silence—the noblest must die.

Then silent and mournful lay him to rest,
No boom of the cannon to speak of the past,
No sigh of furled banners above his cold breast—
No sound but heartbeats where remembrance will
last.



GARFIELD.

“The hearts of the people will not let the old soldier die.”

COMPASSED about by the shadows of death,
Lingering low on the verge of the tomb,
Sighing for hope through the gathering gloom,
While the gazing world with anxious breath
Is bending like one in the presence of death ;
Listening with fear, and dropping a tear
As over a friend and a chieftain’s bier.
Will the end come soon, or the sunlight fall,
And the shadows lift from his funeral pall ?
Pray for the good and the true,
For the chieftain, wounded and weak,
That health may come and his strength renew,
And the roses bloom on his cheek.

And the people prayed all over the land,
With faithful hearts and an earnest prayer,
With bended heads in their dark despair,
That strength might come to his nerveless hand,
And the chieftain rise in his strength and stand
As he stood of old, fearless and bold,
Unbent with vice, and unbought with gold.
And their prayers went up on the wings of the breeze,
And he heard the sound from the rivers and seas,
As they prayed for the good and the true,
For the chieftain, wounded and weak,
That health might come and his strength renew,
And the roses bloom on his cheek.

He heard the sound in his feverish dreams,
As his spirit drooped on the shadowy shore,
And it lifted him up as on wings to soar
Where the sunlight of hope in its beauty beams.
And he said, as he woke from his dreaming sleep,
With a soul grown strong for a form so weak :
“The hearts of the people will not let
The old soldier die.” And his eye was wet
With a lingering tear, and his wife drew near,
And attendants listened with joy to hear,
How prayer for the good and the true,
For the chieftain, wounded and weak,
Caused hope to come and his strength renew,
And a flush to rise to his cheek.

Oh ! never again may we know such shame
While the nation lives and the years go round,
And hope in the freedom of men abound
As darkened the land when assassin came.
The Russ may crimson his rugged plain
With the blood of tyrants in frenzy slain,
But the wise will dare to for ever bear
The ills and hopes that the free-born share ;
And never again may America stand
Blighted and cursed by assassin’s hand.
There is a heaven for the good and the true—
The people believe it strong and well ;
And for felons like the dastard Guiteau,
A frowning God and a yawning hell.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S BURIAL.

MOURN, millions, mourn ! Mourn, freedom's land !
Mourn, sighing earth and sobbing strand !
While cannons boom and trumpets blow,
A nation's emblems draped in woe,
Fling forth upon the sensate air,
Like weeping things, in silent prayer—
This pageantry of death's so grand,
Its step is heard in every land.

A nation mourns her sainted dead,
Her martyr chieftain lowly lies,
And bending o'er his narrow bed,
She lays him down with tearful eyes.

Farewell ! thy name's embalmed in love,
The heavens will shine more bright above
Since thou hast lived. Thy life and grace
Shed honour on thy land and race.
As chieftain, statesman, husband, friend,
What memories crown thy glorious end !
Nor all thy shining virtues grand
Could save thee from assassin's hand.

Blow, bugles, blow ! Your loudest blast
No more disturbs his peaceful rest ;
His deeds are blazoned on the past,
And pulseless is his noble breast.

Oh ! may the thrill of grief and pain,
The tears that wet the earth like rain,
The common grief where millions bowed,
Be like the rainbow in the cloud—
Be token through the coming years,
When clouds of darkness, black with fears,
Rise o'er the hills and drape the land,
That patriot hearts will throb and stand
In strength like Grecian phalanx true,
In beauty like the rainbow's hue.

A nation nobly, truly great,
And worth a thousand hero lives,
And towering o'er the realms of fate,
Enduring as the earth and skies.

Rejoice, Columbia ! he's thine own,
And scarce a hundred years have flown
Since thou hast known the white man's tread,
And yet thy soil hath hallowed dead
As great as Cæsars' tombs amid,
Or granite heart of pyramid ;
Hath cradled on thy ample breast,
Earth's noblest offsprings and the best.

Rejoice ! that in thy giant West
Sprang forth a hero true and tried,
And millions rose to call him blest,
And earth was weeping when he died.

CLEVELAND'S INAUGURATION.

OH ! marvel of a wondrous age !
Bright picture on the fairest page
 Of cycling time.
With noble mien, and worthy pride,
He stood with patriots at his side,
 A hero in his prime.

A peerless chieftain on earth's sod,
He vowed and kissed the Book of God
 To do a nation's will.
The book his mother gave long years,
All hallowed by her prayers and tears
 That God would keep him still.

Go, scan the pomp and pride of time,
Where kings o'er blood and thrones did climb
 To grasp a sceptred crown ;
But greater than the kings of old
Who keeps his trust,—a patriot bold
 For freedom's fair renown.

Napoleon, Cæsar, rose so far
They seemed ambition's beacon-star—
 Oppression's yesterday ;
But thou, the patriot true and strong,
Art faith o'er fraud, and truth o'er wrong,
 The man of destiny.

VICTORIOUS DEMOCRACY.

Adown the surging tide of time
A glorious phalanx brave and strong
Have pressed the men of might sublime,
Who battled 'gainst the hosts of wrong.
The people's friend, the tyrant's dread,
They fought where freedom's banner led—
Victorious democracy.

In Greece they plead the people's cause,
And feared no tyrant king's decrees,
But championed just and equal laws
With trumped-toned Demosthenes.
Assembled people ruled and swayed
Their country's fate, brave, undismayed—
Victorious democracy.

Rome's legions clad in glittering steel
Bowed to their free and wise behest ;
Their voices, like the thunder's peal,
Bent low the haughty Tarquin's crest ;
And Czar and Cæsar feared the day—
Embattled freemen joined the fray—
Invincible democracy.

They founded on Columbia's shore
A mighty nation, brave and free,
Where dread oppression ruled no more,
But justice reigned and liberty,
Bidding enslaved of every land
Come here and join the patriot band—
Freeborn democracy.

They knew no North, no South, no West,
But like a Grecian phalanx stood ;
The noble men who bared their breast
For freedom's noble brotherhood,
And won that heritage sublime
The grandest nation known to time—
Freeborn democracy.

The people's friend, the tyrant's dread,
The foe of fraud, the hope of years ;
Where freedom's heart and hand are wed
To wipe away oppression's tears ;
And rich and poor their offerings bring
Where each is queen, and lord, and king—
Invincible democracy.

They wrought, they built : the eagle's nest
In new Atlantis grew and spread,
From shore to vale and mountain crest,
And empires blossomed at her tread.
Like swarming bees came o'er the seas
To freedom's land with every breeze,
Unterrified democracy.

GOVERNOR CRITTENDEN'S SILVER
WEDDING.

Oh, pulsing memories, rich with years,
And freighted with the fruit and bloom
Of garnered hopes and joys and tears,
With blushing bride and happy groom,
Come back across the flowery way !
Stand forth amid the brilliant throng,
And sweetly, like repeated song,
Renew the vows you've kept so long,
On this your silver wedding day.

'Neath smiling moons and happy stars,
As wandering in the twilight gold,
You watched the floating silver bars
Of cloudlets in the days of old ;
And lingering 'neath their hallowed ray,
One sought the hand so soft and fair,
And vows were spoke and plighted there
That now come back, like answered prayer,
On this your silver wedding day.

Amid the hushed, admiring throng,
You vowed in manly truth and pride,
Back in the days now gone so long,
To love and cherish your fair bride,

And, led by Love's celestial sway,
Hath kept thy honoured vow and truth;
And thy fair bride of early youth
Still cheers, with loving trust and truth,
Thy joyous silver wedding day.

Love, hallowed by the flight of years,
Hath shed its fragrance and its cheer;
Like roses kissed by dewy tears,
Your cares have even drawn you near,
And other lives have blessed your way.
Where were not now there stands forth four,
And love, like fabled fairy store,
Divided is not less, but more,
On this your silver wedding day.

May sweet companionship and joys
Be thine without earth's sad alloys,
And same time brightens, not destroys,
Upon thy golden wedding day.
And 'cross the span of ether blue,
Beyond the starry realms of time,
Housed with the nobly good and true,
In temple built by Love sublime,
Renew home's circle far away,
Where peace and joy their banners wave,
And heaven restores what time once gave
To peopled worlds beyond the grave—
Dream of earth's silver wedding day.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THY face is as a chiselled dream
That beauty shaped with hand sublime ;
A faultless poem that would seem
A model for the years of time.
With graceful form, and rose-lipped mouth,
And eyes like skies in flowery June,
Thy voice like soft winds of the south
Is melting melody in tune.

Fairer than lilies in sunlit isles,
Breathing sweet zephyrs with lips apart,
Is the glowing sunshine of thy smiles
And kindness of thy noble heart.
More fair than kings or Cæsars knew
In all the sweep of ancient time,
Where Greece, or Rome, or empires grew ;
Thou queenliest of a noble clime.

Thou needst no sceptred wreath to bind
Imperial splendours round thy brow ;
Thy peerless grace of heart and mind
Hath nature's coronation now.
And peerless loveliness and truth,
More fair than Kohinoor doth crown,
Like beauty in its fadeless youth,
Thy blameless life of true renown.

ENGLAND'S FLEET.

Oh ! peerless isle ! proud monarch of the seas !
Bright in their sunlit smile kissing the breeze,
And skimming the waves of the briny deep
Like living worlds, is the myriad sweep
Of thy countless sails ; where commerce wide
Spreads her mighty fleets o'er a boundless tide.

Thy glory and strength is Albion's pride
Where the seas have shore, and the oceans tide ;
And the boundless sweep of the circling wave
Is the Briton's home, or the Briton's grave—
Where his ships that come, and his ships that go,
Go on for ever, like the tides that flow.

Giving proud prestige to England's fair name,
Planting her colonies, bearing her fame ;
Spreading a language in vigour and tone
The grandest the cycling ages have known.
Oh ! fear not the Russ on the land or the waves,
Free men and brave hearts conquer despots and slaves.

Thou, thou art the strength of Albion's fair isle,
Her prowess and grandeur on Ganges or Nile ;
The home of her brave, where compassed in steel
She fears not the storm, or dread battle's peal.
You, you who command ! bid her fame proudly stand
Unconquered on seas, uncorrupted on land.

ADELINA PATTI.

A sea of faces circling round,
A brilliant throng in rich attire,
To greet, to honour and admire,
The queen of melody and song ;
To hear the lute-like notes of sound,
The voice of birds, the chime of bells,
The soul awakes, the bosom swells,
As stepping forth in beauty rare,
A dream of loveliness so fair
Bows sweetly, and the rich notes roll ;
It seems perfection's uttered prayer
Has come to greet the yearning soul.

Dark lustrous eyes with melting glance,
Soft wavy hair of raven hue,
Form perfect as a Juno true,
And straight and graceful as a lance.
A glowing smile, bright, winsome, fleet,
A mouth with "unkissed kisses" sweet,
A graceful mien, a peerless face,
A dream of loveliness and grace.
A moulded form like luscious fruit
That tropic suns have ripened rare,
And voice soft as Æolian lute,
Strung with Apollo's golden hair.

She sang ; and zephyrs of the sea,
 Soft as the down of Cythera's dove,
 Sweet as the dreams of whispered love,
Poured through the streams of melody.
The wild bird from its mountain home
 Sent forth its rich exulting song,
As if it wished again to roam
 The snowy heights with pinions strong.
And in the wild woods' tangled shade
 The bulbul sang her sweet refrain,
The mock-bird warbled in the glade,
 The swallow twittered down the-lane.

Like gliding streams of pure delight,
 A brooklet murmured through a mead,
 Then, plunging like a bounding steed,
Swept like a torrent in its flight ;
 Along whose bank of sweet perfume
 The violets blow, the lilies bloom,
Till, reaching fair Utopian isles,
Where summers blend with autumn smiles,
A chorus from the far-off skies
 Pours through the gold of sunset bars,
And, swelling like an anthem's rise,
 Goes crashing to the very stars.

Oh ! ye who deem all matter great,
 And music's power but common chains
 To fetter clay to barren plains,
And earth and time man's only fate.

Why doth the soul, like Aaron's rod,
Bloom at its whisperings as a God,
And feel a language all unknown,
Yet nearest to the Maker's throne ?
Why doth the bosom throb and swell
As if it heard unuttered things,
Fresh from the heaven where angels dwell,
And soul is music on bright wings ?

Beauty and melody hath charms
To lift the thoughts in fadeless youth,
Up to the mountain tops of truth,
And fold in hope's divinest arms.
Sweet queen of song ! must death's pale seal
Bring silence to those honeyed lips,
And soon the thronging millions feel
Death's sea brings no returning ships ?
This wealth of beauty and of song
Shall fold its drooping wings and cease,
And yet amid angelic throng
May wake to melody and peace.



MARY ANDERSON.

INTERPRETER of truth and art,
With regal form and queenly grace !
A matchless poem is thy face,
Where glowing thoughts of beauty start
Like heart that speaketh unto heart.

What majesty of gentle truth
Is thy sweet charm of womanhood ;
So winning, fair, and nobly good,
Like genius in its mystic youth,
A peerless thing of joy and truth.

Bright empress of a fairer land
Than czar or king or magnates rule,
Where beauty, heart, and truth's at school
And in angelic livery stand,
Like sunlit isles in summer land.

Thou standest proudly and alone
In art, expression, form, and grace,
And changing beauties of thy face,
And sweetness of thy voice and tone,
Like sceptred genius on a throne.

Then fair as love and sweet as bliss,
Press on and win the world's applause,
Nor in thy charming splendour pause
Till deathless fame thy brow shall kiss,
And heaven shall bring eternal bliss.

MRS. LANGTRY.

OH ! face as fair as the snow-flakes rare,
Where the rose and the lily blend in sweet prayer
 On thy fair glowing cheek ;
In rich peerless beauty rise nobly and stand
A nymph or a goddess—a poem so grand,
 No tongue can e'er speak.

With soul-melting eyes like the blue of the skies,
With rich moulded form—a goddess might prize,
 Or Helen of old ;
Like Juno when young, ere Homer had sung ;
Or Pygmalion's fair statue, in beauty that sprung
 From his chisel so bold.

Here's to Langtry the fair, with a wealth of brown hair !
May thy beauty exalt as an angel in prayer
 The souls that admire.
May thy feet tread the heights of true merit and fame,
And goodness, not evil, encircle thy name
 Like Promethean fire.

Be fair as can be on the land or the sea,
For in faces of beauty all will agree
 God's grace is unfurled,—
Unfurled to the gaze like His banners that blaze
On the walls of the night to mirror His praise
 For the joy of the world.

ELLEN TERRY.

BRIGHT as the rippling brooks that flow
In laughter to the river,
And fair as foam-capped waves that go
To dance where sunbeams quiver,
And sweet as Cupid's rosy smile
When first he sees a lover,
Is she, the fair and debonair,
Who winsome reigns with charms so rare,
Till every man's a lover.

Oh ! sweet and winning is her way
Without the fear of harming,
Like dewdrops on the face of day
So sparkling and so charming ;
Divinely fair and bright and gay
Like rosy morn in month of May—
The soul of all that's charming !

Oh, lovely jewel ! beam and smile,
And shine like moonbeams on the Nile,
Where ancient gods are dreaming ;
For thou art fair as diamonds rare
In act and word and seeming,—
As winsome as an angel's prayer
Amid their sweetest dreaming.

QUEEN MARGUERITE.

DIVINELY fair and good art thou !
While lovely majesty and grace
Sits on the heaven of thy brow
And queenly beauty of thy face ;
So radiant with celestial beams
Of noble thought and purpose true,
Like angels smiling in their dreams
Through shining mists of rainbow dew.

No sculptor's hand or painter's brush,
With all the genius of thy clime,
Hath caught the glowing charm and flush
Of beauty on thy face sublime.
Yet fairer still than beauty's grace
Thy lofty purpose, free from strife ;
To bless and elevate thy race
With noble aims, and faultless life.

Awake, O Italy ! arise,
Shake off thy past of sloth and pain ;
With action in thy dreamy eyes
The "Augustan age" may come again.
United thou, and ruled by love,
By noble Queen and Sire of fame,
Thy glowing skies will smile above,
In peace, in joy, in freedom's name.

ETTIE, THE ROSEBUD OF THE HILLSIDE.

I KNOW where lives a pretty maid
Upon a sunny hillside,
Where summer flowers latest fade,
And soft zephyrs gently glide.
She is as fair as any flower,
As pretty as a lily,
Bending from a lovely bower,
Looking down upon a valley ;
She is in her youthful pride ;
She is young, and gay, and pretty,
And her name is charming Ettie,
The rosebud of the hillside.

But thy time is passing, Ettie,
" Stamp improvement on its wings ;"
For the flowers that bloom so pretty
That the summer gently brings,
Soon do perish, soon are faded,
And the fairest forms of earth
Death's hand, oftentimes unaided,
Blasts amid their bloom and mirth.
Then, whate'er may thee betide,
Be thou good, and wise, and pretty,
Young, light-hearted, charming Ettie,
The rosebud of the hillside.

ETTIE, THE ROSEBUD, HAS PERISHED.

ETTIE's dead ; she has faded
 Like a flower in its bloom—
Death's cruel hand unaided
 Has laid her in the tomb.
In her bright and smiling beauty,
 Fair and fragile as a lily,
With her winning ways so lovely,
 Shedding fragrance o'er the valley,
She has passed from 'neath the sunlight
 To a narrow chamber lonely,
Darker than the gloom of midnight.

I met her in the summer,
 Not many months ago,
When the leaves did sigh and murmur,
 And the zephyrs gently blow.
She asked me, with a sunny smile
 And cheery voice so gay,
If I would write upon her name
 A pretty little lay.
Said I, "With pleasure, charming Ettie,
 If you'll allow a kiss for pay."

I never wrote for money,
 I never thought of fame,
But the glowing smile of beauty,
 Oft stirred poetic flame.

I've sometimes loved to sing
 Like the wild bird on the bough,
Just as I felt the swelling song,
 And nature taught me how ;
And as it sings where none can hear
 But the silent, sighing trees,
I cared not if it touched the ear,
 Or died upon the breeze.
But I felt with joy and pride
 'Twould be glorious pay and pretty
 To obtain a kiss from Ettie,
The rosebud of the hillside.

How short is life, how very brief,
 Even when it slowly closes
In the "sere and yellow leaf;"
 But, when fading like the roses,
How deep and dark the grief.
 But oh ! sad, indeed, to know
That, like a tender, fragile lily,
 Trying to bud, and bloom, and grow,
She has drooped from off the valley,
 And lies buried 'neath the snow.
And it's so o'er all the world so wide ;
 No flower more fair and pretty
 Bloomed with sweeter charm than Ettie,
Yet she faded from the hillside.

They folded her soft, white hands
 Upon her snow-white breast,

Closed her laughing, bright blue eyes—
Laid her in her coffin to rest.
Dead ! Do not speak the word so loud.
Is the bright blooming blossom dead,
And folded in her shroud ?
And will any think, when they tread
In thoughtless gaiety over her head,
That she ever was gay and proud ?
Alas ! in all this world so wide,
O'er all the fair and pretty,
As well as our charming Ettie,
Death rolls his whelming tide.

She flashed upon our shadowed path
Like a golden gleam of sunlight,
Like a bright and beauteous star
Glowing in the fields of midnight.
But she's passed to the tearless realm,
Where there's neither night nor gloom—
Where there's fadeless beauty ever,
And naught is laid within the tomb ;
Where the tear-drop never glistens,
And the flowers ever bloom.
Far beyond time's rolling tide,
As an angel pure and pretty,
Blooms with life immortal, Ettie,
Now a rose on Eden's hillside.

LAST WORDS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

“ Let us go across the river, and rest beneath the shade of the trees.”,
SAID the good and valiant chieftain, when his battles all
were o'er,
And his wounded form was lying near the Rappahannock
shore,
When his body racked with anguish, and his soft eye
glanced around
At his sad and sorrowing comrades, and the dark and
bloody ground,
When his pulse beat low and feeble, and his vision seemed
to fade,
“ Let us go across the river, and rest beneath the shade.”
Oh, the beauty and the pathos of that sad yet soothing
thought,
Coming at the end of labours, at the close of battles
fought!
Did it cheer the dying soldier, did it light his weary eye,
To behold the bow of promise and the river flowing
nigh?
Not the rolling Rappahannock, but death's dark and
narrow stream,
And the trees of life beyond it, far beyond life's fitful
dream.

He was a Christian soldier, with a firm, unfaltering trust
That the sword he held, and cause espoused, was noble,
true, and just.

No warrior stern, of antique mould, with fierce eye
flashing keen,

His look was mild as woman's, and gentle was his mien ;
Yet, terrible as a thunderbolt, he rode the battle's crest,
And carnage strewed the vanquished field where'er his
cohorts pressed.

No warrior clad in glittering steel e'er raised an arm of
might,

And struck more quick and stunning blows amid a bloody
fight ;

No eagle eye more quickly saw the point to make a breach,

And startled foemen felt his hand ere they thought them-
selves in reach.

He fought not for fame or love of strife—for war and
strife he did deplore ;

He struck because he thought he saw invading foemen at
his door.

Then cherish his noble memory, though sad his fate to
tell,

For he sleeps beneath his native shade in the land he
loved so well.

Though dead, his memory liveth, as chieftain noble, brave,
and good ;

What he deemed was right, he upheld in fight, and like
solid *stone wall* stood ;

But his spirit has crossed beyond the dark and shadowy shore—

Beyond the sun, in the light of God ; he needs the shade no more.

Let us imitate this chieftain, of a hundred battles fought,
And with firmness, faith and courage, fight our battles as we ought ;

And when pain and death o'ertake us, and life's stream is ebbing low,

And we see the purple twilight, and dark shadows come and go,

Let us trust with hope and joy, as life's visions slowly fade,

That we only cross the river to rest beneath the shade.



ON THE DEATH OF MRS. T. B. B.

THE golden day had passed away,
And like the day how fleeting
The lives that come, the feet that stray
Where death and time are meeting.

The shadows fall o'er earth, and all
That dream of hope are dreaming,
When strangely falls the sudden pall
Where joyous life was beaming.

Thou look'dst and read, the message said,
"Come thou at once" and "coming,"
Thou answer'dst death as to the dead,
"Alas! I'm coming, coming."

'Twas anxious pain that snapped the chain,
Thy noble heart o'erflowing,
For love of one thy love did gain,
His own in youth bestowing.

The day is past, the night at last
Has reached the heart that's beating,
And all the scenes of earth are cast
Beyond to-morrow's greeting.

How swift they go, the river's flow,
A step beyond is flowing,
And noble souls like thine must go
Where deathless souls are going.

A noble wife, a perfect life,
A mother blest and blessing,
Enshrined in love, above all strife,
All hearts thy worth confessing.

Thus didst thou live, all joy to give,
Sweet sunshine in thy smiling ;
Thy memory, like the stars, shall live
When hearts shall cease their pining.

Then sweetly sleep, for thou shalt reap
Heaven's brightest rich rewarding
In bliss and joy, beyond the sweep
Of earth and times regarding.

Thy loved ones here will drop a tear,
Thy loss on earth deplored,
But soon they'll greet beyond this sphere
The angel they're adoring.

The grey mists roll o'er shafted knoll,
Where dust to dust is calling,
Like shadows on the human soul,
The autumn leaves are falling.

And though I cast my tribute last
Where hallowed dust's reposing,
I know thy saintly spirit's past
Beyond the tomb's enclosing.

MRS. NELLIE HAZELTINE PARAMORE.

SHE was fair amongst the fairest,
With a heart so kind and true,
And the brightest smile, and rarest
As a diamond kissed with dew.
Juno-like in grace and beauty,
With sweet heaven in her soft eyes,
Like a prayer of love and duty
She's ascended to the skies.

She was rich in noble doing
And the charm of woman's grace,
Like an angel sent a-wooming
With a poem in her face,
Saying, "Earth hath need of loving,
And true beauty that can please,
Lifts the soul to good approving
More than wealth of land and seas."

Earth has lost the charm and blessing
Of a noble woman's life,
With its grace and truth possessing
All that sweetens earthly strife ;
While beyond all earthly seeing
In some peerless heaven afar
Dwells a "rare and radiant" being
Fair and perfect as a star.

NELLIE'S HOLOCAUST.

WHEN the earth was bright and fairest,
And the birds in sweetest tune,
Bloomed a flower fair and rarest
In the rosy days of June.
Bloomed in maiden grace and gladness,
While the roses on her cheek
Blended with the peerless lilies
Where the laughing dimples speak.

Fair and blooming, lithe and lovely,
With soft eyes of heavenly blue,
Must thy buoyant life at evening
Fade like diamonds from the dew?
Shall the fire thou kindlest lightly
Laughing in thy saintly charms,
Demon-tempted fold thee tightly
In its lurid scorching arms?

See, it beckons, glows and sparkles,
Lapping out its fiery tongue;
Ah! it reaches for its victim,
And thy song of life is sung.
When earth's bright with fair beguilements
In the rosy hues of morn,
From thy heart's young sweet divinings
Shall thy blooming life be torn.

Oh ! the fates should curse the moment
When in childish prank and play,
Thou didst light this cruel demon
That thyself might be its prey.
For behold ! it grasps thy garments,
Wrapping thee in blazing shroud ;
Hark ! I hear that shriek of anguish,
Terror-thrilling, piercing loud.

Shall the wings of fire flaming
Light thy stainless spirit high,
Like a sacrifice unblaming
Soaring homeward to the sky ?
But thy quivering form long thrilling
With the agony of pain,
Soon, too soon, shall feel that stilling
Where no pain can come again.

For the laughing eyes, unfolding,
Smile no more at comrade's bid,
And the playful hands are holding
Flowers 'neath the coffin's lid ;
And the joyous hopes, like billows
Sparkling in the tinted west,
Now are hushed beneath the willows,
Folded to a dreamless rest.

THE BELLES AT THE OPERA.

'MID the brilliant throng all peerless and fair,
In the circling sheen like diamonds set,
Were the beautiful belles—the blonde and brunette,
With mild eyes of brown, and soft eyes of jet.

Two fair lovely forms with beauty impeared—
Two beautiful scintillant jewelled stars,
As fair as Aurora on roseate bars
Of the dappled morn, or the golden stars
When their crystal light they first unfurled,
And sang their song of a new-born world.

Fair is the sun and the silvery moon,
And sweet are the flowers ; but far more divine
Are the ruby lips and the eyes that shine,
And the smile that glows like the ruby wine ;
For the fadeless sun of the soul's bright noon
Will pale the stars and the crescent moon.

The earth is a circling round of wealth,
And the mighty span of its miser seas,
Kissed or unkissed by the sun or breeze,
Hath never a jewel or gem like these ;
For the charm of beauty, goodness, and health
Is the noblest part of the world's best wealth.
Then here's to the belles—may they gladden their
sphere
With the sunshine of beauty undimmed by a tear.

AN ACROSTIC.

CLEOPATRA was queenly and debonair ;
Oh ! her jet black eyes and her raven hair
Rendered Antony wild as the raving Nile,
And he poured his soul in her witching smile.

But a Titian Venus rose out of the sea,
A beautiful blonde, and a heart had she,
Knowing the world like the angels above,
Ever would bow at enrapturing love,
Rose fondly all men and worshipped her then.

Lo ! lovely was she as lovely could be ;
Oh ! fairer ne'er came from the land or the sea !
Very brown were her eyes, like soft autumn skies,
Every smile was a dream of glowing surprise.
Love's sunlight was there in the folds of her hair.
Young, blooming, her face was a heaven of prayer.

Bend down like a priest and uncover thy head,
Let the goddess of truth judge the living and dead,
Only know that this Venus, young, blooming, and free.
Now is fair as the Venus that came from the sea,
Down the mists of the years, fair as foam-kissed tears.
Even beauty on earth's sod is the eloquence of God.

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.

GROWING old beautifully, fading yet fair,
Silver white tresses of soft waving hair ;
Bloomed and yet blooming, thoughtful and gay,
Serene as the autumn and smiling as May.
Graceful and winning, with eyes that unfold
The blue of bright summers of purple and gold.
Growing old gracefully, rich in the years ;
Wrought out so dutifully, smiling through tears.

Growing old beautifully, time cannot steal
The bloom and the fragrance from bosoms that feel
The warmth of bright years, where the shadows that fall
Are tempered with sunshine, and blessings to all.
Where the sheen of bright silver in tresses of grey,
Crowns with halo of glory life's last setting day.

Growing old gracefully, crowned as with gold ;
Lovingly, dutifully life's record fold.

Growing old beautifully, heart-throbs will swell
Rich in their freshness where soul-pulses dwell ;
Life is not measured by years or by time,
Age but foreshadows youth the sublime.
Thy sun at its setting shall gracefully shine
Resplendent in beauty, in promise divine.

Growing old gracefully, ripe for the stars ;
Love and faith dutifully open heaven's bars.

FLOWERS FOR MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BRING the flowers of rarest beauty
That can brighten earthly sod,
Shining footprints of the angels
Looking up with smiles to God,
With divinest love and duty
That the human soul e'er gave,
Twine the peerless rose and lily,
Place them on thy mother's grave.

Oh ! the world would be so dreary
If it knew no mother's love !
If no prattling voice at evening
Soft as cooings of a dove,
Knew no sweet responsive heaven
Like the smile on mother's face,
As she bends in love's devotion
With angelic truth and grace.

Then bring flowers of youthful fancy
That were kindled 'neath her eye,
Bring the buds of manly purpose
That she bid thy soul to try ;
Bring the rose of rare perfection
That she taught thy heart to seek,
Fair as lilies of affection
That once glowed upon her cheek.

Bring the hallowed dreams of memory,
Fair as islands of the blest,
Kissed by fragrant blooms of summers
When thou nestled on her breast;
Bring the hopes and joys of manhood
With the will to do and dare,—
Bring the heart's best wealth and fondness,
Blend them in a holy prayer.

Lay them at her feet in silence
With sad heart and moistened eye,
Weeping that earth's noblest angel
Must thus fade away and die.
Oh ! the hallowed benediction
Still is resting on thy brow,
Where in youth she stroked thy forehead,
Though that hand is ashes now.

Though her pulseless form is sleeping
Where the drooping willows wave,
She looks down upon thy weeping
At her consecrated grave.
From God's peerless sainted heaven
She smiles on thee from above—
In the pearly gates of Eden
Thou hast still a mother's love.

EDEN DELL,

OR

LOVE'S WANDERINGS.

True love ne'er made our manhoods weak,
Though mailed knees might bow as meek
As childhood's prayer. They'd rise more strong
Than Samson when his locks were long.
To love is noble, godlike, wise,
Who loves not hath no starry skies,
No rainbow spanning storms that rise,
His nature's warped to strife and wrong.

A silence broken by the wings
Of thought new voiced. A touch that brings
The charm of feeling when it flings
 Its cadence on a trembling lyre.
A sunbeam straying through a dream
Where thoughts of beauty faintly gleam,
Like shadows of the things that seem
 The kindling of immortal fire.

A music in the atmosphere ;
A sadness in the sunlight clear
Like beauty smiling through a tear,
 Love's magic and its mystery.
A heart that stayed, a fancy strayed,
A soft sigh falling from a maid
As fair as e'er the gods have made,
 And who shall know its history ?

A barque shall sail a stormy main,
A heart shall wander in its pain,
And turn to find its own again,
 Love is the highest bliss of heaven !
And yearning souls shall hear the wail
Of blasted hopes sigh through the gale,
And some shall win and some shall fail,
 Upon this star long tempest-driven.

EDEN DELL, OR LOVE'S WANDERINGS.

CANTO FIRST.

THE PARTING.

SOFT in the mellow light of day,
A beauteous landscape stretched away,
Where fairest flowers on zephyr's wing
Their sweetest wealth of odours fling.
Where fragrant honeysuckles bend,
In whispered prayer for foe or friend ;
And, having drank the sunlight through,
Would ask a blessing for the dew.

Afar the groves in spring array,
Stood silent guardians of the day,
And emerald meads shone far and near,
Where wild flowers bend o'er streamlets clear,
Like dreamers in another sphere.

The dying day had almost fled,
The sun now tipped his cap of red,
As if he bade "Good night," and said,
"I've kissed my love, the blushing west,
I make my bow, and bid you rest."

There, where the purple shadows blend,
And vine-clad arbours arch and bend,

With arms entwined, *two lovers* stand
And gaze afar on that fair land.
Their souls drink in the mellow light—
The gold from off the sunlit height
Of life and love ; for hope is bright,
And earth has brought its sweetest charm
When souls with love are fresh and warm.
They stood with brow uplifted there,
Kissed by the soft-lipped evening air.

They both were young ; and one was fair,
With coral lips and soft brown hair ;
Her cheeks had caught the rose's hue,
Her eyes returned the sky its blue.
He gazed in her uplifted face ;
His soul drank deep its truth and grace.
He thought that blest with love alone,
And such a darling all his own,
He'd have a heaven here begun
More dear than aught beyond the sun.
She was so young, so fair, so pure—
He could not bear the thought, endure,
That few of noble deeds he'd done,
So little fame and fortune won.

He pressed her to his heart so true,
And gazing in her eyes of blue,
Said, “ Ethel, dear ! My sweet, my dove !
While days shall shine, and heavens above
Smile on us with a look of love ;

While suns shall set, and stars shall rise,
And earth be wrapt in vaulted skies ;
And tides shall come, and tides go back,
And white moons wheel upon their track,
I'll love thee ; claim that I am thine,
And fondly dream and wish thee mine.

“ But, Ethel, I must speed me soon
Where early, late, and 'neath the noon,
By steady work and earnest toil—
Where suns tan brown, and red sands soil—
Must get me gold, a name must get,
And show through years I love thee yet.
Thou art so dear that heaven alone
For loss of thee could scarce atone.
For God found Eden naught to man
Till woman came, then changed His plan,
And then old Eden took away,
And left her in its place, they say.
When years have flown I'll come again
With love as true, nor one heart stain,
And bring with me the treasured gold
With love that's tried, and better told.

“ Ah ! say you stay ? No, true as truth,
I'd serve like Jacob in his youth.
Serve fourteen years and deem them naught
If such a prize my service brought.
Like Paris round the walls of Troy,
I'd challenge fate with steadfast joy.”

“Stay, stay!” she said ; “you must not go.”
Her voice was sweetly soft and low,
And with emotion trembling shook
Like murmurs of a rippling brook,
And gently did the silence break,
Like moonbeams falling on a lake.
She paused as if the thought were pain,
And bowed her head, then spoke again :
“The stars fixed in the crescent blue,
That steady shine so mild and true,
The bright sun whirling through the day
That constant keeps his gold pathway,
The ocean surging night and noon
That lifts white hands unto the moon,
That bathes her pale face in the sea,
Are not more true than I to thee.

“But if it be thy firm desire,
I will repress love’s ardent fire.
Yet in my heart as in an urn,
Its glowing fires shall constant burn.
One only promise will I claim,
Behold yon star’s celestial flame !
I named it in bright dreams in youth
The orb of love, the world of truth—
The heaven where with the one I love
I’d tread the shores of bliss above.

“Vow, whether near or whether far,
Whene’er thou gazest on that star,

Thou'l strive to make thy love as fair,
And keep it pure as childhood's prayer.
When each from each are far away,
We'll hold communion through its ray.
When gazing there think thou of me,
My soul shall answer back to thee.
And if we live or die apart
No fate can keep us heart from heart."
Each lifted to the star the hand,
Love sealed the vow as thus they stand ;
Imprinting with a rosy thrill,
A joy nor time, nor years could still.

Beneath the stars that softly shine
Where tangled moonbeams dance and twine,
In garden wreathed with crescent vine,
They tarry where dark shadows meet
And learn of love its bitter sweet.
Arm twined in arm, lip touched to lip,
At love's pure fount they sweetly sip.
Nor know they naught but love's deep bliss
Sealed by love's signet-seal—a kiss.
In loving eyes they view the deeps
Where love's bright sea reflected sleeps ;
Where, with love's sweet beguilings lit,
Love's fairest dreams like shadows flit,
While pass the hours swift and fleet,
And time glides by with noiseless feet.

Ah, me ! What matter how they flee
When love sips honey like the bee ?

For life has many hours, you see,
But none so fair, and none so sweet
As those that pass where love-lips meet.
For love that is the sweetest sweet,
Strews fairest flowers beneath the feet;
And leads, with soft bewitching grace,
The rosy hours in joyous chase.
But then, ah ! then the parting's nigh,
And fondest hearts must breath a sigh.
And darker shades the evening cast,
As swiftest hours are speeding fast.
While love must bow to sorrow's spell,
And bitter speak the sad farewell.

Most bitter sweet indeed to some
Does love with its beguilings come.
When hearts their fondest hopes must crush,
And love her brightest dreams must hush,
And hand that should be pressed in hand,
Meet only in the bright dream-land.

They parted there beside the gate,
Nor doubted time, nor questioned fate.
The moon looked down serene and proud,
Then glided through a fleecy cloud.
Within the moon and starlight clear,
Her cheeks bejewelled with a tear,
As angel of another sphere,
As peri on the golden strand,
He saw her in her beauty stand.

Departing now, through shadows far
He saw her gaze upon a star.
Unto that star he kissed his hand,
And on the morrow left the land.

Thus vowed upon their parting day,
Fair Ethel Vane and Truman Gray,
In Eden Dell.

Thus parted fondly, but in pain,
To meet, ah ! when to meet again ?
Farewell ! farewell !

For the sea will sink and swell,
And the earth turn like a wheel,
But no wizard eye can tell
What the future will reveal.

For the heart is like the sea,
Never waveless, never still,
Changing in its grief or glee,
To the breezes of the will.
As the moon walks o'er the night,
As the sun dispels the shade,
May thy love grow strong and bright,
As the stars that never fade.



CANTO SECOND.

FOREWARNED : A PROPHECY.

FAR westward where broad prairies lie
Fringed only by a circling sky ;
Beneath a tent in breezes fine
Three travellers at their ease recline.
Near by, within the sun's bright rays,
Their steeds upon the green plain graze.
The golden day most loving blent
The blue of plain and firmament,
While in the circling sheen of light
The tent rose like a speck of white,
'Mid rolling waves of verdant hue
Spread far as eagle's eye could view.

The travellers mused. The meal was past.
The day a dreamy languor cast
That seemed to fill the soul with ease,
And bring again the dreams that please.
They mused in silence, long, profound,
Unbroken by a breath of sound,
And wandered o'er the flowery ways
Of hope and love in other days.
They still were young, and loved to feel
The thrill of youth like flash of steel

Ere use and rust hath dimmed its shine,
And marred the flame upon its shrine.
To feel the glow, the flash, the gleam
Of passion's fire, and love's bright dream,
Was but their nature ; and they felt
Those fires that ardent natures melt,
Yet oft leave harder than before,
Like lava cooled on ocean's shore.
These were Earl Darring, Hugh McVey,
And our young hero, Truman Gray.

At length Earl Darring silence broke,
And stroked his beard, as thus he spoke :
" How strange is fate ! A wanderer grown,
No land or home I call my own.
In youth, I loved a maiden fair
Who smiled with such a winning air,
I worshipped like a saint in prayer.
Her sunny tresses waving hung,
Like threads of gold to breezes swung,—
Like gleams of light the stars among ;
And banded 'round with argent sheen
The brow of snow that rose between—
And crowned her as with gold—a queen.
A Hebe's form, a nymph in grace,
With hazel eyes and faultless face.
We pledged our love in early youth,
And thought nor time, nor nothing ruth,
Could ever change or blast its truth.

But partings come. They came to me.
We parted 'neath our trysting tree.
I placed a white rose in her hair,
And thought she never looked so fair.

“The shades of learning then I sought—
In college walls sought lore and thought,
I often burned the midnight oil,—
Her love was my reward for toil.
Oft gazed upon her image fair,
Oft thought of white rose in her hair,
And drew fresh inspiration there.

“When years had flown, like birds on wing,
And hope sang like the birds in spring,
I sought her. Hoped she still sought me,
And found her 'neath our trysting tree—
Another with her—who was he?
I *saw* him bending o'er her, stand
With peerless white rose in his hand.

“I *heard* him whisper words of love,
I heard her answer like a dove.
He placed the white rose in her hair—
I turned, the sight I could not bear.

“I sought her on another day
When sunset shed its golden ray,
And, pausing at the open door,
I saw three standing on the floor.
Two clasped their hands—one fair, one tall,
Some words—a prayer—and that was all.

“I saw a white rose in her hair,—
I turned and faced the sunset there,
Reflecting back as proud a glare.
It seemed its light did then expire,
And in my blood I caught its fire.”

He raised his clenched hand, and now
He drew it strangely o'er his brow.
Then paused awhile, as if he spoke
Some inward words, then silence broke.
“I journey now to the setting sun,
Nor care how soon the race is run
Till I pour back in its fiery flood
This burning, red-hot, bitter blood.”

[*He sings.*]

“Then I'll sing a song of a maiden fair,
With a white rose twined in her braided hair,
Of a maiden so rare with a rose so fair
That she tangled my life in her braided hair.

“Three roses white shone pearly fair
In her golden braids of sunny hair.
One I placed there, *two* he placed there.
It was so strange, it seemed unfair.

“Oh ! sad is the heart where there is not prayer !
Oh ! sad is the heart where there's dark despair !
Oh ! sad is the heart when no angel fair
Rolls away the stone from the grave that's there !”

Then silence brooded for awhile,
Till Hugh McVey, with bitter smile,
Rose grandly up, and towering stood
Vehement in each changeful mood.
Spoke thus with warmth each varying word,
With eloquence they felt, who heard :
“ I, too, have loved, I know not why,
It is the strangest mystery.
She was so grand, so fair to see,
And yet she never smiled on me.
I often smiled, it did me good
To look upon her proudest mood.
Disdain and pride. Ah ! that was her—
She was as proud as Lucifer.
“ She was a dark-eyed, tall brunette,
With queenly form and hair of jet,
Dark, rolling eyes, with flash of fire,—
A voice enchanting as the lyre.
With head erect, and scornful mien,
And glowing face of olive sheen,
She stood a haughty Tarquin queen.
Why did I love her ? I could not bear
The pride of her disdainful air.
“ And yet I loved. Beneath the sky
I scarce can find the reason why.
For her I’d dare all on earth’s sod,
I’d dare all but the throne of God—
Dare stand upon the brink of hell
Where Lucifer and angels fell,

And fill it full of orphan's tears,
And all the lives of coming years.
Snatch devil from his hell of fire,
And lift him to heaven's tallest spire.

“Seize evening star when thus begun,
And burn it in the setting sun ;
Grasp sickly moon with face so pale,
And melt her in the comet's tail ;
Yet from the wreck would save one star
On which to dwell with her afar,
Nor for the rest would sigh or groan,
If I but knew she was my own.”

“ ‘Tis sad to see,” young Truman said,
“Your passion blaze to hottest red.”
“I know it well,” McVey replied ;
“But love that's deep when scorned, denied,
Is bitter in its sullen pride.

“I would not harm the human race,
Nor mar with blood kind nature's face ;
But when my thoughts are in this mood
They're bitter as the Dead Sea's flood.
I would not shed one orphan's tear,
If every tear was a diamond clear,
As bright as the sun in its proud career,
As rich as the isles where the diamonds lay,
As pure as the stars on the brow of day—
Nor drag an angel from its sphere,
Though through, beyond time's rolling year

I might claim all that sphere my own,
And dwell upon a sapphire throne.

“But I’d brush from grief its briny tear,
And I’d rather lift a meek soul here
From its shivering tenement of clay,
To the brightest dome in the realms of day.
I’d wipe the tears from orphan’s eyes,
I’d calm the breast that deepest sighs,
I’d cheer the weary fainting soul,
Lift merit to its highest goal,
Would bless the world the all I could,
Enshrine my life in noblest good,
And were the power to me given,
Would make this earth another heaven—
An Eden far more pure and fair
Than when the Serpent snared The Pair
And cursed the earth with strife and care.

“Why did I love ? I’m not so wise.
Because she had such glorious eyes
That glowed like twin stars in the skies.
Because her face was fresh and fair,
Because she wore a queenly air ;
Because her beauty was so rare,
I never mused or knelt in prayer,
But that I saw an angel there
That did her sweetest image wear.
Because the deer will snuff the air ;
Because the birds and beasts will pair ;

Because the dove will seek a mate ;
Because, because such things are fate ;
And heaven decrees them from above,
And this is why I can but love.

“ My love I breathed not. She well knew
My heart was warm, my love was true.
She saw it in my bashful eyes,
My love-lit look and glad surprise ;
But, wounded by disdain and pride,
I tried to hate, and left her side.
And I will track the round world o'er,
Nor look on her proud presence more,
While waves rise up, and skies bend o'er,—
While worlds have suns and seas have shore.
And yet her proud face haunts me still,
I hear her voice in the bubbling rill,—
I see her form in the shadows still.
Is love the growth of human will ?

“ I know not, yet too well I know,
I laid it where the willows grow ;
And yet its ghost will come unbid
To raise again Hope's coffin-lid.
I cursed all love beneath the skies,
I scorned it as a thing despised ;
I trod my heart beneath my feet,
Yet, like the trampled flowers, more sweet
Its essence rose and softly stole
In honeyed fragrance to my soul.

Stand off, thou wizard of unrest !
 My soul's my own, wouldest thou contest,
 And manacle its free-born will ?
 I hate ! I hate !—but love her still.
 I know not if her proud heart cares—
 I know that mine a dead hope bears.”

[*He sings.*]

“ Then I'll sing a song of a maiden bold,
 As fair as the sun with his shield of gold ;
 As proud as the stars on the throne of night ;
 As cold as the snows on the mountain height,
 For she buried the hopes that once did abide
 'Neath Alpine glaciers of lofty pride.

“ Then I'll build her a throne of coldest stone,
 And I'll crown her brow with a frozen zone.
 A sceptre of ice her hand shall wield,
 And a world of snow shall be her shield ;
 And I'll send her forth to the hell of fire,
 To freeze its plains for her *own empire.*”

‘ How very bitter,’ Young Truman said ;
 “ You should warm your heart, and cool your head.
 In your earnest soul you should aspire
 To noblest thoughts, and a pure desire.
 Your love, like crooked mountain stream,
 Runs from extreme swift to extreme.
 But truest love glides smooth and strong,
 Like streams that journey far and long ;

Like rivers full, with tall banks steep—
Flow silent, strong, flow clear and deep.
The *fair-haired maid*, long left alone,
Thought you had cold and careless grown.

“The proud brunette, with queenly form,
Thought you should all your cohorts form,
And take her as a fort—by storm.
No fault of heart, it was her pride,
While you stood off, that bold denied.
For coldest hearts if touched aright,
With streams of joy oft bless the sight,
Like rock in desert smote by rod
Of Moses at command of God.”

“How oft the heart that seems so cold
Has in its core and inner fold,
A wealth of tenderness untold ;
And knows that tenderness so well,
It strives nor word, nor deed may tell ;
But wraps itself with outer pride,
The richness of its wealth to hide.
For richest nuts have hardest shell,
And deepest seas have softest swell ;
The deepest griefs none ever tell,
And truest loves breathe low ‘farewell.’

“I, too, love one most sweetly dear,
Whose smile a desert heart would cheer ;
With mind all goodness, gentle, wise ;
With soft brown hair and lovely eyes.

Such eyes ! The soul's unfathomed sea
Lights up their depths of constancy.
This makes the soul-lit features glow,
And their immortal grandeur show.
Yet *she* is dowered with every grace
Of lovely form, and charming face.
From her—from love, with courage bold,
I've turned awhile to seek for gold.
And I'll believe her warm and true,
Till the sky shall shrink to a drop of dew."

The others rose and prompt replied,
" Ere earth her circuit thrice shall ride,
That vaunting boast shall be denied ;
And thou, with hand uplifted high,
Swear life's a cheat, and love's a lie.
So give the hand, we then may meet,
And time will prove love bitter-sweet.
We've laid this unction on our soul,
To love no more while ages roll,
For like Sir Knight of ancient lore,
We cannot love, but we adore."

The sun from his zenith of gold,
Looked down in his pride as he rolled ;
These words to the breezes were told,
And the tent on the prairie they fold.

CANTO THIRD.

FOUL PLAY BENEATH THE STARS.

BEYOND Sierra's heights of snow,
Where mountains slope to plains below,
And crested waves reach far and wide,
And ocean rolls her briny tide,
And in her surge of foamy crown,
The moons rise up, and suns go down.
Where walled about with mountains high,
And arched above with bluest sky,
Within a gorge, or valley deep,
A mining town lay still in sleep.
The scattered houses rambling seem,
And crooked streets befringe the stream.

One lonely wanderer watched the gleam
Of moonlight on the silvery stream,
And saw it glow and ripple there,
Like glossy gleams of soft brown hair;
Like glowing smile of maiden fair.
Above, the moon rode pale and proud,
And oft a veil of fleecy cloud
Her modest face would strive to hide,
As one would veil a blushing bride.
Young Truman long for gold had wrought ;
Had hoarded much, for more he sought.

And yet he knew earth's greatest pain—
A strong man's toil for wealth and gain.
His mind that night was troubled deep ;
So restless that he could not sleep.
He wandered forth to calm his thought,
To cool his brow, the stream he sought.
He said, “I was too proud of soul,
Too proud to taste the nectared bowl,
Until I showed by deeds of worth,
I merit fairest of the earth.
The noblest aim may be misconstrued,
The noblest eyes with tears bedewed ;
The noblest heart be proudly spurned ;
The warmest love be cold returned ;
And noblest soul in this life here,
Be soiled with dust and dimmed by tear.”

Then o'er the stream he bended low,
Then lifted eyes to heights of snow,
Then peering through the heavens afar,
Gazed on the setting evening star.
This scarce had done, when like a lance,
Two robbers from the night advance.
They strike him there—when unaware—
A gash is in his parted hair—
And Luna's beams kiss softly now
The red wound on his pallid brow.
Oh ! love of gold ! Oh ! love of gain !
The heavens bend down with a look of pain
To see you slay—to see your slain !

The moon bent o'er with a sickly smile,
As a mother bends o'er a dying child.
The stars shrank in their vault of blue,
And said, " We will not look at you.
You look too pale and ghastly white,
To lie on the earth in the cold moonlight.
Who'll wipe the gore from your dark hair,
And from your forehead ghastly fair ?"
And the sighing wind that whispered by,
Returned the stars this kind reply :
" I've kissed him for his mother dear,
Brushed from his eye the starting tear ;
And caught the ring of sounding gold,
Where robbers entered fierce and bold.
I'll try the conscious cowards sore,
I'll shriek and moan about the door,
‘ *Foul play !* ’ And stars you must reply,
‘ *Foul play !* ’ from out your crystal sky."

The mountains nodded their assent,
And said, " This spangled blue hath bent
For ages o'er our snowy crest,
And all these ages have been blest
For man. God raised our towering land
From ocean chaos, and night's strand,
To cool the breezes with our snow,
To water verdant plains below ;
To give our veins of golden ore
To grasping man, who sighs for more.

Is *gold* a curse on land and main,
More dark than curse on jealous Cain ?
And earth must bleed at every pore,
And man bleed at his own heart core ?
We'll whisper to the silent night,
Go hide man from Creation's sight ;
Nor let the gazing worlds sublime
View record of such damning crime.”

The silent night, unvoiced before,
Moaned like the waves on ocean's shore,
And sobbing for the sinless years,
Wept o'er the earth with dewy tears ;
And brooding o'er the voiceless gloom,
Like sorrow o'er the silent tomb,
She watched the lingering hours pass,
While every hour sighed, “ Alas !
That crime should mark each hour-glass
Since time began. Since man had birth
Such gory landmarks scar the earth.
Since Cain, the first-born, madly slew
His brother, blood wets earth like dew.
And seen upon God's youngest star,
The world of man, by worlds afar,
A blow—a gash—a half-closed eye,
A pale face staring at the sky ;
Some spots like drops of setting sun,
A crimson, curdling as it run,
A mouldering clod that smiled no more,
While silence wrapt it o'er and o'er.”

CANTO FOURTH.

RETRIBUTION, OR THE VIGILANTES.

IN the early dawn of the breaking day
Some horsemen gathered and rode away.
They urge with steel each bounding steed,
And skim the vale with whirlwind speed.
Armed and equipped they sternly rode,
And scour and guard each mountain road,
For a friend up early had passed that way
And roused the vigilantes' sway.
The honest miners banded strong
For common good, to punish wrong.
And this the bond of union made,
An iron hand that power swayed.

As the sun arose, they rode again,
From out the mountains to the plain.
Two others with them led along,
Hands tied, and neck in lasso thong ;
Till at the foot of the mountain, where
It sloping fringed the valley fair,
They paused beneath a clump of trees
That nodded gently to the breeze,

And stood upon a grassy knoll
That ended where two streamlets roll—
In full view of the town are seen
To wave above the valley green.

The Captain orders, “ Halt. Alight.
Now, Squire, swear your jury right ;
You six upon the grass there sit ;
Try if they hang, or you acquit.”
The hardy miners quickly then
In front of jurors bring the men.
Then, ranged around upon the grass,
All sit as slow the prisoners pass.
The Squire, their Alcalde called,
With shoulders broad, and caput bald
A man of nerve, a man of head,
With look of learning rose and said :
“ Hold up your hands. You solemn swear
The right to shield, the wrong to dare,
And crime pursue ; nor criminals spare.”
One prisoner then, with dogged mien,
Said “ Hold on, Squire ! You think I’m green ;
’Tis according to evidence and law,
And justice balanced on a straw.”
“ Now, hold your lip !” the Squire said,
“ I am a lawyer born and bred.”

The stubborn prisoner then replied,
With taunting lip, and look of pride,

“Your vocal powers you should increase;
Rome once was saved by gabbling geese,
So let your vocal powers ring;
Know this, for history proves the thing,
A horse’s neigh once made a king.”
The jolly miners laugh around,
And say the Squire a “brick” has found.
The Squire, versed in legal lore,
Thought he was ne’er so stumped before.

So sternly then he scratched his head,
And thus with kindling ire said :
“I’ve seen the cur bay at the moon,
I’ve seen the owl frown at the noon ;
I’ve seen the rill laugh at the main,
I’ve seen the monkey strut the plain
And mimic men of seven-pound brain ;
But ne’er before have seen a cuss
At his own funeral make a fuss.
You are the first with so much cheek
Since Baalam’s creature ceased to speak.”

Wise, like an owl, with look profound,
Each witness then he called around :
The evidence was blunt and brief.
“These are the men—there’s no relief.
We tracked them up ; got part the gold—
They acted like offenders old.”
With plainest words the truth is spoke
And oft there passed a careless joke.

Though very rude, they felt the need
Of a power to punish—a head to lead
'Gainst the tide of crime, and life preserve,
And the rules of order by force subserve.
No lawyer to plead, no judge to sway,
They waited not for the law's delay.

Ere ten short minutes the verdict read,
“The robbers are guilty,—hang till dead.”
So the Captain spoke, “You men go
And over yon limb the lasso throw.”
“I'll save you that. I'll climb a tree,”
One robber said with reckless glee.
“The jury's right; we did the deed.
But the crows may on my carcass feed,
If I don't warn you to shun with care
The life I've led, the guilt I share.

“In youth I spurned a mother's love,
And cursed her ere I turned to rove.
But the curse I cursed, has fallen on me,
And followed me o'er the land and sea.
With evil companions I've wandered far
From religion's sun, and virtue's star.
I was meant for a parson, my mother said,
But from the thought I sullen fled,
For a comrade told me one day,
As truants we rambled the hours away,
'That I would find, if I would search,
The fools of the family were give to the church.'”

The prisoner who long had silent stood •
Now said in stern and sullen mood,
“ Farewell, O sun ! Farewell, O day !
My first bad act was to lead astray
A sinless soul from virtue’s way—
A trusting girl, thoughtless and lone,
But it wrecked her life and damned my own.”

The word was given, two bodies hung
From a pendant limb, and quivering swung
As a pendulum swings. And two souls
Took up their journey to other goals.
Took their appeal to a higher court
That has here no reporter or report.
But in the day of final assize
The triers will know if they acted wise,
And the facts appear both clear and nude,
To a higher court to be reviewed ;
Nor Justice blind, but Eye that saw,
Judge by a wise and perfect law.

So while the sun in brilliant scorn,
Moved on toward the middle of morn,
The horsemen mounting, rode away,
From work they’d done, to work of the day.
And as they go they gazing turn,
With eyes indifferent, and features stern—
To see the sun in anger burn,
To see the work their hands have done,—
Two bodies dangling in the sun.

CANTO FIFTH.

RECOVERED—A SCENE OF JEALOUSY.

BEYOND Sierra's heights of snow
Where mountains slope to plains below;
Within the mining town there stood
A modest cabin, plain and rude,
Where, tossed with fever, racked with pain,
Severely wounded, but not slain,
Upon his rude but tidy bed,
With pallid face and bandaged head,
Lay Truman Gray. For days had lain
Unconscious half of thought or pain.
But turning on his pillow now
He felt a soft hand on his brow.

He looked and saw two glorious eyes
Gaze on him with a glad surprise.
A dark-eyed beauty, fair of face,
Of Spanish or Castilian race.
A truer type he ne'er had seen,
Of full round form and graceful mien.
A mouth like pearls in rubies set,
Dark, dreamy eyes, with fringe of jet.
She bathed his brow with tender mien,
And smiled upon him like a queen

How pleased he was to see her near,
How sweet her voice seemed to his ear,
As thus she said : " Now, Señor, rest,
Thy fever's past, thy wounds are dressed.
I heard thy need of nursing rare,
And thought a woman's tender care
Might save thee. So I came alone,
And watched beside thee all unknown."

These words came, like a potent charm,
His hopes to cheer, his fears disarm.
For on his spirit soothing fell
The tender touch of woman's spell.
And to his soul came peace and rest—
As heavenly visions cheer the breast.

Oh ! woman ! with thy gentle care,
Oh ! earthly angel, pure and fair !
Oh ! heavenly guide to faith and prayer !
What were the earth, did not thy hand
Strew flowers in a desert land ?
What were the sick-bed, didst not thou
Lay thy soft hand upon the brow,
And calm the pain and anguish there
By thoughtful sympathy and care ?
And what were man without thee here,
Unblessed with sympathetic tear,
Unpolished by thy gentle grace,
Uncheered by thy bewitching face ?
A savage rude, of culture void,
With soul debased and love destroyed.

A day without a ray of light,
A night without a star in sight.

The storm that doth the tall oak rend
But makes the supple willow bend.
Oh, bless the hand that tends the sick !
Oh, bless the love that's warm and quick !
Oh, bless the heart that's kind and true !
And sheds its blessings like the dew.
Then woman you will fondly bless,
And vow to never love her less,
Who feels the grief to others known,
More keenly than she does her own.
These thoughts came with the shadows deep,
Ere closed his eyes in balmy sleep.
As days passed by, she often came,
With smile of sympathy the same.
It cheered him in his pain and grief,
And made his sickness seem so brief,
He almost wished the constant care
Of maid so lovely, kind, and fair.

When months had rolled into a year,
And mountains bathed in sunlight clear
In lofty grandeur did appear,
Among the few he bade adieu,
Juanita came, his nurse so true.
Her dark-eyed splendour was a sight
That none could see without delight.
And Truman saw, with sweet surprise,
A sadness nestle in her eyes,

And from her lips he heard a moan,—
He wished to press them to his own.
“As wanderers on a rugged shore,”
He said, “we’ve met, will meet no more.

“As ships that pass upon the main,
We’ve met, and ne’er may meet again.
We all are ships upon life’s sea,
Bound for one port, Eternity.
Then let us part, and gladly sail
Like boatmen o’er the shallop’s trail.
Not ships with sunlight on their mast,
That turn to shadow when they’re past,—
Like false friends, fair before our face,
Advancing with a smiling grace
And cordial mien, but turning black
As shadows when we turn our back.
I give thee, as I now depart,
The homage of a grateful heart.”

Juanita said, “This world to me
Seems brighter since I looked on thee.
Now that I’ll see thy face no more
’Twill seem more dark than e’er before.
The things we’ve nursed and watched with care,
Grow on our thought, and in our prayer.”
They press the hand, and there they part,
She turned to still her aching heart.
She turned, and as she turned she met
Two jealous eyes of glossy jet;

Her Spanish lover drawing nigh
With dangerous glitter in his eye.

“ Fi ! Senorita, lost your heart ?
You keep a tryst that’s hard to part.
What, tears within those lovely eyes ?
That fair-faced stranger shun, despise.”
“ Ah ! Came you here to watch and spy ? ”
“ Nay, to upbraid, perhaps to die.
You soon shall know, for life to me,
Is worthless without love and thee.”
“ What, are you mad ? ” “ Yes, mad and wild !
For I have loved you since a child.
Since we as children gleeful played
At keeping house beneath the shade
Of those old maples, grand and hoar,
That stood before your father’s door.
My love’s grown strong and wild, but thine
Has vanished with a strange decline.
This must not be, my all, my life
Hangs on the answer,—be my wife ?

“ Thou knowest thy parents urge my cause,
Thou shouldst be mine by heaven’s laws.
Mine, only mine, else love will be
Through life a curse, a hell to me.
Thou wilt say yes ? ” “ I answer no,
’Tis worse than rude to urge me so.”
“ ’Tis love or life. Is this your will,
And this your stubborn answer still ? ”

His hand then clutched his dagger hilt.
“If you persist, blood must be spilt.”
“You’ve had my friendship till this hour,
Now I defy, though in your power.”

“Your doom is sealed by that reply,
You must be mine, or both must die.
Say that you will now where you stand,
Nor other man shall claim your hand,
Or blood shall flow where joy should beam,
And mingle in one common stream.
I’d rather tread the world of gloom,
A murderer’s soul—without a tomb,
Than bear the torture I’ve endured,
Or lose the love my soul hath lured.”

He threw one arm around her waist
As if he sought but love’s embrace ;
She struggled, and could scarcely speak,
“Release me,” with a sudden shriek.
When quick his dagger rose on high,
Its gleam flashed on the evening sky.
One moment more he’d sheathed the blade
In the warm bosom of the maid.
A hand behind the weapon caught,
And turned it from the heart it sought,
Quick wrenched it from his grasp away—
Far on the heath the weapon lay.
He turned like bearded lion then,
“You seek to stay my vengeance, when

Was vengeance stayed from hand like mine ?
Her doom is sealed. I might add thine.”
Then from his breast a pistol drew,
And quick as thought he aimed it too.
A loud report, the welkins swell,
As staggering back, Juanita fell.
While sharply spoke young Truman Gray,
“Desist ! Thy murderous weapon stay.”

Quick, Pedro then to his own breast
The pistol placed—the trigger pressed.
Another loud sound smote the air ;
Then with a pang of mad despair
There, falling at her feet, he lay,
Soon food for earth and death’s decay.

Quick, Truman raised the fallen maid
Who silent as in death, was laid.
Upon her swelling breast was wed
The marble white with gory red.
The ball had glanced from its true course,
In distant air had spent its force,
Had grazed her throbbing breast of snow,
And stained it with the crimson flow.
He staunched the wound, and fanned her brow,
And bound her breast with 'kerchief now ;
And sought with thoughtful words and kind,
To calm the current of her mind.
Her face was pale, her lustrous eye
Glanced at the scene, then to the sky,

While thoughts upon her spirit fell
That few can read and none can tell.

Now turn they where Don Pedro lay,
And saw life's ebbing tide decay.
He pressed his heart—he tried to rise,
Then looking up, he met their eyes,
And 'mid his dying groans he said,
As fast the ebbing life-tide fled,
“Forgive, Juanita ! dear, farewell !
I thought not in this frenzied spell
That love would work the deeds of hell.
Oh ! could I live to wipe this shame
From out my life, from off my name,
I'd bear all pangs of grief or pain,
Nor at the darkest fate complain.
Could heaven reverse decrees of fate,
It ne'er had been too late ! too late !”

His head then fell upon the plain,
And he was past all earthly pain.
Juanita bends above him now
And wipes the death-dew from his brow ;
And said, “I might have loved, not blamed,
Hadst thou been mild, thy heart more tamed.
But who would live upon a brink
Where passion's earthquake soon might sink
Their little world, its peace, its bliss,
In such a fearful wreck as this.

“ I might have loved him when a child,
His passion seemed romantic, wild,
But older years taught me to blame
His jealous heart, too fierce to tame.
Another dream of life is o'er,
And I have learned one lesson more.
My childhood friend, with whom I played
In childhood 'neath my home-tree shade,
Hath sought my life with vengeful steel,
And felt the blow he meant to deal.

“ Ah ! Who can tell, what prophet know
Who, Brutus like, may strike the blow—
A well-loved friend turned secret foe ?
Who knows but fate may make its thrust
By hands we've loved to bless and trust,
And we in some assassin trace
The lines of a familiar face ?
My childhood lover, can it be,
Thus ends the chapter, jealously ? ”

Truman, Juanita, now again
Part sadly with a deeper pain.
She thanked him for the blow he stayed,
He answered he was more than paid,
By slight return fate thus decreed,
For her great kindness in his need.
Now evening cast her shadows pale,
And night drew down her sable veil.
But when the day dispersed the shade,
Her parents, rising, missed the maid.

CANTO SIXTH.

AMBUSHED—A SAD DISCOVERY.

FOUR times the sun from his bright hearth
Had warmed the circling face of earth,
Four times his dazzling course had rolled
Upon his wheels of burnished gold ;
And day and night, and gloom and light,
Wheeled in their groves of endless flight.
Through winding vales where streamlets stray,
O'er hillsides rocky, rough, and grey
A stage-coach slowly wound its way ;
Amid Sierra's mountains far,
Ere they had known the palace car.
Ere locomotives' stirring tone
Had waked those solitudes unknown,
And gliding o'er its path of steel
Caused vales to quake, and hills to reel.
With ribs of brass, and heart of fire,
And limbs that neither feel nor tire,
From throat of gloom and voice of steam
Shrieked its mad, shrill, unearthly scream.

Ere this fierce civilizer's tread
Had waked the bison from his bed,

To rear his shaggy head and see
A monster wild and fleet as he ;
Caused elk or antelope to skim
Less fleet, though of the swiftest limb,
The wooded vale or trackless plain,
And start to hear its voice again ;
Ere savage waking from his dream
By trembling earth and fearful scream,
Had thought the Spirit's presence near,
And shuddered with a nameless fear ;
As its proud tread and echo fills
Unpeopled vales and silent hills ;
And writes upon the earth that whirls,
Mind is the umpire of the worlds ;
That tames the elements of wrath,
And guides them o'er an iron path.

The coach rolled o'er the mountain road,
Rolled on for days, with human load,
O'er valley, hill, and rambling brook,
Through mountain gorge and shady nook ;
When, 'mid the woods in mountain glen,
A war-cry broke the silence. Then
Deep thunder made the eagle fly
From lofty perch on mountain high ;
The echoes rolled the valleys through,
And pealed unto the vault of blue.

In dark ambush the Indians lay
And shot into the coach that day.

Some strove with boldest courage then,
And daring fought like fearless men.
What courage could avail them there,
Caught in a bloody savage snare ?
Two struggling fell amid the rest,
One's head lay on the other's breast ;
And tresses fair, concealed before,
On Truman's breast lay red with gore.

Strange accident ! And are they dead ?
Hark ! List ! And hear what now is said :
" How sweet in death upon this breast
To lay the dying head to rest,
And when our spirits leave the clay,
Together mount to realms of day.
Our souls shall journey on in love
To perfect, endless bliss above.
I did resolve all things to dare,
For love disguised his fate to share.
I little thought so soon would close
Our journey to death's dread repose ;
So soon would end love's bitter spell,
So soon we'd speak life's last farewell.

" But, tyrant death, we are thy slaves,
And mother earth must give us graves.
Dear mother earth, that grim death mars
With little mounds—her battle scars.
But they who sleep unwept, unknown,
Rob death of monumental stone ;

For shafts that bear the dead one's name
Are but death's monumental fame.
But love is all, and life is less,
And time's a journey through distress.
I'll gently kiss his forehead fair,—
A wound more ghastly now is there."

These words smote on young Truman's ear,
And on his cheek he felt a tear.
"Juanita, here! Great God!" he cried.
Then to her pleading eyes replied,
"Ah! love like oak and clinging vine
Together cling 'mid shade and shine.
And with such love as thine and mine,
We'll offer prayer at heaven's shrine,
There launch our souls that look above
On ocean bosom of His love
Whose name is Love. By this best known—
By this adored before His throne."

While thus he spoke a savage passed
Who heard, and angry glances cast,
Who came with features fierce and bold,
And robbed them of their gems and gold.
He seized Juanita's flowing hair,
A scalp so rare he could not spare.
He pierced its folds with keenest knife,
In her despair—receded life.
Quick, Truman summoned all his might,
And frenzied by the horrid sight,

Snatched from the savage where he knelt,
The hatchet dangling at his belt,—
With sudden stroke he cleaved his brain,
And stretched him with the others slain.

This effort caused fresh blood to flow,
And conscious sense passed with the blow.
There, silent in that mountain vale,
Lay lovers pallid, still and pale.
And spirits wandered in a clime
Unknown, and recking not of time.
One's head lay on the other's breast,
One smiled as if in peaceful rest.
And fancies wandered in the shade
Where spirits meet, and dreams are made.

Down in the glen the shadows grew
And twined in purple and rosy hue,
The sun stooped down, and did unfold
His banners bright of red and gold.
The woods bent o'er like an arching sky,
The evening breeze, like mourner's sigh,
Wailed through the lonely forest nigh.
And 'mid the twilight shadows grey
The roaming panther stalked for prey,
The whip-poor-will poured forth his strain,
The night-owl hooted his refrain,
And dismal in the distance dark
The prowling wolf sent forth his bark.

The lonely pines on mountain's brow,
And weird groves in the valley bow
Unto night's ghost of drowsy air,
Like patriarchs in silent prayer.

On nature's face shone dewy beads
Like tears just wept o'er cruel deeds.
While through the vale and woodland there
A savage camp-fire threw its glare,
And crimsoned with its tinge of red
The distant sky that hung o'erhead.
And where the dismal embers glow
Grim dusky forms move to and fro.
And night with plumage of silence fell
O'er the lives of some in that mountain dell,
And draping the hills with her pall of gloom,
She bent like a mourner over their tomb.



CANTO SEVENTH.

A RIVAL AND A FRAUD.

THE day declined, and splendour fell
From golden heights o'er Eden Dell.
Glad nature robed in emerald gay
Smiled 'mid the early flowers of May.
The birds were warbling in their mirth,
And gladsome was the verdant earth.

The beauteous day was almost past,
The sun his slanting arrows cast,
And shot his golden lances bright
As if to drive away the night
Whose cohorts dark in blackest sheen
Now hovered o'er his bright demesne.

As day declined, and shadows fell
O'er wood and wold, o'er hill and dell,
Fair Ethel viewed the evening star
Rise in the crimson west afar.
“O star!” she said, “bright Venus, thou
That glow'st upon night's sable brow.

Like love a star that rules the night,
And heralds forth the coming light ;
That guides us through life's setting day,
And gilds it with a gold pathway.
Well named, well fed with sunbright rays
So near the sun in sunbright blaze,
Like love a star of brightest sod,
One near the sun, one near to God."

She sighed, "A year has slowly passed
Since on his form I looked my last.
Sweet were the loving hopes he told
Ere parting for the land of gold.
Oh evening star, perhaps even now
He turns to thee uplifted brow.
But Beaumont comes to seek my love
As hawk would seek to mate a dove ;
He'd burn me at a martyr's fire
Whene'er his passion lost desire.
He cannot love, love is unknown
To him who loves himself alone.

"Ah, wealth's too small a recompense
For lack of honour, heart, or sense.
To him that's absent I'll be true
While stars shall deck yon crescent blue,
Or moons shed silvery light afar
O'er waves that leap to grasp a star."
"Good eve, Moiselle ! You muse and wait
As if a lover lingered late.

The gracious proffer that I made,
A richer jewel ne'er was laid
At feet of woman. Is it naught,
A jewel for your wisest thought?"

"Kind sir, you come from very far,
To see a maid gaze at yon star,
When you can pluck it from its sphere,
And lay it at my feet just here,
You may receive the wish you name,
Till then my answer is the same.
For there were many ages when
Stars fixed the destiny of men."

"And there were times," he quick replied,
"When woman's fickleness and pride
Caused Troy's fall, and for ten years
Broke round its walls a thousand spears."
Then she: "But woman's truth alone
Once hurled a Tarquin from his throne.
A Charlotte Corday in her wrath,
Deposed a tyrant at his bath."

"Yes, but a false Delilah made
A Samson's strength to wane and fade;
And Clytemnestra's murderous hand
Slew, by dark fraud, that kingly man;
Pierced, at the joyous festal board,
The heart where she had reigned adored.
Nor cities unbesieged should boast
Till they've repelled the assailing host.

Beauty 'gainst wisdom, that is thee ;
Wisdom 'gainst beauty, that is me."
" That question's tested, if you please,
Beauty out-plead wise Socrates."

" Fair Pryne and Socrates were brought,
Both for impiety they taught,
Before the Grecian judges, there
To plead for life—one wise, one fair.
The sage, he plead with wisdom rare ;
Fair Pryne arose with modest air,
Unveiled her snowy bosom fair,
And answered naught. From hence
Beauty was wisdom's eloquence.
The sage the deadly hemlock drank—
Fair Pryne the grateful judges thank.
'Thy gracious act and breast so fair,
White-bosomed Pryne, thy life doth spare.'
But fie ! had one, not wise but bold,
Held in his hand some shining gold,
Each judge's itching palm would say,
' Not guilty, go thy honest way ! '
Then where is beauty—wisdom ? See
The gold is strongest of the three."

" Is that your fortress ? Know this, then,
I choose a man from noblest men,
And gold is oft the crust to hide
The rubbish 'neath its polished pride.

For oft true ' gold o'er dusted's ' passed
For ' dust o'er gilded,' till at last
The fraud's discovered and you scan,
'Tis principle that makes the man."

" You are sagacious at a hit.
Who edged the diamond of your wit ? "
" Not thine, but, Beaumont, memories past
Are more than hopes the future cast ;
They fade like bubbles on the main,
But joys once tasted still remain,
Like buried friends their image cheer,
With face as bright and eye as clear,
Within our souls, though their fair grace
The busy worms long since did taste.

" Ah ! memory is the soul on wings,
That soars beyond material things.
What men call matter firm, we find,
Endures not like the viewless mind."
" But I've a letter from a friend,
That says thy lover met his end
By robbers. Near his cabin door
They found him weltering in his gore."
A shriek then rent the evening air,
Two hands were lifted as in prayer ;
She would have fallen, but in alarm,
Quick Beaumont stayed her with his arm.
" Oh, God ! " she said, with sobbing moan,
" It cannot be,—to Thee is known

If in the far wilds of the west,
The clods lie o'er his pulseless breast.
O death, thou art a shadow here,
A spectre ever following near ;
Thou sits a guest at every board,
Grins with the miser o'er his hoard ;
Entwines thy arm around the strong,
Nor youth nor strength availeth long.

“ Oh, death in life ! Oh, life in death !
The slow pulsations of the breath
Are but life's slowly dying death.
For we consume the things which seem
To give us life, and thus we dream
That we are living, breath survives,
But we are dying all our lives.”

Then Beaumont tendered what would be,
Or seem, the truest sympathy :
“ Pardon my words that broke your peace,
My joy that death your vows release.
True, but for death, life would seem bright,
And earth scarce have a starless night.
We ne'er would stand beside the bier,
And seldom see a falling tear.
Then life would be a glorious dream,
And earthly joys more what they seem.
While from the marts and vales of earth
Would rise the joyous notes of mirth.
But such it is not ; and the why ?
‘Tis written, ‘man shall surely die.’

“ Yes, man must fade like autumn leaf,
Be garnered like the autumn sheaf.
Even rock-ribbed earth shall crumbling melt,
The firmament be cracked and rent.
The moon shall cease to shed her light,
The stars to deck the vault of night.
The sun plunge from his golden sphere,
And darkling close his bright career.
Then grieve not, Earth with all its joy
Hath not one bliss without alloy ;
Hath not one hope it may not blast,
Hath not a joy that’s doomed to last.

“ And though we grieve from morn till eve,
And constant sighs our bosoms heave
From eve till morn, from day to day,
Until we grieve our lives away ;
What boots it but a mind distressed,
A feverish brow, and sad unrest ? ”
She weeping spoke, “ Your words are kind,
While mine were rude and unrefined.”

Then gently leaning on his arm,
With sense of sympathetic charm,
They strolled up to the mansion door
Where spoken farewells soon were o'er.
Then Beaumont said, “ How false was I.
My friend wrote he would likely die.
But I will make her think him dead—
Me, and no other, shall she wed.”

CANTO EIGHTH.

THE CAPTIVES.

AMID Sierra's mountain wilds,
Where earth lifts up her hugest piles,
In snow-capped grandeur hoar and proud,
Up through the ether to the cloud.
Upon whose breast of snowy crown
The angels stop in coming down,
And spirits heavenward pause to rest
Upon its tranquil snow-white breast—
A place to plume the wing of flight,
Up through the vast empyrean height,—
From which to leap and vault afar
On to some bright and glowing star.

And having journey thus begun,
Sweep onward to the central sun ;
Sweep upward till the wings are bent
O'er heaven's eternal battlement.
Far westward through these mountain wilds,
Far northward through their dark defiles,
Now upward on the mountain side,
Now downward through the valley wide,

A warrior waved his battle brand,
And led a fierce and savage band,
Whose sable plumes in knotted hair
Waved to the breezes and the air.
They had within their dismal train
Two captives wounded, almost slain.
And one was fair, with raven hair,
And one was sad with dark despair.

They'd journeyed long, and journeyed far,
And now seemed demons from a war,
Who led in fierce and dismal gloom,
Two captives to a horrid doom.
Through forest path and woodland wild,
Where forests greet her forest child ;
They journey forward, journey on,
While suns rise up, and suns go down.

At length, toward a day's decline
They pause in grim and serried line
Upon a rough and rocky ledge
That jutted o'er a mountain's edge,
And saw the blood-red sun descend
Where sky and ocean seemed to blend.
The chieftain then his falchion waves,
And turning, thus addressed his braves :
" Warriors, our journey soon will close,
From toil and march we'll take repose.
Far yonder on the mountain height,
That's dimly outlined to the sight,

Meet sachems, how our wrongs to ease,
And the Great Spirit to appease.

“The mighty spirit high in air,
To whom the red-man lifts his prayer,
Who sends the bison and the bear ;
Whose voice is in the thunder’s roar,
His footprints on the pathless shore ;
His eyes shine from the glittering stars,
Earth ’neath his footsteps trembling jars.
His smile glows in the silent moon,
And lights the dazzling sun at noon.

“Yon sun that now ’neath ocean’s flood,
Seems wrapt and veiled and bathed with blood,
’Tis omen red that blood be shed,
To turn his vengeance from our head.
The pale-faced captives, now our prize,
Shall be the proffered sacrifice ;
Their ashes from the altar place
Be blown into the sun’s bright face.”
A moment stood they silent there,
A yell then rent the startled air,
That made the trembling sky to thrill,—
’Twas answered from a distant hill.
And there they camped. While twilight grey
Stalked o’er the fields of parting day.
The captives weary, pale and weak,
Dejected sigh, but do not speak.

They hear the roaming panther's cry,
The wandering night-owl passing by ;
The distant coyote's dismal bark,
And night seemed drear, and hope seemed dark.
The yellow stars came one by one,
From out the sky so dark and dun ;
Like beams of light from angels' eyes,
Or new-born hopes dropped from the skies.

At length the moon rose slow and pale,
And pierced the gloom on hill and vale ;
And then rode on serene and grand,
As guiding to the "better land ;"
As pointing with a look of love,
To fairer worlds that smile above ;
To distant stars and central suns,
Where God hath housed his better ones.

The mountains leaned against the clouds,
And wrapped in snow, seemed in their shrouds.
That band of pearls and silver spray,
Heaven's jewelled arch, the milky way,
Seemed as a wreath upon night's crown,
Where angels stand in looking down ;
There view earth's troubled scenes of time
With sad compassion, love sublime.
From out the night a spectral shade
Shone o'er the youth and captive maid ;
And vast and shapeless gloomy stands,
Obscuring heaven with bony hands ;

While through its ribs, like dungeon bars,
They dimly saw the ghastly stars.
It stood a grimly giant form,
Enwrapt in mists of gloom and storm ;
And towered through the vast expanse,
With scowling brow and cynic glance.

While o'er them bowed its ghastly face,
That seemed to come and go through space ;
And beckoning with its bony hand,
It pointed down night's sable strand.
While thus they gaze they dimly saw,
Upon the heights the angels draw
Their noiseless bows. The arrows flew
And pierced the horrid monster through ;
But still he rose more tall and grand,
And fiercer waved his bony hand.

The captives tremble ; but we see
That shadow is dark Destiny ;
Outlining on the future's scroll,
The tests of time that try the soul ;
While from the heavens the angels view,
O'ershadowing evil grasp the true,
And rear her grim distorted form,
To take the soul by stealth or storm.
While through each dark and fateful night,
They shoot their arrows tipped with light ;
And bid the hopes that never set,
On star-crowned wings to linger yet.

CANTO NINTH.

HIDDEN VALLEY, AT THE STAKE.

FAR beyond the west and north land,
Far beyond the plains and moorland;
Where majestic mountains tower
In their grandeur and their power,
Where the hills rise rough and rocky,
And the vales are deep and sombre;
Stands a grand and rugged mountain,
On whose side flows forth a fountain.

Could you see it, could you know it,
You would say that mountain never
Rose so grandly to dissever
The fair vale and the blue ether,
With the weird and wild scenes blending,
And the solemn sky o'erbending.

In that cañon calmly lying,
Walled by cliffs, all storm defying,
Lay a lake beneath the mountain,
'Neath the rocks, fed by the fountain;
Still and tranquil as the morning,
Calm as lips well skilled in scorning,

Clear as souls all guile disproving,—
Cold as hearts unloved—unloving.
Like the eye of faith fixed riven,
Gazing up alone to heaven ;
With the cliffs like hopes around it,
Reaching high but not to bound it.

Reaching high, and reaching higher,
Like some grand cathedral spire,
Whispering to the clouds above it—
Heaven is fair and I will love it.
In the night the stars are shining,
Crimson suns at day's declining
Gild the clouds with silver lining.
We can gaze without repining,
Far upon earth's bosom lying
Only *human hearts* are sighing.

Thus the lake within the cañon,
Thus the mountains wild and rugged,
Thus the waters looked to heaven,
Pure as faith, cold, fixed, and riven ;
Thus the eagle of the north land
Gazed upon the Hidden Valley,
Soared and flapped his wings with pleasure,
Perched upon some pine or cedar,
Then arose, and in wild laughter
Called his mate that followed after ;
Dipped his plumage in the water,
Soared from cliff to cliff still higher,

Sought the sun, till nigher, nigher—
They were specks amid its fire.
Farther down this cañon widened,
Miles below it spread and widened
To a valley rich and charming,
Filled with game unharmed—unharming.
On whose breast, 'tis fair to see it,
Shines a lake that nestles in it,
Like a diamond in its casket,
Like a brilliant set in emerald ;
Sparkling like a dew-gemmed blossom,
Or a pearl on woman's bosom.

For the lake was as a mirror,
Glossy with the sunshine on it,
And bright landscapes dancing in it.
And the golden sands that glisten,
While the wild deer pause and listen
As they drink its placid waters,
To the bubbling streamlet's laughter,
As it ripples o'er the pebbles.

With bright verdure spread around it,
And the mountain sides to bound it,
What can break its charm or sever
Its wild music and its beauty ?
'Tis a savage band with booty.
With sad captives sitting dreary,
As lone trees upon the prairie.

When the wailing winds keep sighing,
And the dismal rain is sobbing.
Some are sad, and some are lonely,
Some scenes wild and rugged only,
Some hearts saying, full of sorrow,
Dreading clouds and storms to-morrow :
“ Bright shall be my hearth-stone never,
For my loved are gone for ever.”

These are weary, but more weary
Are lone captives sitting dreary,
Bound and waiting, only waiting,
Powerless in their love or hating.
With no eye to seek and love them,
But the storm-clouds bent above them.
On the rock with sides so rugged,
Beetling o'er the mountain jagged,
Sat a band of savage warriors,
Brooding o'er their ills and sorrows.
“ Bring the captives, we will burn them,
We will torture, roast, and turn them,”
Said a stern and gloomy chieftain,
Who seemed chiefest and seemed spokesman.
“ That the pale-faced chiefs may tremble
When the warriors red assemble.”

The captives were brought, one manly, one fair,
They trembled at naught, but smiled at despair ;
The captives were bound, on her wrists soft and fair,
The thongs were tied round with the rudest of care.

Then in soft Spanish tongue she said in firm tone,
" For this brave loved and young, let me die alone ;
But save *him*, his life a ransom will bring,
He is godlike in strife, and great as a king."

But " Nay," said the chiefs, " a lily to die,
Like a chieftain so brave ? and a warrior to fly
From the terrors of death, like the timid of heart ;
Like the roe at the breath of the breezes to start,

" And tremble with fear ? Fie ! pallid of face ! "
Then Truman spoke clear, with valour and grace :
" I fear not the death, but how cowardly thou.
If my hands thou'l untie, I'll write ' Cain ' on thy brow."

Then snapped his thongs with a wrench, snatched a torch
from the trench,
In the face of the chiefs its blazes doth quench ;
Then he sprang like a deer, with the torch in his hand,
Where, some steps in the rear, kegs of powder doth stand.

Quick he lifted the brand, while all held their breath,
Then 'twas hurled from his hand, to the red flash of
death.
Then *he* sprang from the rock, while there shot to the sky
A red glare, with a shock that resounded on high.

And the rocks strew the vale, by the lake and the rill,
And the blue sky looks pale ere the echoes grow still.
But where are the red chiefs, where the fair and the brave ?
Do they soar on the cloud reefs, is the valley their grave

CANTO TENTH.

THE AGED CHIEF.—A LEGEND.

BRIGHT in the glowing east afar,
In argent sheen sank morning star ;
While fringed and draped with golden lace,
Aurora came with beaming face.
One day had passed, the next begun—
That glorious orb of day, the sun,
Came forth his proud career to run.
The valley smiled beneath his ray,
The mountains rose to greet the day ;
And lifted their uncovered head,
To praise the God who blessings shed.

The lake upon the valley's breast,
Like cup of silver lay at rest ;
Yet sparkled in the sun and air,
Like diamonds in a maiden's hair.
Like beautiful Lake Como, when
She smiles amid her Alpine glen,
Where mountains girt the beauteous vale
With battlements of emerald pale,
As fair a gem 'mid mountain sea,
As the far-famed vale of fair Tempe.

Toward the valley's farthest end,
Behold an aged savage bend ;
His head was bald, his locks were white,
His eyes were sunk and dim of sight.
The cave wherein he did abide
Was dark, within the mountain side.
There, on the morn of that fair day,
In saddest plight rose Truman Gray.
For, having leaped from mountain edge,
And rolled adown its rocky ledge,
He rose benumbed and weak with pain,
And wandered o'er the valley's plain.

“ Whose step is this that wanders by ? ”
The old man said with startled cry.
“ A stranger, wounded and distressed,
Who seeks for shelter, food, and rest.”
The aged said, “ My welcome guest,
Enter my cave, take food and rest.”
He entered where the aged dwelt,
While grateful thanks his bosom felt.

While months pass on, and days fly by
Like winds that bear the wanderer's sigh,
They learned each other's speech to know,
And strangeness turns to friendship's glow.
On game and herbs, and mountain trout,
And springs that from the mountain spout,
They feast and drink where nature smiles.
And oft the chief the day beguiles

With tales of distant years and days,
Of hunts and wars and savage ways.
For never yet did any race
Backward its stream of lineage trace,
But what in wonder and amaze
They said, "What giants in those days."
Still standing o'er their mouldering clods,
They claim them offsprings of the gods.
One legend did our hero please
That told of ancient lands and seas.
In language thus the legend ran,
Thus slowly spoke the aged man.

THE LEGEND.*

Far across the world of waters,
Far back in the times of old,
In a land of vines and sunshine,
Dwelt the pale-faced warriors bold.
Children of twelve mighty brothers,
Who were chieftains in their time,
Dwelt in tents and herded cattle
In that land of milder clime.

To that land the Spirit led them,
And upon a mountain height,
'Mid thunder and dread lightning,
Gave them laws to guide aright.

* This legend is intended to indicate the savages of America as the descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel.

And his form was like the lightning,
Thunderbolts were in his hand ;
A cloud by day, a light by night,
He led them to that land.

There they dwelt and grew in numbers,
In the distant days of yore ;
More than stars in heaven unnumbered,
Or the sands upon the shore.
After years of peace and plenty,
After famine, wars, and fame ;
Came from out the morning sunrise,
A king of mighty name.

Then with fire and sword he ravished
All that quiet, peaceful land ;
And his conquering warriors slaughtered,
With a fierce and bloody hand.
Till the wailing of the women,
And the orphan'd children's cry,
Rose above the tallest mountain,
Sobbed and echoed to the sky.

Then the king said, " Gather, gather,
All the ten tribes, great and small,
From the valleys and the mountains,
And banish one and all.
These are my human sacrifice,
Sent unto the rising sun ;
To the seas far north and eastward,
They their journey have begun.

“There upon the distant ocean,
Bright upon the sunrise seas ;
They shall glide into the sunrise,
Wafted by the golden breeze.”
Onward marched the gloomy captives,
Guarded through the distant land ;
Over plains of emerald verdure,
Over streams of golden sand.

By the wreck of ruined temples,
Through the land of unknown gods ;
Through the wilds of many woodlands,
Where the hunter never trod.
Till upon the shore of waters
Did the feeble captives weep ;
As in boats, but rude constructed,
They were launched upon the deep.

Launched upon the world of waters,
As the sun rose o'er its waves ;
An oblation to the sunrise,
Launched both children, wives, and braves.
And their captor guards returning,
Sent across the sea a shout ;
Till the captives' hair stood upward,
And the rising sun went out.

Then, 'mid murky seas and darkness,
Scattered, desolate, and lost ;
On the world of mighty waters,
They were whelmed and tempest-tossed ;

Till the sun came out in brightness,
And they drifted to this shore ;
But their hair stood up like bristles,
As it never stood before.

And their faces pale and pallid,
Were dark and red like gore ;
And they journey on and travel,
And will travel evermore.

The Good Spirit sent them hither,
Sent them to this silent shore,
Where were many bear and bison
In the hunting days of yore.

Here they roved from north to south land,
Till they spread o'er all the land,
And they worship the Great Spirit,
Who their fathers did command ;
Whose voice is in the thunder,
And who rules the stormy sky,
Whose hand lifts up the mountains,
And sets the stars on high.

We, the red-faced child of forests,
Are descendants of the gods,
The Good Spirit breathed upon us
And formed us from the clods,
And when life's journey's ended,
We shall meet the Spirit there,
In the hunting-grounds of promise,
Far amid the realms of air.

CANTO ELEVENTH.

THE RESCUE, AND THE RED PALADINS.

THE mountains dressed in robes of snow,
Rose from the tranquil vale below,
To clear blue sky that bent above,
As if to press a kiss of love.
In whose translucent depths of air,
As rose the sun in splendour fair,
Shone sparkling gems of crystal clear,
Like diamonds 'mid the atmosphere.

The frosty coruscations bright,
Like glittering jewels charmed the sight,
And winter spread her snowy veil
O'er mountain top and verdant dale,
And made a lofty temple grand
Of azure sky and fleecy land.
Oft ere the sun with brilliant smile
Rose up beyond their hugest pile,
Young Truman trod, with footsteps light,
A snowy path 'long mountain height ;
Whose earnest eye and vision keen
Took in the grandeur of the scene.

AND LOTUS LEAVES.

He paused now on the mountain side,
And scanned Pacific's waves of pride.
Brushed from a rock its snowy crown,
And on its mossy edge sat down.

“Oft here I've come,” he said, “to view
The bay and ocean's waves of blue,
In hope some ship might hug this shore,
I reach it—and my wanderings o'er.
But Fate's adverse, with mountain wilds,
And drifts of snow in dark defiles.
Like gleams of hope some ships have passed
To leave a sadder breast at last.
For Hope doth span this sea of life
With all its waves of stormy strife,
As yon cerulean vault of blue
Doth span the rolling waves I view.
And yon majestic surging sea,
Fit emblem of eternity,
Is like man's soul, 'tis never free,
Amid life's storms that darkly lower,
Amid her calmest, peaceful hour,
From strife and rolling tides of thought,
Where rainbow hues of hope are caught.

“Hope is the polar star of night
That God hath set to fix the sight,
And bid the soul look unto Him
Before whose light the sun is dim—

Whose gaze the solid earth can melt,
As if a thousand suns did belt
Its form with all-consuming fire.
Oh, lift my soul unto Thee nigher,
Thou Light across life's narrow sea,
That lights my soul's eternity ! ”
His was the mind that loved to view
God in nature. And there he drew
Fresh inspiration, for nature's grace
Seemed more familiar than man's face,
And bid his heart and faith look higher,
Unto the soul's immortal Sire.
He was not of the sneering kind,
Who thought it showed a lack of mind
To own the Hand that framed the skies
Was grandly strong and wondrous wise.

Oh, shame ! to lift the puny arm,
A throbbing brow, and lip of scorn—
A beat of heart or pulse of brain,
A little span of joy and pain,
A gasp—a breath—we call the life,
And challenge to forensic strife,
Omniscient wisdom who made all,
And central suns for His football.

Next to revealed and nature's God,
Whose face shone o'er the path he trod,
Was her whose charm of soul and face
Lit brighter lamps of heavenly grace

Within his heart, and there begun
To be affection's central sun.
Like bursts of joy in life's June,
She'd set his song of life to tune ;
Whose music through its crystal sphere
Rose like an anthem rich and clear,
To charm with gladness and to cheer.
Next to his God she nobly stood,
Divinely fair, divinely good.

For hours he mused his wanderings o'er,
Then saw a ship approach the shore.
He hurried down the mountain side,
And pressed towards Pacific's tide,
Which far away seemed scarce as far
As Ajax tossed a mace of war.
When past the mountains, 'mid the hills,
A sudden fear his bosom thrills ;
A hundred braves like magic rose,
And stood like statues in repose.

As if the wizard blast of Duh,
Had raised from earth his clansmen true ;
As if the dragon's teeth were sown,
They rose from shrub and tree and stone.
The chief then ordered, with command,
The prisoner bound both foot and hand.
Thus destiny did darkly loom,
A spectre still enwrapt in gloom.

While night came down and winds were high,
And fateful clouds bespread the sky.
Next morn they bring the prisoner round,
And to a tree he's tightly bound.
They then stand off and hatchets throw,
As if to brain him at a blow ;
And pleased such torture can give pain,
They try it o'er and o'er again.
And then, their horrid torture done,
Demand that he the "gauntlet" run ;
Now, women fierce and warriors brave,
Provide themselves with club and stave,
And form two lines, with space between,
And sternly stand with savage mien.

"Few carry hope who enter there,
Who passeth through their life we spare."
With sinking heart and stubborn breath,
He bounded through this lane of death.
He staggers 'neath the fearful blows,
Showered thick and stern as winter snows.
He presses on through that red host,
He staggers—reels—and all is lost.
But no ! marines, from ship on coast,
Rush on them, with a sudden shout,
That put the cruel braves to rout.

CANTO TWELFTH.

WHAT SHADOWS WE ARE—EUROPEAN TOUR.

THE day was drizzling, damp, and chill,
As the gloomy hearse came up the hill ;
Came up the hill in the little vale,
Came where the stricken ones bewail,
With silent tongue to tell its tale
Of man's mortality. Who can read ?
A thousand tongues speak in the deed,
A thousand hearts have need to bleed,
Where wave its plumes, and pause its steed.

What forms once proud, now cold and bowed,
What nerveless limbs in pallid shroud ;
What pulseless heart no longer swells ;
Its solemn pause its presence tells ?
Yon youth with haughty brow and form,
And manhood strong to breast life's storm,
And wrinkled age and beauty gay,
May need it ere another day,
To add clay to its mother clay.

Who hath not in the solemn night,
Dreamt that his spirit took its flight,

And felt the dismal hearse that bore
Him to the grave's unhinging door ;
Then felt his heart sink low to hear
The clods that rattled o'er his bier ?

Who hath not in sleep's fancy flight,
Beheld a gulf yawn in his sight,
Of deep unmeasured gloom and dark—
A void where hope could glean no spark—
Who hath not caught a glimpse of death,
And paused in dream to catch his breath ?
On the day before a shadow fell
On the happy home at Eden Dell.
A shadow that falls on every home,
A shadow that dwells in every dome,
In every smile of lovely face,
Bewitching form or charming grace.

As the hearse came up the sloping lane,
With sad, pale face, spoke Ethel Vane :
“Oh, my father dear ! None now can cheer,
For thy form lies cold and coffined here,
Soon to be borne to thy narrow rest
'Neath the clod of the vale. And thy breast
Once so warm, and thy arm once so strong
To protect in thy love, ere long
Shall be dust unto dust, dust, dust.
Life has passed, soul has passed from its clay,
Passed from earth and from sunlight away.
I am fatherless,—orphaned to-day.

Life is brief, hopes are brief—most brief,—
Tears of grief cannot bring us relief.
When the dream of this life shall be past,
Shall we meet, oh, my father ! at last ? ”

Ah ! what can heal the wounded heart,
Extract from grief its stinging smart,
And bid the sad and troubled soul
Be calm amid the storms that roll ?
”Tis heaven’s work the soul to save,
And calm life’s tempest and its wave.
And noiseless steps and silence there,
Showed death was in that mansion fair.
And hearse, with sable plume, at door
Would bear what would return no more,
The master of its stately hall,
To two by six of earth,—his all.
Now o’er that face with soft brown hair,
Was shade of grief and sad despair,
”Twas sorrow’s veil of sombre touch,
That showed the heart had suffered much.

The solemn procession moved away
To where they lay the coffined clay.
Amid the drizzle, chill, and gloom,
They lowered it in the open tomb.
“ Ashes to ashes,” the preacher said,
And bowed in prayer above the dead.
And here through ages have laid them down,
The wearer of rags or kingly crown.

While the world moves on with restless tread,
As it soon will move above your head.

But months fly by, and tears must dry,
And hearts forget each sad good-bye.
And cheeks will bloom that grief did waste,
Forgetting sorrow's bitter taste.
The sun as brightly glow and shine,
And other loves the heart entwine,
And other thoughts the mind employ
While toying with some earthly toy.
Else life would be a darker doom
Than Tophet's shades or Pluto's gloom.

From New York Bay, toward the sea,
A stately ship rode proud and free,
While on her crowded deck there stood
A group of tourists in gay mood.
Then Ethel spoke with earnest soul,
“The waves in their playfulness roll,
And the sky seems the earth to enfold
With curtains of soft azure hue,
Draped and arched o'er a world of sea-blue.
The sun with the fervour of prayer
Looks down in rich splendour so fair,
And the gleam and the glow of his rays,
Like the flush of a cheek at its praise,
Like the flash of a bright rolling eye,
Thrills and warms the soft soul of the sky.

“The ships come and go in their glee,
Like worlds on the breast of the sea—
Like souls with a haven in view,
Seem strong to go on and be true.
And the shores basking dim in the day,
Like dark times of old, fade away—
Like hopes that have flown with the past,
Like shadows dark memories cast.”
Then Beaumont said, “I little share
Your love for nature’s beauties rare.”

“But you have made,” fair Ethel said,
“A sad mistake of heart and head.
’Tis bliss of thought, ’tis food for brain,
Who taste will wish to taste again.
And nature’s beauties ever stand
The wonders of a matchless hand,
Where lofty minds may walk abroad
And catch bright glimpses of its Lord.
As in a temple grandly view
Its varied beauties ever new.

“And gazing thus the mind unfurls
To beauty richer than all worlds,
And treads the temple of its God,
Like rainbow resting on the sod,
Yet lifting its empyrean head
Beyond where burning suns are fed.”
“Poetic fancy, is it true?”
“Ah! poets take a grander view;

And viewing life 'tis his to see
Oft not what is, but what should be.
For instance, let one take a stroll
Through quiet vales where streamlets roll,
And view a peaceful hamlet there
With church spire pointing souls to prayer,
And quiet scenes, unvexed by creeds,
Becalm the breast to gentlest deeds ;
He says, ' How peaceful, and how fair
This lovely vale and fragrant air !
It seems a heaven here begun,
Nor sweeter spot beneath the sun.'

"And such it should be, but ah ! then
Should he learn this : rude, quarrelsome men
Dwell in that vale, and women fair
Tattle and scatter scandal there ;
The flock that seeks the church he viewed
Are torn by faction—cursed by feud.
This breaks the charm. When this we see
'Tis that which is, but should not be.
" It was the fault of man that there
Was strife where should be peace and prayer.

True poetry is meant to raise
Truth's standard—point to duty's ways,
To lift the world's eye, bid it view
Earth's noblest joys for ever new,
And make such standards and such goals
As fit the grandeur of our souls ;

To elevate the plain of life,
Strew flowers amid its sordid strife ;
Bid springs perennial burst and flow
Along the dusty paths we go ;
To glad our hearts and cheer our ways,
And point our souls to brighter days.

“There’s poetry in earth and sky,
To thrill the soul and charm the eye ;
‘Tis in the bright and sweetest mood
Of all things beautiful and good.”
“For your sake I’ll believe it true,
But transient as the morning dew.”

“Not so,” she said, “for this I hold,
Thought is eternal as the soul,
And poetry’s the life of thought,
And its creations nobly wrought
Are more enduring than the land—
The hills that rise, the groves that stand.
Earthquakes may level, time decay,
But thought and mind ne’er pass away ;
They journey on through endless worlds,
Where souls expand and mind unfurls.
Poetry is useful. It dresses truth
In fadeless beauty, endless youth ;
Consigns foul wrong to dark despair,
And lifts the soul that bows in prayer.
‘Tis dowered with strength to help the weak,
To champion right and raise the meek.

Without its heavenly smile to cheer,
Earth would seem dark and life seem drear.

“ And this we know, and this we feel,
'Tis the ideal makes the real.
God thought of earth and it was made.
Man thought of temples ere were laid
Their deep foundations, and in air
Rose up their forms of beauty rare ;
Ere shone the sculptor's work refined,
A daintier form was in his mind,
And beauties that on canvas gleam
Are but the painter's inner dream ;
And ere the poet touched the lyre,
His soul thrilled with his words of fire.
Men oft let grossness pull them down ;
Weigh soul and body by the pound,
Nor seem to know that power of mind
Hath ever ruled and swayed mankind ;
And solid matter round it stands
As lumps of clay in potters' hands.

“ But see yon ship. There is a face
Seems bright with some familiar grace.
How earnest is his wistful gaze !
I've known that face in other days,
And yet my memory cannot trace
The time, the person, or the place.”
And turning from the deck, they soon
Were chatting in the gay saloon.

To ease the sorrows gone before,
Fair Ethel visits many a shore ;
" Does " Europe and the British Isles,
Views London shops and Paris styles ;
Looks on the Alps with glaciers grand,
And on the vales of Switzerland ;
Views fair Italia's orange bowers,
Rome's crumbling piles and ruined towers ;
And strolled where red-ripe suns incline
O'er vine-clad bowers along the Rhine,
And breathed the cool refreshing breeze
From Baltic and the Northern Seas.

And while in Rome, on a lovely night,
They view the Coliseum by moonlight—
Whose grandeur seemed the heart to thrill,
And all the soul with grandeur fill,
Which then rose up, supremely free,
To grasp for God and sympathy.

The scene was weird and wondrous grand—
The relic of a wondrous land.
Where Rome, proud mistress of the earth,
Held cruel carnival and mirth,
Delighting in the horrid feasts
Of Christians torn by savage beasts.
It rose so grand, so towering high,
It seemed to arch the very sky,
And lift its walls of mossy stone
Like ruins of a world unknown.

These two strolled from the rest aside,
And sat beneath an archway wide.
Beaumont and Ethel, side by side.
She mused upon sad memories past,
While *he* admiring glances cast
On her, whose face, in tranquil light,
Shone with angelic halo bright ;
And seemed, in sunlight or in shade,
The fairest good the gods e'er made.

He asked her then to be his wife,
His guardian angel 'mid earth's strife.
He said : " Amid the wreck and gloom,
Where these vast ruins grandly loom,
He felt companionship a need,
A pulse to beat—a heart to bleed
In sympathy. That desolation lone
Might never claim him as its own ;
Nor ruin brood where joy should smile,
As o'er this solitary pile.

" And he, to woman's love unknown,
Though sceptred on earth's grandest throne,
Like this vast pile, doth dreary stand—
A ruin 'mid the fairest land ;
For God made woman's noble love
Of pure and rarest joys above,
And put man's earthly heaven in it,
If he's but worthy and can win it."

Then Ethel mused, and answered low :
“ The moonlight o'er these ruins glow
And gives dark shadows to the walls ;
So memory's twilight sadly falls
Upon the ruined wrecks that rise
Within my heart. Its broken ties,
Once grandly fair, stand sad and drear,
Like shadows o'er these ruins here ;
These, all my love and reverence claim,
A memory—what you please—a name ;
A dream of bliss, a joy once mine,
An idol wrecked within its shrine.

“ I have no love, no heart to give ;
The heart that once did glow and live
Is in a lone grave far away—
Dug 'mid the past. There let it stay.”

The moon, now darkened by a cloud,
Threw o'er the scene a sombre shroud,
And, like the clods thrown on a bier,
Some distant footfalls echoed clear ;
And pausing in the words they said,
They heard the watchman's lonely tread.
Then, in the pause, the owlet's cry
Awoke the startled air near by
As both arose. Each breathed a sigh ;
And 'mid the moonlight and the shade,
They vanished as two shadows fade ;
Amid the grandeur and the gloom,
Where Rome's proud ruins grandly loom.

CANTO THIRTEENTH.

WHAT SHADOWS WE PURSUE—WRECKED.

UPON that bright midsummer day
A ship rode into New York Bay ;
And Truman trod his native shore,
And thought to turn and roam no more ;
For life preserved he breathed a prayer,
For help that came 'mid dark despair.

He'd been in ports of far Japan,
Of China and of India's strand ;
'Mid Orient climes and yellow seas,
'Mid ardent suns and balmy breeze ;
'Mid gorgeous splendours, heathen fanes,
Where cruel lust most cruel reigns ;
Where all is fair in land and clime
But man becursed with every crime ;
And trodden 'neath ambition's sport,
Crushed down by priest and Juggernaut ;
At superstition's base command
Bound mind and soul, bound foot and hand.

Had crossed the surge of waters where
Cape Horn roars from her stormy lair,

And lifts her pyramid of rock
To breast two oceans' solid shock.
A granite wall that God did grow,
Saying, "No farther shalt thou go.
But here this granite pile shall stand
To part the waves on either hand,
A tower of adamantine worth,
Built on the solid ribs of earth."

He'd seen the thick Brazilian wood
Where rolls the Amazonian flood—
This inland sea, this mammoth strand
Of ocean flowing through the land,
The mother of a thousand streams,
The sire of almighty rivers ;
Where hastening seas of waters gleam,
And dancing wave in sunlight quivers.

Where forest kingdoms richly loom
Entwined with vines of brilliant bloom,
Where graceful palms enchain the sight,
And grasses forty feet in height—
Scenes that no pen hath yet unfurled
In tints of beauty and of splendour.
'Tis gorgeous as a rainbow world
Begirt with hues of rainbow splendour.
Young Truman soon did hear and knew
What he had dreaded, feared was true,
That Ethel Vane from New York Bay
Had sailed for Europe on that day,

And on the ship that passed him by,
Had held entranced his anxious eye,
And caused her then to strive to trace
Remembrance of his wistful face.

He took a ship, to seek her smile,
And join her tour of British isle.
His ship ploughed swiftly through the main,
And yet to him it seemed in vain.
He wished her speed had wings that flew
More fleetly than the winds that blew ;
And skimming fast the briny sea,
Kept pace with his expectancy.
Two days—three days, and still she trod
The ocean like a winged god ;
The next day rose bright, fair, and clear,
But ere the night sank dark and drear,
While sleep threw mantle of its charm
O'er love's unrest and fear's alarm.

How long, he knew not, ere the day
He felt the shock, the ship did sway
And tremble. Then, as if to gain
Her feet, she plunged amid the main ;
And women shriek—but most are still
Like bosoms stunned too deep to thrill ;
The quaking timbers groan in grief,
And tremble like a storm-tossed leaf ;
And in her breast of steel and wood,
She seemed to feel the angry flood

Tear at her heart—a lunge, a splash—
Her timbers fall with fearful crash.
Then Trueman seized a hatchway door,
And as the angry sea rushed o'er,
He launched it on a stormy wave,
The only hope his life to save.

And 'mid the roaring, rushing sea,
And 'mid wild shrieks of agony,
Of hopeless prayer and helpless moan,
Of struggling death and gurgling groan,
That stately ship once strong and brave
Sank 'neath the stormy whelming wave.
She braved its storms for many a day,
And came and went from bay to bay ;
She caught the winds that freely roam,
She made the blue waves dance with foam
As white as snow-flakes in the air,
And carried old and young and fair,
And many a hope and earnest prayer ;
When oh, alas ! one tempest night
When all was dark to earthly sight,
While steering on her pathless way,
She struck where foaming breakers lay.

The wild waves shrieked above her grave
And many were the fair, the brave,
That from her living breast she gave.
Some, scarcely rousing from their birth,
Thought nightmare held them to the earth,

While waters cold as winter's storm
Rolled darkly o'er their breathless form,
And wondered fancy thus could seem,
And dying thought it all a dream.
Far out upon old ocean's flood,
In hopeless, sad, despairing mood,
With parched lip and shivering form,
Truman still hoped through wave and storm—
“ Oh, God ! my refuge and my rock,
'Mid storms that beat, and waves that shock,
Unmeasured depths beneath me yawn,
Infinite heights above me fawn
As if to mock my hopeless fate,
And blast a speck from time and date.”

The third day's light did slowly fade,
The third night lower its dismal shade,
And as it settled o'er the deep,
He fell in an exhausted sleep.
The waves then quieted, and now
The stars looked down from heaven's brow,
And saw him clutching his frail sea barque—
A waif that floated amid the dark.

Then, quick aroused by sudden shock
That made his frail boat quake and rock—
He woke. The stars of silver hue
Shone in the sky and waves of blue ;
The surf lay in their beds asleep,
And silence brooded o'er the deep ;

He looked, and saw a crystal isle
Rise just before with cheerless smile.
It was an iceberg island grand,
That floated from some northern strand—
Now 'neath the gleaming stars alone,
A sea becrowned with jewelled throne.
Then, clambering up its rugged side,
He viewed the sky and ocean wide—
A king upon a crystal throne,
A monarch of dread wastes unknown.

There slaked his thirst with calm delight
From snows upon that crystal height—
Snows soft and pure as childhood's kiss,
And fair as maiden's smile of bliss—
The crystal snow with peerless glow
That fell from heaven to plains below,
Unknowing if 'twould turn to mire,
Or cool the lips else would expire.

And now he saw the clouds unfold
And dress in purple, red, and gold
To meet their ardent lover's gaze—
The morning sun, with genial blaze ;
Whose coming made the waters smile
As rosy as a playful child,
And glitter like a thousand stars
Were woven with its rainbow bars,
And yet, coquetish as a maid,
Would blush in gold of every shade

And smile in every rose's hue
That God hath kissed with sun and dew.
And Truman felt strong hunger's pain
While wandering o'er this icy plain,
And, as he passed a rugged knoll,
Above his head he heard a growl.
He turned, and saw a polar bear
Spring at him from his icy lair.

He drew his jack-knife, stepped aside,
And as it lit he probed its side.
They struggling, fell—'twas hard to tell
Whose bones would strew the icy dell.
At length the steel was plunged so stout
It reached his heart and the blood flowed out.
And the dead bear lay 'neath the golden day,
And Truman knelt as one to pray;
Starving he ate, nor thought it wrong,
On food, as prayer, the soul grows strong.

Oh ! ye who taste the dainty wine !
And on rich viands feast and dine ;
Ye scarce can know what nature craves
When palates yearn and hunger raves !
Ye know not what will bless and cheer
The hungry when no better's near.
And there three days he lived and sailed,
And oft his dreary fate bewailed—
There, seated on his icy throne,
And viewing that dread waste and lone,
He said : "The hopes on which we stand
Are like ice-ships and ropes of sand—

The sun will shine, the winds will blow,
And then they vanish like the snow.

“ And life is like that person who
Our Saviour to the mountain drew,
And promised all the world so fair
If He would bow and worship there.
We bow and worship. Then we view
Our rich possessions. But mildew
Is on their fairness, at their core
The blighting worm, the cancer sore.

“ Each pleasure has its sting of pain,
Each joy we garner seems in vain.
The cypress with the laurel wave,
And death’s the glory of the brave.
Joy, fame, and wealth soon pass away,
Those meteors of a stormy day,
Those idols of a longing heart
We dream are balm to ease its smart.
Fate’s iron hand seems on our life,
And we are pygmies in the strife;
Our hearts are torn and taught to feel
They should be stone incased in steel;
That we should check life’s ardent glow,
Throttle ambition, pride, and show,
Eject love’s cancer from the breast,
With its dark brood of doubt, unrest,
And worn with grief, our brows bend low
Down to the dust, till thence we go.”

But hark ! He hears a grating crash,
A lunge, a tremor, and a splash.
The icy hills are torn and hurled
As if an earthquake rent his world,
And 'mid the heaving fragments tossed
He deemed all hope was lost, was lost.

His bruised limbs were too cold to smart,
And a dark chill crept near his heart.
He thought, " Soon, dreary and alone,
A corpse shall float this waste unknown,
And I shall solve this problem deep
If spirits rest, if souls can sleep ;
That problem that hath puzzled man
Since time was young, since earth began ;
O'er which the wise and brave hang fears
And earth hath wept a sea of tears.

" Soon I'll unlock 'mid these dread seas
The mystery of mysteries,
And when gone hence, return no more,
Breathe not earth's air, cull not its lore.
This mystery I must shortly try,
The sting of death *is mystery*—
A darkness spreading o'er the brain,
A dulness where there once was pain,
A stillness in the throbbing breast,
A beamless eye, a heart at rest,
A spirit fled ; where ? We know not—
A gasp of breath and earth's forgot.

“What next? Who knows? Perhaps a dream,
A lightning flash, a silver gleam;
A sunshine far beyond the night,
A spirit treading worlds of light;
A silence broken 'mong the stars,
The universe in spangled bars
Of rainbow beauty, and bright hues,
With music dropping like the dews;
An anthem through the joyous years
Saying, ‘Here’s the end of death and tears,
And here’s where joy and hope unfurls
As dreamt by souls in other worlds.’

“Or woeful fate, from death’s dark doom
Sink down to depths of endless gloom,
And deeper night, where wild despair
Can breathe no words of hope or prayer;
And where the God of gods unknown,
Except to curse His spotless throne.”

But heavens! His stiffened limbs and sore,
Can hold his freezing weight no more,
He breathes a prayer and lifts his eye
To look his last on earth and sky;
Then sees a ship slow sailing by.
“Help! mercy!” was his feeble cry,
And then he fell. A hungry wave
Received him to its liquid grave;
And kissed him with its lips of foam
As greets a wife her husband home.

CANTO FOURTEENTH.

A RETURN—A FAREWELL.

ON a bright, rosy evening in June,
A songster was warbling a tune,
In the evergreen branches above,—
A troubadour's song to his love.

In a parlour all costly and fine,
With windows rich trellised with vine,
Where roses and lilacs in bloom
Wafted into it sweetest perfume ;
Beaumont bowed him low to his love,
And gazed in her fair face above ;
Yet he lacked that sweet frankness and grace
That shines from the soul through the face.

“ Oh, bid my sorrows all depart,
Grant me,” he said, “ but half thy heart.
A gem that's worth this earthly ball,
How could I hope to win it all.
Pity the heart that's sad distressed,
Pity the soul in its dark unrest.
Oh ! bless the soul where thy image bright
Hath rose like the sun o'er its world of night.

My love hath shrined thy image fair,
Its hope, its heaven, and its prayer.
Wilt thou accept its proffered aid,
No consecrated fane or shade
E'er held an idol such as thee,
Or such a worshipper as me.
My heart's a gorgeous waiting fane,
And thou its idol, oh, remain !
My soul like ancient earth's in night,
Oh, speak its chaos into light."

He paused. She reached her hand ; a tear
Shone in her soft eye bright and clear,
Her breast shook with a trembling sigh
Of tenderness and sympathy.
She raised him to a seat the while,
And smiled through tears to see him smile.
" The flag is lowered, the battle done,
What love hath won is nobly won."
And then the tear that would not stay
Was gently, sweetly kissed away ;
And yet that cheek still felt the stain
Was something sadder than a pain.

Oh, gentle heart of woman true,
That drops in mercy like the dew,
That falls in blessings like the rain,
To cheer and soothe another's pain ;
No ear more ope to mercy's cry,
No breast so touched by sorrow's sigh,

No softer hand, more melting eye
Than woman's, true and tenderly.
Within the tree-top sings the bird,
Beside the gate a step is heard,
And Truman brushed the lilac bloom,
And sniffed with joy the glad perfume.
He thought of parting by that gate,
Nor doubted time, nor questioned fate.
His step was quick, his soul was proud,
His glance fell on a fleecy cloud.

He paused by window wreathed with vine,
He saw another's arm entwine
Round plighted idol of his heart ;
His soul leaped up with sudden start.
“ To enter there would be unkind,
To longer stay would make me blind.
Who could endure whate'er betide
To see another claim his bride—
To see another's arm entwine
Her waist, like tendrils round a vine ?

“ Oh, that my life by sailors brave,
Had ne'er been snatched from ocean's wave.”
He turned more cursed as unbeloved
Than Adam when with one beloved
He turned from Eden. With footsteps fast
He down the rosy twilight passed.
When Truman turned his room to share,
He met his friend, proud Maud St. Clare.

“Ah, Truman, in your travels say,
Have you e'er met young Hugh McVey.”
She blushed. “Alas ! He was a friend
I meant not to displease—offend.”
Then Truman pausing, said, “One day
While shielded from the sun’s bright ray
Beneath a tent, he did unfold
The secret of a love untold.”

“Oh ! he was wrong—what him despair ?
No man was blessed with love more rare.
“Earl Darring, too, when but a youth,
With eyes of blue and heart of truth,
Returned from college, but to find
His plighted one had been unkind.”
“Ah ! Pauline Golden, she was taught
To mind her parents, and she thought
That she must marry whom they said,
Regardless how her bosom bled ;
And then she heard with jealous ear,
That he another held more dear.
But ‘twas untrue, for oft it’s so,
That rumour’s false as fiends below.

“Deception is a blighting curse,
Detraction is a curse that’s worse ;
Of all the curse on human kind
A slandering tongue’s the worst we find.
Deception was my fault of old—
When most I loved my look was cold.

For fear my thoughts would speak aloud,
My mien was haughty, cold, and proud.
'Tis writ in Truth sent from above :
'Without dissimulation, love.'"

Then Truman and fair Maud depart,
Each musing with a saddened heart.
"I love to think how very sweet,"
He said, "to feel the warm heart beat,
To feel the red lip pressed to lip,
And like the bee the honey sip,
To feel two hearts together beat,
As one times music with the feet,
To taste the cup more rich than wine
From juicy clusters of the vine.

"And yet I say, and count the cost,
'Twere better to have loved and lost,
Than, like the beast that treads the stall,
To never love or sigh at all.
"Twere better to have seen the sun,
And felt new life and joy begun
Though blinded by its dazzling light,
Than always to have dwelt in night.
"Twere better to have lived, though strife
May mar the hasting hours of life—
Than dormant in the womb of night
A nothing known to life or light
That God hath spoken into birth,
To view the sun or tread the earth.

For on creation's ample breast
There is a spot where souls shall rest,
Far, far beyond the strife of time
A heaven eternal and sublime."
Then, on the bitter moment's spur,
He wrote and sent these words to her:

We parted for ever. No farewells were spoken—
I breathed not a sigh and I gave not a token
That the heart thou hadst wounded, the hopes thou didst
sever
Had bid thee farewell through time and for ever.

When I came in proud joy with love's ardent haste,
Another's fond arm twined around thy fair waist.
From her strong-plighted faith he had won my fair bride,
And they cooed like the doves as they sat side by side.

As I turned in my sorrow, with care on my brow—
I ne'er had cursed woman, and will not curse now—
But I felt that the Eden, from man taken away,
Was snatched from my grasp by a woman that day.

In thy future of life, when thou hopest to be blest,
And thy heart turns to love, as a dove to her nest,
Mayest thou feel the keen pang of a heart that is spurned,
Or a love that is fickle and coldly returned.

We have met—I have loved—we have parted for ever.
I've suffered—I'm strong, and glad now to sever,
I seek not thy love, and will not—no, never,
We've parted in time—we've parted for ever.

CANTO FIFTEENTH.

MISFORTUNES—A DIGRESSION.

WHEN rose the sun with kindly cheer,
And kissed the darkness from that sphere,
Fair Ethel rose with heart oppressed,
For feverish dreams disturbed her rest,
To find in horror and amaze,
Her beauteous Eden home ablaze.
To see the burning cinders fly ;
To see a red glare belt the sky.

Ha ! how he laughs and waves his brand
With red perdition in his hand.
Ah ! now he grasps the roof on high,
And now the cinders whirl and fly ;
Then, from the blazing building red,
For life she quickly turned and fled.
Then standing, saw in sad affright,
Her home consumed to ashes white.

But such is fire ; when on the hearth
It glows and smiles in childish mirth,
'Tis like a friend that's good and mild ;
But let it madden and grow wild,

But let a spark the chimney throw
Upon the roof, where breezes blow,
'Twill seize a house and crush it in,
And frolic like the god of sin.

Then direful news came. Her estate
Was bankrupt, and her guardian late,
After bad management and waste,
Had took her all and fled in haste.
An orphan—both her parents dead,
A child to ease and fortune bred.
Young Truman was the lover true
She favoured, and her father too.
Their fathers had together roved
In youth, and the same woman loved.
But she denied his father then—
She could not marry both the men.
An angry quarrel then ensued
Which doubtful friends urged and renewed,
Until their heated blood ran high,
For honour's wounds some one must die—
For but a word, an angry breath,
They each must face a willing death.

A challenge sent—an answer came :
Pistols—ten paces—seconds name ;
Place—the churchyard on the hill ;
Six loads—and shoot until we kill ;
The time—sunrise to-morrow morn ;
I face the sun and you the church forlorn.

The morrow's sun rose fair and grand--
Ten paces off they take their stand ;
Two pistols in the sullen grasp
Of hands oft pressed in friendship's clasp.
The second speaks : "One—two—three—fire"—
But hark ! A voice rings clear and higher :
"Stop ! God forbid !" and rushed between.

They turned, with quick and startled mien,
And saw their loved one standing there
With tearful eyes and flowing hair.
She wildly urged, she shamed, she plead :
"When you look on the other, dead—
Slain by your hand—how could you dare ?
Tis barbarous—sinful. Stop ! Beware !"

They feel her words, they each relent,
Before her pleading beauty bent
Their stern hearts and their stubborn will,
Till kinder thoughts their bosoms fill.
And now she gently lays one's hand
Within the other's, and they stand
Two friends, led by an angel hand
From wilful murder, human gore,
To friendship more faithful than of yore.
And coming years taught each to see
Her life was love, peace, purity.
Then Truman's note came, which she read,
Then one from Beaumont, simply said :
"Your lover lives, we cannot wed."

Like Man of Uz, in times unknown,
Misfortunes did not come alone ;
And when her heart was most bowed down,
Faith viewed afar a starry crown,
And, by religion's golden ray,
She gazed on realms of fadeless day.

Religion, pilot of the soul
To heaven's fair fields, where bright unfold
The jasper sea, and streets of gold,
The tree of life, and streams of joy,
That death and pain can ne'er alloy ;
Communion with the spirit's sire,
A coal from out the altar's fire ;
A gem from off the tallest spire
Of God's all-wise, eternal love,
That lifts the soul to His above,
Consumes the dross, refines the clay,
Till winged with bliss 'twould soar away.

She felt religion's soothing touch,
Though much she suffered, it soothed much ;
Its deep and rich consoling power
Threw halo 'round that suffering hour—
Threw light above the lowering night,
And fixed a star to guide the sight.
Through suffering's fire the stricken soul
Rose up to seek a higher goal,
And in its seven-fold heat was tried,
To come out tempered—purified.

Sweet peace came down upon her head,
She rose in tears while thus she said :
“ All joys of earth must pass away,
All fortunes crumble and decay,
All hearts must feel some bitter pain,
All bliss must turn to grief again ;
And life that should be joy, delight,
Will fade to darkness and to night.

“ In youth, we step with buoyant air,
And dream all earth is bright and fair—
The flowers bloom, birds sweetly sing,
And life seems one bright joyous spring ;
But, when a few bright years have flown
And we are older, wiser grown,
The rosy hours of youth no more
Come back from o'er time's dusky shore ;
And then we see life's barren field
Can naught but transient joys yield.
For we are transient pilgrims here,
Oppressed by doubt and chilled by fear,
Who cross the hills where flowers grow
To rest within the valley low.

“ For hopes will fade, and hearts will burn,
And souls for highest bliss will yearn,
And love will have its wanderings here,
Earth brings us all some bitter tear.
And they who seek for perfect bliss
Must seek another world than this.”

CANTO SIXTEENTH.

THREE FRIENDS HAVE MET AGAIN.

THE sun his course had almost run,
And twilight shadows, dark and dun,
Began to sink o'er prairies wide,
As sinks the strand 'neath ocean's tide,
When far from down a mountain road,
A horseman on his charger rode.
His form swayed with a haughty mood,
His actions showed he was pursued ;
And yet his fearless mien and eye
Belied that he was forced to fly.

He sat erect, defiant, grand,
Looked back and shook his clenched hand,
And speeding fast as winds can blow,
Still hurled defiance at the foe.
His steed leaps o'er the rugged earth,
While foam flies from his dripping girth ;
With hoof of steel and heart of ire,
Strikes from the rocks their sullen fire,
And spurning earth beneath his feet,
Skims o'er the mountains swift and fleet,
And still with panting nostrils wide,
Feels rowels plunging in his side,

While his pursuers, pressing fast,
Are distanced by each moment passed,
Until they halt with sullen mien,
And turn unto the mountains green.
At length beside a tented train
Young Truman draws his courser's rein.
At once, from out a tent that day,
Earl Darring came, and Hugh McVey.
They three, upon the plains before
Had met, and talked their history o'er.
"How now, old friend?" "In mountains there,
I thought to hunt some deer or bear,
But, straying from my comrades far,
I stumbled into Indian war."

They enter then within the tent,
And there the night and evening spent,
There ate their supper, rude and plain,
With appetite that none can gain
But those who've breathed inspiring air
Upon the prairies vast and fair.

They two then unto Truman said :
"Three swiftly-gliding years have fled
Since last we met. Thou art not wed?
Thy lady fair has proved untrue,
Just as we said, for well we knew.
So lift the hand unto the sky,
Swear life's a cheat and love's a lie."

“ I will not, though I sought my bride
And found another by her side.
But you of all men last should be
To doubt a woman’s constancy.
I found your love—the proud brunette,
With queenly form and eye of jet—
Pure as the gold that’s fresh from mint,
True as the steel that cuts the flint.
And this she said—said Maud St. Clare :
‘ No man was blessed with love more rare.’ ”

“ Good heavens ! ” then Hugh McVey replied,
And shook the tent from side to side.
“ But with to-morrow’s rising sun,
To her my journey’ll be begun.”

Then Truman to Earl Darring turned,
“ Ah ! she for whom thy bosom burned
In youth, by death is now unwed.
‘ At parent’s stern command she wed,
While Pauline Golden’s bosom bled
With early love, true love for you.’
So, for one false there’s two that’s true.”
Earl Darring slowly then replied,
With sober thought, and gently sighed :
“ Long years have flown since on the day
I pressed her hand and strode away.
Since then the years have brought to me
The all I love—a memory—
A phantasy that haunts the brain
Like gleams of starlight on the main.

“ Methought I saw a heaven afar,
An Eden with the gate ajar,
An angel smiled as I gazed there,
'Twas beautiful, 'twas strangely fair.
It came—it went, and memory cast
Its beauty on the faded past.
I thought not memory'd give me pain
By turning oft to look again,
And love would burn in fancy's blaze,
And gazing, turn again to gaze.

“ Such dreams, alas ! they come to all,
Like heavenly visions we recall.
And memory's magic touch can bring
To faded flowers the hues of spring,
To withered hopes the bloom of youth,
The charm of beauty and of truth.
For memory's sweet enchantments rise—
A rainbow, spanning earth and skies,
A world of beauty that survives—
A heaven within our inner lives.

“ But ah ! if memory's visions bring
A dream that hath a waking sting,
That Eden hath a serpent there
To tempt to madness or to prayer.
And fruits forbidden ever rise,
More fair, more charming to the eyes.
Such, such is life, mind will unfurl
Some spirit dream from spirit world.

Unknowing why, or whence it came,
A dream too wondrous for a name.
'Tis yearnings of immortal souls
For higher bliss, and brighter goals,
For fairer heaven, and sweeter joys
And peace serene that naught alloys.

"If I have dreamt a dream like this,
That mocked me with untasted bliss,
Few knew it, and full thousands more
Have dreamt that very dream before.
Life yields us little ; though we drain
A brimming cup, 'tis mixed with pain.
Fate's hand hath stirred its bitter draught,
Else higher heaven we ne'er had sought.

"But saddest thing beneath, above,
Is burial of the heart's first love ;
To fold it as the silent dead
Within the shrine where it hath bled—
Its throne and tomb. Beside it there,
Grief's monument, and pale despair ;
Fond memory bending near to brood,
With drooping wings and tearful mood,
As cheerless as a sphynx's smile,
For ever gazing on the Nile.

"Yet every heart, like every town,
A churchyard hath—where it lays down
Its withered hopes and vanished joys,
Its faded dreams, and follies' toys,

To hide them from the light of day,
Where they may moulder to decay.

“Another’s palm hath fondly pressed
The lily hand I oft caressed ;
Another’s form hath clasped the breast—
’Twere heaven had it been mine that pressed—
Another’s lips hath drank the wine,
And left me but the cheerless vine—
She was not true, as thou hast said,
To love the one, the other wed ;
What ! worship Satan for love of God ?
Such truth’s untruth, though Jove should nod.

I’m older now, perhaps more wise.
No man should sigh deep plethoric sighs,
But champion his heart’s enterprise
Like a brave knight—be prudent, wise.
Bow not like slave or devotee
To senseless gods ; but make his plea,
Then stand like isles amid the sea
And front the storms. The heroes part
’Mid shattered wrecks of proudest heart.”

And thus they talked till rosy light
Grew gray and faded into night,
While sleep her opiate dews distilled
And every breast with silence filled,
And love came then with rosy dream
To kiss the joys that seem, that seem.

As rose the morning sun next day,
Far eastward rode young Hugh McVey,

CANTO SEVENTEEN.

LOVE'S REVERIES.

FROM out the chambers of the morn,
Aurora, goddess of the dawn,
With jewelled fingers did arise
To climb the ladder of the skies,
While, purpling on the orient blue,
The sable night her form withdrew.
And opal shadows gaily dance
Along the hills as they advance,
Like fairy sprites of light new born
That weave a chaplet for the morn.
Then, glowing on the azure plain,
Like heralds of a monarch's train,
Upon their steeds of dapple gray
Advance the heralds of the day.

Then as the sunlight kissed the dawn,
Young Truman rose and faced the morn.
And saw the glowing hues of day
Spread o'er the prairies far away,
Like rosy dawn of early love,
When Cupids 'mid the flowers rove.

He said, " Last night, in slumbrous dream,
Soft, loving eyes did lustrous beam
Into my own. And on my cheek
I felt warm, joyous tears that speak
The melting heart; lips touched to mine
As soft as rose-leaves—bliss divine!
Pillowed upon her soft warm breast
My head I gently, sweetly pressed,
And felt the pulse of love beat free
As yearning wild waves of the sea.
Heavens! I was prouder than a king,
Empires ne'er such raptures bring.
Each kiss was worth a thousand pounds,
Each tear a planet-load of crowns.

" This was my kingdom, ne'er to part,
For I was lord of the loving heart.
Was Antony wise? For such bliss
He gave an empired world like this.
Had Alexander's hopes thus furled
He ne'er had wept for other world.
Had Mary's love a Byron blest,
His life had been a sea at rest—
Not casting up foul earth and mire—
A ship that sailed a sea of fire,
A genius burning with that love
That makes a vulture or a dove.

" Fie! who cannot be rich in dream—
This mirage of the things that seem,

Sleep's strange sight-seeing telescope
Of things we wish and things we hope.
And memory's touch and fancy's hand
Can paint a world of rainbow land.

“ In fancy, I have trod the sun,
And empires, queens, and battles won,
And painted heaven so grandly fair,
It seemed perfection's answered prayer.
Yet 'bove them all, in my fond youth,
I prized the loving grace and truth
Of one proud heart. Oh, days of youth !

“ While others thought on fame and wars,
And burned to mix in strife and jars,
I loved to ‘front the solemn stars,’
And, with my glowing thoughts, to build
Such temple as the soul might fill.
And if on earth or heaven above,
I found that temple built of love.
On earth God built two hearts as one—
Love's temple, smiling to the sun—
Ordained the family circle ties
The nation's strength—God's wisdom wise,
And men of high or humblest part
May win this kingdom of the heart.
And there times sweetest pleasures bring,
And every man may reign—a king ;
Yet not to wield a tyrant's sway,
But rule by smiles as rules the day.

And I have thought—what man has not?—
That he was blessed with happiest lot
Who, turning from a world of care,
Found a true home and wife to share
The comforts that his toil might bring,
Where joy could smile and love could sing ;
Where, with sweet, charming grace, a wife
Might soothe the stormy scenes of life,
Be love upon his life impeared,
Be angel of his better world.
Methought, in dream, that such an one
Smiled on me like the rising sun.

“ For such I’d dare the cruel curse
Of thirty tyrants, doubly worse
Than reigned in Greece. I’d break the front
Of iron war, and bear the brunt
Of all earth’s battles. I’d burst the bars
Of prisons, lasting as the stars
And built of mountains of blue steel,
And ribbed with adamant, nor feel
The weight of all earth’s sceptered power,
Though dungeoned in an iron tower.

“ And in her noble cause for good,
I’d write my name and fame in blood
Upon earth’s iron heart ; o’erturn
Earth’s toppling thrones, her praise to earn.
I’d toil up to fame’s topmost rounds—
I’d build a pyramid of crowns,

And climb therefrom up to her love
As to a heaven—a bliss above.

“ I’d rather win her than yon star
That glitters o’er morn’s smiling car,
With isles and continents like this
For ever singing in their rounds of bliss ;
Than diamond mountains rearing higher
And reaching to earth’s central fire—
Than treasured heaps of miser seas
And ocean’s countless gems—where breeze
Ne’er stirred a ripple ; where no wave
Hath kissed them in their island cave.

“ I’d rather dwell in a lone isle,
Lit by no sunshine but her smile,
Kissed by the moaning, amorous sea,
From traffic’s world, uncursed and free,
There feed my soul upon her charms
Than dwell on thrones and fear alarms.
I’d feast upon her beauty fair,
As God’s ear on the breath of prayer ;
I’d drink the starlight of her eye,
As suns the haze of summer sky.
As lakes kissed by the soft moonlight,
I’d bathe my soul in sweet delight,
And earth ne’er drank warm crystal tears,
As I such bliss through coming years,
And ne’er grow old ; but young, like truth,
I’d taste this fount of fadeless youth.

I'd woo her as the stars the sky—
As woos the moon, with loving eye,
The sighing earth ; as spirits free
Woo worlds of light and destiny.
I say it. I affirm it o'er,
Though it be drowned by traffic's roar,
There is a love unbought, unsold,
Ofttimes unuttered and untold,
That in this world of sordid sense
Hath not reward, or recompense,
In all the round of fleeting years ;
God's eye, alone, may see its tears.

“Last eve I saw a nameless grave
Upon the trackless plain. It gave
No sign upon its verdant crest,
It held within its pulseless breast
The ashes of immortal fire—
'Twas silent as the cloud-capped spire
Of old Cathedrals. Then methought :
'All yearning souls shall taste this draught
Of utter silence—nor their name
Nor hopes, nor whisperings of fame.
Nor record of their life or birth
Be known on this forgetting earth.

“And then mewished it was my part
To slumber in its mouldering heart,
And feel my pulse as dumb and still
As shadows on the distant hill ;
My throbbing heart, now pulsing brave,

As quiet as that lonely grave,
'That, slumbering in the pale moonlight,
Peered up into the vault of night.

“Upon a day I scaled the cliffs,
And on the cheerless snowy drifts
Lay human bones, all bleaching white ;
An eagle just had taken flight,
And screamed above my venturing head,
As if to fright me with the dead.

“I said, ‘More cursed are these white bones
Than those that sat on marble thrones !
If human flesh makes eagles' mirth,
Or feast for worms in grovelling earth,
What matter ? If the soul's at rest,
This funeral pyre, this mountain crest
Is grand enough to hold my breast
Until it bleach like driven snows,
And tombless be its dust's repose ;
An eagle feeding on its prey ;
A white speck on a mountain gray—
A spirit soared far, far away.’
For sorrow's winds have blown me through,
As through the night air drops the dew ;
In the rent fissures of my heart,
Departed hopes like adders start,
And cypress and the willows wave,
As if that spot contained a grave.
Oh, doting heart ! I've scarce begun
This sage soliloquy to the sun,

Till love is served, in whole or part,
And fed on by my hungry heart.
This God-like passion, heaven-born,—
So was Satan. His brow of scorn,
Drank heaven's ineffable delight,
Her beauties blessed his godly sight.
Yet he was cursed, the king of woes
He makes perdition where he goes.
“And so does love, though heaven-born,
If scorning, or if turned to scorn.”

Then seated on a gentle knoll,
He did unfold his writing-scroll ;
His noble steed that grazed near by,
Now left his grazing and drew nigh ;
His steed and the immortal there,
Seemed each the other's thoughts to share.
Poor beast ! to die and pass to mould.
Poor man ! the vastness of the soul
Makes longing hearts ; where sorrows roll.
One must on ceaseless yearnings feed ;
One on content,—that one the steed.

’Tis doubtful if the soul can rest ;
Its wings immortal oft will try
To scale the Heavens—’twas meant to fly.
A lover's strange. In wisdom's ways
He seldom stumbles—seldom strays.
Where is the man so mad as he
Who loves a woman fervently ?

CANTO EIGHTEENTH.

TRIED—PURIFIED.—LOVE'S IDYL.

MID golden scenes, and rosy hours,
When hearts sit 'neath refreshing bowers,
While kindest friends surround us here,
To soothe, to comfort, and to cheer ;
And fortune smiles, and hope sings sweet,
And streams of joy flow at our feet,
And blessed with love's attentions rare ;
'Tis easy to say, " Ne'er despair,
Nor hope, nor joys, nor friends bewail,
And ne'er give up the ship, or fail."

'Tis easy for the ship to sail
When seas are smooth, and skies are pale,
When wafted by the gentle breeze
O'er peaceful waves in quiet seas.
But when the stormy billows roll,
And arms are helpless to control,
And nerves are quaking to the soul,
'Tis harder then, with clenched lip,
To breast the storm and hold the ship.
And so, when sorrow's billows flow,

And fortune frowns, and friends are low,
And desolation's dismal moan
Wails through the heart, so sad and lone,
O ! say if such thy pity share,
"Look up, and lift the soul in prayer,
To weep is Christ-like—not despair."

Bereft of fortune, wealth, and friends,
Those bubbles of a life that ends.
Forsook by lovers once so true,
And summer friends that once she knew.
O, fortune ! Tyrant of the wheel,
With heart of flint and hand of steel,
Who turns, and high or humble kneel,
Who rules the world with stern disdain,
Regardless of man's weal or pain—
Who turns her wheel, and jewelled crown
Bows low and drops its jewels down.
Wealth vanishes with brood of care,
A promised means of pleasure rare,
A valued good when rightly used—
A soul-destroyer when abused.

And many friends in prosperous hours
May sit with us 'neath cooling bowers ;
But when Fate's sun our bowers fade,
They seek some other cooling shade.
But what is fortune, wealth, or friends,
To one whose heart and hopes and ends
Are compassed by almighty love,

That lifts the soul to joys above—
Where, in the golden city's gate,
Comes neither fortune, wealth, or fate
To canker love within the heart,
Or pamper joys that soon depart?
And so fair Ethel felt, the day
Those transient pleasures fled away.

She must the needs of life command,
By toil of brain and work of hand;
And wondered if, 'mid toil and strife,
The strained and feeble threads of life,
So warped and sore within the breast,
Could e'er be wove again to bless;
Or if that harp of thousand strings
Could ever feel the hope that sings,
If once those cords were strained or broke
That had responded to love's stroke?
If they could cause again to roll
The joyous music of the soul.

And they who gazed and passed her by
Observed a sadness in her eye—
Saw, resting on their crystal scroll,
A shadow reaching to the soul,
From whence, thrown on its azure screen,
Like haze above a summer scene,
Its mellow tinge and pensive touch
Showed she had loved and suffered much.

Those pensive orbs of heavenly blue,
Like wells of thought, deep, rich and true,
Showed in their depth of crystal springs
The softness such as sorrow brings ;
And in their sky-blue tides that roll
The lingering sadness of the soul ;
While glowed upon her features rare
A look that was a silent prayer ;
And nestled on her forehead bright
A sadness sweeter than delight.

Thus as she walked, all like a queen,
Her look was modest, mild her mien ;
Her form, like Hebe's, was moulded fair,
Her smile was sweetly sad. Her hair,
Dark brown and soft, it rippled rare,
Like glossy sunbeams nestled there ;
And round her presence seemed to be
An atmosphere of purity.

One morning, as she trod the way,
Her lips spoke what her heart would say :
" Last night I gazed upon that star,
And, ere I knew, in slumbers far
I dreamt, that on an island strand
I was pursued by pirate band.
Coarse, horrid oaths they hurled at me,
I feared their curse more than the sea,
And strained my speed to find a grave
Beneath the ocean's moaning wave.

But soon my limbs had spent their force,
While on my neck rough hands and coarse
Were rudely laid ; in wild despair
I breathed to heaven a hopeless prayer,
When, lo ! a knight in bold array,
On foaming steed, rode to the fray.
In plaited mail, with polished shield—
A nobler knight ne'er charged a field.
With lance undimmed by useless rust
He pinned each pirate to the dust.

“ Alighting, me he gently raised,
And with new rapture fondly gazed—
Smoothed down the ringlets of my hair,
His visor raised, and nobly fair
He stood a hero on earth’s sod,
And smiled upon me like a god.
He pressed my hand until I feel
His pulse beat through the links of steel.
He said, ‘ I’ve trod the world so wide,
To find my queen and promised bride.
I’ve earned a kingdom and a crown,
I am a prince of high renown,
And I will joy with proudest mien
To see thee crowned, my noble queen.’

“ I knew his face, those features rare
Were on my heart and in my prayer.
The scene, the bliss my speech destroy,
My silent tongue was dumb with joy.

He ordered then his vassal train,
They brought a steed with flowing mane,
Then in his arms with pressure sweet
He placed me in the saddle-seat.

“ Then vaulting on his noble steed,
We passed through woods and flowery mead,
Till on the banks of winding stream
The castle’s towers did grandly gleam,
Majestic in its towering front,
To brave the storm and battle’s brunt—
The moat, drawbridge and castle dome
Seemed fit for grandest kingly home.
The drawbridge crossed, the gate we passed,
When martial music smote the blast,
And clarion notes rang rich and clear
Upon the raptured atmosphere.

“ The morrow dawned and bliss records,
Came queenly ladies and brave lords
In grand attire and noble mien,
And I was crowned the lovely queen.
And as my king of high renown
Placed on my head the jewelled crown,
And, smiling to the assembled peers,
Said, ‘Now’s the summit of my years,
I crown her, ’tis my loving part,
Queen of my realm and of my heart,’
When lo ! the crown rolled off like stone
And shattered on the ivory throne.

My heart leaped wild to hear it break,
And starting from my dreams, I wake,
While shimmering through the amber gleam
Of watching stars, I view the while
The islands of the blessed smile,
Like lighthouse on the shores of time,
That shines afar o'er worlds sublime ;
Like starlight o'er a sea of gloom ;
Like sunshine in a darksome tomb.

“ And in my younger, brighter years,
In day-dreams I have dropped warm tears
Of love upon a manly face,
And in a clear blue eye did trace
My image mirrored on the soul—
Its queen, its heaven, and its goal.
’Twas face not like Apollos wear,
With cataract of golden hair,
And maiden’s eyes of saintly blue,
And cheeks as smooth as maiden’s too ;

Nor yet Adonis-like in mould,
A polished marble, fair but cold ;
Nor coarse as Mars, nor stern as pride,
Nor Hercules in bruin’s hide.
But pure of heart and brave of soul,
Built on a proud heroic mould,
As true as steel, as fair as light,
And strong to champion truth and right—

A soul as guiltless as the sun,
Through which with lighted lantern none
Would ever need to search for truth,
Or earnest will, or honest worth.
A soul as broad as Heaven's span ;
True nature's god-like, noble man.

“ I do not ask a stately form,
That loves to breast the battle's storm,—
I do not ask a titled name,
A proud heart sighing after fame,—
I ask a calm and fearless eye,
A soul that dares to do or die,—
I ask a noble earnest face,
With smile of love and manly grace,—
I ask my name be on his heart,
My life be of his life a part,
And written on his memory's scroll,
My love the poem of his soul—
A poem time can never mar,
As round and perfect as a star.’

“ My earthly dreams have been like this,
If Heaven deny me such a bliss ;
Methinks in fadeless worlds afar
Our souls shall sparkle as one star,
And on the hills of perfect bliss
We'll taste the joys unfound in this,
And drink our thirsting spirits' full.
And when our soul-communion's dull,

We'll wing our angel spirits far,
Through every universe and star ;
And while we rest, and while we soar
We'll taste new joys for evermore ;
And sail with spirits glad and free,
A thousand worlds of destiny.

“ If soul be soul, if spirit power,
Can reach beyond the dying hour ;
Our loved shall meet us and be pressed,
Unto our bosom's fond caress.
Else why the prisoned hopes release,
Else can our yearning souls find peace,
Or heaven—or endless perfect bliss ?
If in that fadeless world I miss,
His presence, heaven's charming bower
Will shrivel like a withered flower ;
And through a myriad worlds sublime,
Relentless as the flight of time,
I'd wing my deathless spirit free,
And seek him through eternity.

“ And if in all the worlds of God,
I find not footprints where he trod ;
Like Noah's dove my weary feet
Would seek that ark of last retreat,
Seek sweet Oblivion's seas that roll,
To still the heart and drown the soul.”

CANTO NINETEENTH.

TWO SCENES AND A CHAPTER.

'TWAS sunset. From the skies afar
Pour down the golden rills;
The sun, upon his crimson car,
Slopes o'er the western hills
And lays the grasp of his red hand
On mountains glowing like a brand,
And spreads the wild glare of his rays
Till sky and plain seem all ablaze.

The distant Rocky Mountain heights
Their lofty ranges show,
Like white fires on their battlements,
Blaze forth their caps of snow.
Far on the plain's extended sheen,
Like specks of white, two trains are seen;
On Colorado's plains they stand—
This prairie schooner caravan.

Near by the train that's westward bound
Are stalwart men and brave,
Who, in a little group, stand round
A fresh and new-heaped grave.

A sturdy pioneer that morn,
Who held all savage guile in scorn,
Strayed from his train, ahead,
When Indians in the tall grass lay,
And, from their ambush, shot him dead—
Robbed, scalped and left him on the way.

So now they halt, at set of sun,
And dig a lonely grave,
And left a heap of nameless clods
Upon the prairie wave.
His son, a noble boy of ten,
His wife and niece were near.
O, when was grief so dark as then,
Above an earthly bier?
No words were read, no words were said—
All bowed in grief above the dead.

The boy had spent his grief in sobs,
And now, through falling tears,
His eyes flashed like two glowing stars
Amid the distant spheres.
He sprang and knelt upon the grave—
He raised his hands on high,
As if his soul, for vengeance, gave
A vow unto the sky :
“Cursed be the dastard, savage foe
That laid my fearless father low !
A thousand curses on their lives,
Their lands, their children and their wives

May Heaven, with red-hot vengeance, burn
And smite these sons of Cain,
And from yon fiery, setting urn,
Fever and famine rain !”

He lifted his fair, boyish face
Toward the setting sun,
That threw the splendour of its grace
O'er this heroic one.

No Hannibal, in fiery youth,
Swore vengeance on proud Rome,
With more of grandeur or of truth,
Nor drove his vengeance home,
In after-years, with greater zeal—
None made the murderous savage feel
That vengeance followed at his heel
So deadly and so stern, as he
That now, in sorrow, bent the knee.

His mother plead with sobbing prayer ;
His cousin Ethel, young and fair,
Threw back the ringlets of his hair
And bid him now return.
Within her own she took his hand,
And smiled through tears so sweet and bland—
It made his bosom yearn.
O ! she was fair. Perfection's prayer
Of beauty ever shone
Upon her peerless features, rare
As jewels on a throne.

He rose and said, "O ! Ethel dear,
And will my father never here
Come in his strength with smile to cheer,
 Nor fondly bless us more ?
Beyond the scenes of sunset here
 You say there is a shore
Where souls are free from death and pain ;
But will he never come again—
 Come never, never more ?
Was God so good, and yet He stood
 And saw my father slain ?
O ! could I spill their savage blood,
 I'd deluge all the plain."

" Ah, child ! " she said, " you little know,
How man hath caused man's blood to flow ;
And vengeance—it is of the Lord.
Yet man hath made it whet his sword
 And drink the marrow of his foes,
And in a thousand fields and feuds
 Hath dealt its deadly blows.
Yet God is good. Beyond the sun
Trust when this course of life is done ;
 The soul will lose its woes,
And, as the cycling ages run,
 Find endless, sweet repose."

And now the wife in sorrow knelt ;
The brave boy in his bosom felt

That day that vengeance gave
New fever to his youthful veins,
An anguish, deeper than all pains,
And dried the scalding tears he wept.—
He stole away that night and slept
Upon his father's grave.

Behold the moon ! the fair, full moon !
Her silvery shield exalt,
And shimmering through the shadows soon
Walk up the starry vault.
Within the train, whose silent face
Fronts t'ward the rising sun,
Lying beneath a tent you trace
A sick and feverish one.

A group of men stood at his feet,
His brow was flushed with fever's heat,
And straying from its dwelling far
Regardless of the will,
His mind seemed as a wandering star
That silence could not still.
And fancy led his thoughts away
Where reason threw a flickering ray,
And wild distorted visions grew
And vanished as the morning dew.
The moon arose with pale white face,
And threw the soft light of her grace
So lovingly and free,

Upon his throbbing, feverish brow,
And woke him from his dreams, and now
 He wildly said : " See, see !
She is coming, see her coming
 Through the rift of twilight bars,
From the vale beyond the sunset,
 In the island of the stars.
From the cloud beyond the mountain,
 I can hear the music swell,
Angel voices singing sweetly
 As the chiming of a bell.

" 'Tis the Eden where I loved her—
 'Tis the maid of Eden Dell,
And my soul is torn to fragments
 By the anguish of the spell ;
For the song that she is singing
 Is ' Forever fare thee well,
In the heaven where I am dwelling
 Thou canst never hope to dwell.'

" Oh ! the purple dawn of morning
 Shall I never see again ?
Must the darkness feed upon me
 As I wander in my pain ?
Must I drink the lurid lightning
 Like fresh water from a spring,
And its fires burn within me,
 Yet my heart be taught to sing ?

“ See ! upon yon fiery billow
Climbing up a blazing crag,
Is a black and scoffing demon,
And a grinning, toothless hag,
They are scoffing at an angel
Smiling through a cloud above—
'Tis the one that I have trusted ;
"Tis the angel of my love.

“ But the heavens dissolve around her,
And a thousand trumpets swell,
For the loveliest of the angels
Is the maid of Eden Dell.”
He ceased. A footstep near the tent
Paused softly in the course it went,
And sweet as music on the sea,
A soft voice spoke, “ "Tis he, 'tis he.”

What charm hath made that bosom swell
And lit that glowing eye ?
Was it the name of Eden Dell
That caused that startled cry ?
She entered, and the stalwart men
Stood back as she passed by.
They thought the angel of his dream,
Had dropped from out the sky.
“ Oh ! Truman dear, and are you here ? ”
Then from her eye she brushed a tear,
And knelt beside him there.

She laid her hand upon his brow,
She gazed into his eyes, and now
She seemed to be in prayer.
“ And is my face so strangely grown
Your Ethel is to you unknown ? ”
She said in sad and plaintive tone
As rolled his vacant eye.

His soul seemed to have caught a strain
Strange and familiar, yet in vain,
Remembrance could not make it plain,
He knew not whence or why.

He tried to think, he tried to rise,
He scanned her wildly with his eyes,
And said, “ No more—I see a shore,
Where men are wading in their gore.

What gashed and bleeding ones !
And feeding is the carrion crow,
As they walk ever to and fro
Upon their dripping bones.

“ No, no, this ugly scene is o'er,

Heaven's streams have washed that dismal shore.

And they are angels ; see them soar !

Lo ! it is resurrection's morn—

See how the bones dissolve in scorn

To pure ethereal clay,

As through the vista of the morn,

Bright-winged they soar away.

“Behold her eyes stream from the skies,
Like the gleam of a glowing star,
And her angel spirit sweetly rise,
Through nebulous mists afar.
And through the dawn of new-born day
Bright wings have come to bear me away.

“Away—away !” His head fell back,
His eyes, like meteors on their track,
Flashed wild and bright.
At length the soft light of her eye
Charmed like a soothing lullaby,
And her kind voice, so sweetly near,
Fell like soft music on his ear,
Enchanting as delight.
Love’s silent glance, the dropping tear,
Brought stillness and a quiet cheer.
Her dimpled hands now caught the power
To calm him in delirium’s hour.

And there she watched the fever’s strife
And nursed the flickering spark of life,
And bathed his brow the long, long night,
Nor thought of rest or sweet repose
Until the morning sun arose.
Then, early in the glowing day,
As moved the westward train away,
They led her, with resisting plea,
From where her sleeping patient lay,
Almost as sick and wild as he.

Some days thereafter Truman rode
Along a rugged mountain road,
 And oft repressed a sigh.
He rode in haste, though it was clear
'Twas not from danger or from fear—
 No fear could daunt his eye.
The startled bear within the wood,
The prowling wolf that snarling stood,
Nor savage peering round a tree
 Could chill the blood of such as he.

At length he heard the distant tramp
Of movers who had left their camp,
 Beyond him in the vale.
He reached it as they moved away,
Yet some beside the camp-fire stay
 And listen to his tale :

“ How from that fearful fever well,
'Tis needless for me now to tell,
 But where—O, where is she
Who nursed me in that fever's spell,
Whom then I knew not—now too well
 She's fondly known to me ? ”
Then sobbing spoke the boy of ten,
“ She sleeps here in this mountain glen
 Within yon mountain side.
Fever and grief hath racked her brain
Since father died, and she in pain
 Watched at your sick bedside.”

“No, God forbid !” he said, and hid
His face within his hands. “O ! bid
My soul deny its truth,
O say that God hath quenched the sun
And caused all streams to backward run,
Made wrinkled age as youth,
Hath cursed the flowers that sweetest bloom,
Turned sunlight into midnight gloom,
But say not she rests in the tomb—
My soul will curse its truth.”

Then spoke again the boy of ten,
“Three days we camped within the glen,
Two days she had no pulse, and then
They said that she was dead.
Those days we sat beside her form,
And O ! I thought her heart was warm
And many tears I shed.
At length I saw them take a spade
And mark off where she should be laid
Within the dismal ground.
Then I arose—besought—forbade
That if a grave must, should be made,
A better could be found.
What, lay her in the dark cold clay
Where wolves may dig, and worms may prey ?
Heaven save us from this fault.

“But in the solid mountain’s side
Like ancients buried those who died

With pick and spade there fashion wide
A deep and solid vault.
They listened and at last they tried
And dug a grave all deep and wide
Within the solid rock.
And there they placed her coffin lone
Deep in the solid heart of stone
That tempests could not shock.
And then upon its door of rock
They carved in letters rude and plain
The simple words of '*Ethel Vane.*'

“ She dying said that death was gain,
The grave would bring a sweeter pain
Than any earth could give.
That here the weary heart would rove
But love would bloom in bliss above
Where loving souls could live.

“ O sir ! we sometimes judge amiss,
And reason not as do the wise,
Who think upon the spirit’s bliss
In its bright home beyond the skies.
For when we look on those who’ve died,
Robed in white garments for the tomb,
They should seem as a lovely bride
When first she wears the orange bloom ;
Unfettered from the ills of strife,
Wed unto life, eternal life.”

Then thrice the horseman slacked the rein,
Thrice bowed him to his charger's mane
With fixed and vacant eye.

Then threw himself upon the earth
And bid them all " Go forth, go forth,
Go leave me here to die."

He said, " O mountains bow your head ;
O sky bend down and answer now,
Where shall I find my loved—my lost,
Where hide this throbbing, aching brow ?

" I ask of thee all-seeing sun,
Where'er thy mighty orbits run,
Where worlds on worlds crowd on thy sight
Like insects in the summer light,
From this lone star all tempest-tossed,
Where dwells my sweet, my loved, my lost ?

" Ye stars ! ye constellations bright !
God's worlds of beauty and of light,
O ! tell me if your peerless spheres
Contain an angel robed in white
Free from all sorrow, and all tears,
That I shall fold unto my breast—
And in eternity be blest ?
O Ethel ! shall we meet again
Beyond all sorrow, toil and pain,
In joy, in fadeless beauty meet ?
No thorny paths for weary feet,
But thou my gladsome angel sweet ?

“ I’ve asked it of the rolling years
That sweep like torrents to the sea ;
I’ve asked it of man’s hopes and fears
That reach far o’er eternity.
I’ve asked it of the mighty God
That plants sweet flowers upon the sod ;
I’ve asked this of the blooming trees,
The spring, the green grass and the breeze.
If they shall bless each summer day,
Shall human flowers more fair than they
Bloom but to perish and decay ?
If they but bloomed that death might cull,
Why didst thou make them beautiful ? ”

“ Methought the sun in crimson dyed,
Methought the eternal stars replied :
‘ Beyond, where Time her billows roll,
The sum and essence of the soul
Shall still exist—live and be blest—
God’s chosen ones—God’s honoured guest ;
And there thou shalt thy love enfold
In perfect bliss, while ages roll.

“ ‘ Else why such longings wrapt in sod—
Else why ? The soul is part of God.
That it should live a thousand years
Beyond all time—free from all tears—
Is it a greater mystery, say,
Than to be born and live one day ? ’

“God spake. His words were suns and worlds
That rolled like chariot wheels in flight,
And, on their trackless path, unfurled
Their banners, dipped in fadeless light.
He shaped a form of earthly clay
And breathed upon it. And the ray
He kindled was immortal life—
To dwell awhile 'mid earthly strife;
Then, soaring heavenward, take its flight
Through those vast worlds of fadeless light.
The dragon—Death—spread forth his wings
And threw a shadow o'er its day;
But, like the flash the lightning brings,
It sped upon its starry way.

“Yes, Ethel, we shall meet again—
Where islands slumber in the sea,
And streams of life make glad the plain—
In the gardens of eternity;
Where flowers of fragrant beauty bloom,
Nor time can blast, nor death consume.
Pile up your walls of massive speech—
Your granite logic—tier on tier.
Hedge in the soul—ye sceptics teach
This house of clay prescribes its sphere.

“That you can reason and reply,
Is proof the soul can never die.
To think, is to live on—to be,
To love is immortality.

For safe within the pearly gates,
Love's lost jewel shining waits ;
Folded hands on pulseless breast
Is but the casket laid at rest."

And now more calmly doth he rise,
And bending strong a rock doth prize

From out the mountain side—
He enters now. The coffin lid
He lifts from o'er the form it hid.

And now the golden tide,
From out the windows of the sun
Falls on the lovely face of one

Who seems a sleeping bride.
The living pressed the seeming dead,
Threw back the ringlets of her head
And kissed her marble brow,
And said: "O, heart to heart may give
A thrill, to cause the dead to live,
And heaven may answer now.

"Sure love may enter even graves—
All things are fair, all things are pure,
And naught of evil e'er can lure

The heart that seeks and saves.
They said her pulse was still, was still—
It seems I feel the slightest thrill."
He placed his hand above her heart,
Then, with a glad and sudden start
He said: "She lives ! she lives !"

Then, on her lips he pressed a kiss,
Their silence to unseal,
As if he thought love's thrill of bliss
Could cause death's self to feel.

He chased her dimpled ivory hands
And warmed her marble brow,
And tried to start again life's sands,
So feebly starting now.
"What is it, I ask of thee, O death !
And what, O heaven above,
But a soul brought back from the gates of death
And a woman's wondrous love?"
He raised her in his arms and wept,
And, from the death-like trance she slept
He tried to kindle life.
And in his arms, with silent tear,
He bore her to the camp-fire near,
And stirred it into life.
There wrapt her in some blankets warm,
And bowed above her breathless form.
The sunset gold streamed from the sky,
The laughing brook stole softly by,
As if it was a solemn thing
For man to love, or maid to die.

At length he placed her on his steed,
And mounting, in his arms with speed
He bore her eastward o'er the plain,
And ere the dawn they reached the train.

CANTO TWENTY-FIRST.

THE SPANISH MAID—AN EPISODE.

ON California's golden strand,
Where proud Pacific skirts the land,
Where once a mining town had stood
A city rose in bustling mood,
And costly mansions did appear
Along a mountain streamlet clear ;
While cottages, a cheerful sight,
Befront the streets in rows of white,
And order reigned and social life,
Where once were scenes of rudest strife.

In cottage there, o'er mantle rare,
Was picture of a maiden fair—
Dark, melting eyes, with dreamy grace,
Set off a lovely, lustrous face
And placid brow, where sable braid
In dark and glossy folds was laid.

'Twas twilight. On the hills afar
The night advanced her sable car,
And o'er the sky of darkening blue
The dusky shadows grew, and grew ;

While, through the shadows entered there,
A fair-haired man with business air.
And, when the smouldering fire was fed,
One of the aged couple said :
“ Well, Señor ; we are growing old
And soon may die ; so we were told
To have a lawyer write our will—
Though we've no heirs—yet still—yet still,
We once did have a fair young girl
With rosy face, and glossy curl,
That romped and played with gladsome glee—
Light of our home, but now, ah me !
We're old, and lonely as you see.

“ She was our angel in her glee,
In childhood oft she climbed my knee,
And talked, and smiled bewitchingly
At morning's dawn, and evening's close ;
And grew in beauty like the rose.
Fair as the morn at early dawn,
Fair as the lilies on the lawn ;
But one bright morn she disappeared,
Nor aught of her since then we heard.

I thought, that eve she kissed good night,
That tears gleamed in her eyelids bright,
And tears streamed through each tender word—
Her voice shook as I ne'er had heard.
And yet I've thought—the thought I've cursed—
That she fled with a youth she nursed,

Who, by the robbers, left for dead,
She tended long at his sick bed.
We *will* her all our large estate ;
One-third to him who learns her fate
And then restores her to her own.
So write the will ; our will is known.”
Earl Darring heard, and wrote with skill,
Signed, witnessed, 'twas a legal will.

Then said, “ Far out upon the plain,
My friend, who told his griefs again,
Spoke of a fair Castilian maid ;
Who and himself were captives made,
Who nursed him, and who, at the stake,
Still strived to save him for love’s sake.
I think it is of her you speak,
And for her I will search and seek.”
The old folks wept, and thanked him o'er,
Until they parted at the door.

Months after this, Earl Darring rode
Through a dark Oregonian wood.
The night approached—a storm was nigh,
While, raging in the distant sky,
The roaring thunders crash and peal
Till, through their ribs of rock and steel,
The hills and valleys seem to feel,
And every leaflet on the tree
To tremble with fear’s agony ;

And all the forest monarchs bowed
Unto the thunder and the cloud.
Still onward came the driving storm
That bent Earl Darring's graceful form,
And forest trees, with fearful force,
Were rent and scattered in his course,
When, through the storm, he heard with fear
Pursuing hoof-falls drawing near.

He, turning, saw a graceful form,
Who seemed unconscious of the storm ;
With cheeks flushed at the grandeur's scene,
And flowing hair of sable sheen,
She seemed Diana—huntress queen,
Her mien, her hair—unbound by hood—
Made her seem goddess of the wood,
Nymph, fearless of all earthly harm,
And empress of the raging storm.
As she, approaching, galloped nigh,
A tree-top, waving far on high,
Came crashing down. Ere he could heed,
It brushed Earl Darring from his steed
And laid him, stunned, upon the ground
Beneath its weight—that held him down.

Almost as quick as could be seen
She cleared the open space between,
Dismounted, and then Earl released,
And helped him on his waiting beast.
He seemed amazed to thus behold
A dark-eyed beauty, brave and bold.

“ What pity such a glorious storm,
So grand to see, should do you harm.
Such dangers I have often dared,
I’ve courted death and little cared.”

He thanked her with a courteous mien,
And gazed bewildered on this queen ;
Her dark-eyed splendour, form so rare,
Her horsemanship and features fair.

The path was wild, the way unknown
But to his heroine guide alone ;
She bade him follow ; then for miles
They galloped through the woodland wilds,
Then halting as night’s curtains fell ;
She said : “ Just yonder in that dell
The Indians in their wigwams dwell ;
There long detained a captive, I
Oft wished release, or wished to die,
But ne’er have learned the distant way
To where the towns and cities lay.

“ But stranger, list, heed what you hear,
If life and freedom’s valued dear,
Conceal yourself here in this wood,
And I will bring you needed food
At early dawn. Here rest till then
Concealed from worse than savage men.”
“ A world of thanks, fair, noble friend ;
Heaven doth her fairest angel send
To guide me.” Ere this speech was made
She vanished through the woodland shade.

Then soon exhausted nature sought
The sweet oblivion Morpheus brought ;
While in his dreams of storms that blew,
He saw an angel looking through.
At dawn of day rose soft and clear
This music on the atmosphere.

SONG.

Only a dark-eyed maid was she,
Listing to love's wild melody ;
Treading the stairs to the golden sun,
Where the soul will trust till the soul's undone ;
Dreaming the golden dream "he's mine,"
Till the heart glows "warm as a world of wine."

Softly she laughed in her witching glee ;
Sweetly she dreamed "I am free, I am free."
She knew not the song the wild birds feel,
She knew not the chain and its links of steel ;
She knew but to list where his footsteps tread,
And tremble with joy at words he said.

He won the heart that was pure and true ;
He won the heart, and he broke it too.
And now the heart once glad and free,
Sighs to the wild wood's minstrelsy.
And though the wild woods know it not,
That longing heart hath ne'er forgot.

She paused. Earl quickly rising, sees
Her slow approaching through the trees.
She bade good morn, and did alight,
Then said, "Here's food for strength and flight,"

Then speaking thus he scanned her face,
“I long have sought from place to place,
A maid of fair Castilian race,
That she was captured some avow ;
Her aged parents seek her now.”

Then she replied, “ ’Tis her you see ;
I hoped they ne’er had grieved for me--
I wished no eye, not Heaven’s above,
To scan the mystery of my love.
I wished like ship upon the wave,
To sink where none could see or save,
And that the heart so wild untamed,
That I have cursed, and some have blamed,
Might moulder back to whence it came,
Unwept, unknown, without a name.

“ Far from my kindred and my kind,
I’d track the mysteries of the mind ;
And build a palace in my scorn,
On lonely mountain heights forlorn,
All canopied with jewelled stars,
And with the rainbow’s spangled bars,
There through the curtain of the skies,
Bid bright eternal visions rise ;
Trace through the essence of the soul,
My being back to God, the whole—
As from a seed, the forests trace,
So from His soul, the worlds of space,
And up and onward till I find
The endless universe of mind.

But, as a wounded, suffering dove,
I'd scorn an angel from above
If it but whispered, 'love ! love !'
I'd write upon the zenith sky
A blazing song of that proud lie—
As brilliant as the crimson stars,
As dreadful as the clash of wars.
I'd pin it to the nightly moon,
And to the dazzling sun at noon.
I'd send it crashing through the brain
Till every trusting fool was slain.
I once was queen of fairy isles
Where castles rose like diamond piles,
That glittered in the golden sun,
Where silver streams to music run,
And knights were gay and hearts were won.

" But now those isles are barren rocks,
That breast the storm and bear its shocks.
I've scanned the fabric of this world,
The gauzy banners hope unfurl'd.
Its wares and merchandise I brand
Like cursed Sahara's scorching sand.

" I lift my hand to God on high,
And brand Earth a stupendous lie—
Where souls are cursed by blights of time
And hearts must shrivel in their prime.
Great God, 'tis not the world for me—
Hand down a world from sorrow free,

Where life is one perennial bloom,
And hearts ne'er shudder at the tomb ;
Where love flows out, and joy flows in,
And souls ne'er dream of death or sin—
Not like this life-path martyrs trod,
Traced by the blood-tracks on the sod.

“ I’d rather dwell in forests wild,
Tracked only by the forest child ;
Far from the haunts of men, alone—
A hermit, in a hut of stone ;
Far from ambition, love or fear,
Unknown to sympathetic tear—
Than, having loved, to be despised,
Or, trusting, prove that trust unwise.”
Then spoke Earl Darring : “ But to-day
I deemed you gayest of the gay.
Your thoughts and actions ill accord,
I dreamt your heart ne’er knew a lord.
Our lives have held an equal fate—
Both trusting early suffer late.
But what of that ? To truly love
Ne’er soiled the plumage of a dove.

“ For God carves on each leaf of time
Love, as a poem, grand, sublime.
Go read it, for it is the soul
Of Him who did creation roll
Upon the endless, shoreless sea
Of space and God’s eternity.

Who seeks will find that heaven above
Is but the joy of sinless love.
Then seek it in the world below,
The rarest gift earth can bestow ;
A foretaste of the heavenly bliss,
The only Eden found on this
Encrusted orb of rock and steel,
Whose torn and cracked ribs deeply feel
The raging fires beneath its crest,
Like untamed passion in the breast.
To curb these fires with wise control
Is heaven's command unto the soul.
Yet nature's impulse must have vent,
Or earthquakes rend its firmament.

“ From heaven's wisdom this we draw,
Love is fulfilment of the law.
And they see but perfection's rise,
Who look through love's sweet-beaming eyes.
Why, with bold pride and haughty scorn,
A warrior once to empire born
Threw back a world of crowns like this
For Cleopatra's rapturing kiss.

“ Even Hercules took humble seat,
And spun at fair Omphale's feet ;
Lysander, for sweet Hero's glance,
Oft braved the sea waves' dark expanse.”
“ Yes,” she replied, “ some dupes have sighed,
And some blown out their brains and died,

On thoughtful men of judgment cool,
Oft love has nobly written, 'fool !'
And minds who've weighed the sun and stars
Been prisoned by its silken bars.

" I must suppose, on this earth's crest
All feel it beating 'neath their vest.
It is an old complaint, they say,
That Adam had it in his day,
And swapt his Paradise, the simple,
For Mrs. Eve, and a bite of apple.
Men of brave actions, courage, worth,
Men who've subdued the mighty earth,
Done all the great things 'neath the stars,
Have felt their hearts beat 'neath its bars
Like some poor wounded fluttering dove,
When pierced by Cupid's dart of love ;
Have dwelt with sweet, ecstatic bliss
On woman's form and 'rapturing kiss."

He said : " Scoff not—rebuke man's wrong,
But not the tie that makes him strong.
Love never made our manhoods weak,
'Tis strength to dare, 'tis heaven to seek.
If eagle eye will quail before,
And voices strong as battle's roar
Sink trembling soft as maiden's sigh
At sight of a soft beaming eye ;
If spirits like the setting sun,
Begirt with glories they have won,

Who've mastered all the arts of time,
Strong-armed as giants in their prime ;
Have blanched at sight of woman's face
With its bright loveliness and grace ;
'Tis homage to her nature due—
And manhood's highest honour too.

“ This homage makes fond man to wield
The axe in groves, the plough in field
And belt the earth with iron bands
To gather products of all lands.
And fret the bosom of the seas
With millions of rich argosies ;
To win her love, and earn her praise,
And bless her in a thousand ways.
And say not to the God on high
Earth is a grand stupendous lie.
Earth is our mother, from her clay
Were made the forms we praise each day.
And when the shores of death are pressed,
Within her bosom we must rest.

“ 'Tis man hath wrinkled earth's sad brow,
She once was heaven, what is she now ?
The gentle mists bedewed her o'er,
Where storms now beat and tempests roar.
Once fruit and flowers spontaneous grew,
And skies were one soft veil of blue ;
Now man must force earth with the plough,
And live by toil and sweat of brow.

Yet by his soul-power he hath won
Some honour 'neath the circling sun ;
Yet soul discards, and makes his goal,
Heaven for the body, not the soul."

She spoke, "This truth should well be known,
Man does not live by bread alone ;
But truly lives by wisdom's light ;
By knowledge, truth and love of right ;
By honest worth and will to try ;
By beauties of the earth and sky ;
By soul developed, strong and free ;
By works of faith, love, charity ;
And I can most admire the man
Who takes these in, as heaven's blue span
Takes in the stars, and holds them there,
Strong as the night in silent prayer."

Then he, "Such souls are strong and feel
Within the ring of clear blue steel ;
Like mailed warriors came and went,
And worlds bowed to their strong intent.
There have been spirits who have trod
The earth and towered like a god ;
Have walked amid the stars like night,
Their brows begirt with beams of light ;
Yet love hath made them weak or strong,
As they loved wisely or loved wrong.
Hath dropped into each earnest soul,
Like dews of heaven, or beams of gold,

Or leaping in the heart like fire,
Uncurbed each wild and fierce desire,
And wrapt it like a world on fire.
Hath gained the chariot of the will,
And seized the reins, urged passion till
Truth, honour, sense and wisdom fell,
And plunged them in the lowest hell."

Juanita said, "From pain long past,
Let not remorse dark lingering last
O'er faded hopes. Let Gomorrahs blaze,
God guides us into other ways ;
And gives us strength to do and dare,
And bear the ills we can but bear.
Now, having breakfast'd, mount your steed,
We've lingered long, and now must speed ;
I fear we're watched by savage spies,
Your steed awaits—time quickly flies."
Scarce on his steed the horseman swung,
When forth an ambushed Indian sprung,
His rifle at Earl Darring raised ; when, lo !
She struck his steed a sudden blow ;
Which jumped just as the Indian shot,
Unhurt they galloped from the spot.

From a rosy morn to a brilliant noon
Two lovers rode gaily on and on,
In the twilight gray, 'neath a laughing moon
A new love came like a blushing dawn.

They sighed a sigh, but not for the past,
For the dreams of youth had vanished away,
And the newest love will grow old at last,
Each folly must have its own sweet day.

Man can fall in love but once in a life,
He may feel affection again and again,
But the twilight calm's too fair for strife,
And a second love is a sweeter pain.

The soul grows strong when its pride is bitter,
And the heart is mellowed by grief and pain,
And our lives oft prove the wiser and better
For the things we miss than the things we gain

And the saddest thing on a dreary earth,
Is a withered heart and a loveless life ;
Where the fires of soul on a cheerless hearth,
Like Marius,* brood o'er the ruins of strife.

Though it be as the moon to the bright sunlight,
A new love is better than sighing,
And to nurse a pale dream in the cold twilight,
Worse than heart to sweetheart replying.

The picture is bright as a starry night,
And the things I see, ah, me ! ah, me !
For the hours go round with a fresh delight,
And the future spreads like a sunrise sea.

* Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage.

CANTO TWENTY-SECOND.

THE WEDDING—EDEN REBUILT.

WHEN weeks had passed, and months had rolled,
And Autumn spread her skirts of gold,
And trees assumed their robes of brown
And shook their golden glories down,
All bounteous nature's wise employ
Now gladdening every sense with joy ;
And o'er the Autumn skies unfold
Rich, hazy mists of yellow gold ;
When woods in many hues are dressed,
And soft contentment fills the breasts
Of feathered songsters in the grove,
And human hearts that sigh with love.

Just at the close of Autumn day,
'Mid dusky shadows dim and gray,
Before a mansion bright with lights
A carriage stops, a man alights.
And Truman Gray is at the door
Of Hugh McVegh, and on the floor
Two friends of old have clasped the hand,
And pausing, gaze, and gazing stand.
The parlours, all aglow with light,
Are gay with wealth and fashion bright,

And women fair, in rich attire,
And men that gaze, and oft admire,
In bright confusion come and go
As like a glittering stream they flow ;
For wealth had come with jewelled hand
To give a welcome proud and grand
Where Truman, at his journey's end,
Had grasped the hand of truest friend.

But ere he to the parlours passed
He said, "So many years have cast
Their shadows o'er the life that's past
I must gaze on that form again,
And kiss from cheeks the last tear stain."
Then soon, in radiant beauty rare,
Came Ethel Vane, all smiling fair.
Maturity had touched the lines
In face and form, that oft refines,
Like fruit that's felt the summer sun
Till luscious ripeness hath begun.

Nor brush can paint, nor chisel trace
The mould of form or lines of grace,
The brow of white or breast of snow,
The cheeks that smile or eyes that glow,
The beam of soul, the swell of breast,
The tint of lips that love hath pressed,
A Juno, fair, with queenly air,
A Hebe in form, Diana fair,
A Venus smiling rich, with joy,
A Helen ere she wept a Troy,

Beatrice Cenci's charming grace,
With smile of heaven upon her face.
A nymph, a goddess who had fed
On nectar sweets, ambrosia bread,
Had ne'er been crowned by gods a queen
More fair. More fair was never seen.

Oh ! loveliness and beauty fair !
If loveliness and beauty rare
Is found beneath the vault of blue,
Beneath the stars of golden hue,
Beneath the dazzling orb of day,
Or pallid white moon's silvery ray,
Upon the earth of checkered green,
Or in the ships that sail between,
Or in the isles of sunny seas,
'Mid summer climes and balmy breeze ;
That loveliness so fair and pure,
That doth man's heart beguile and lure—
Above all objects, old or new,
Is woman—noble, lovely, true.

The brightest charm and sweetest bliss
Of heaven on earth, is found in this :
To clasp to manly breast that's true
A loving breast that's warm and pure,
Gaze in soft eyes of heavenly blue
And kiss from lips the honey dew.
Be circled in the ivory pale
Of dimpled arms, where joy can sail.

Ah, Comte! Well thy followers knew
To whom of earth was worship due,
While reasoning out of earth and air
All spirits and all angels fair,
The Bible, and the thought of God—
Thee as the loveliest on earth's sod
They met, agreed to meet each week
To worship, and thy praises speak.

And France with all her polished art,
More famed for culture than for heart,
Yet, knowing man would love, adore,
Placed woman where God stood before.
They meet, one bends with loving grace,
And one lifts up a smiling face
And soft soul-beaming eyes, as one
Would lift her soul up to the sun.

They press the hand and touch the lip,
For love is sweet and love will sip
And taste the nectar and the wine,
Or droop in sadness and repine.
For thus it has, since Adam tried
Forbidden fruit, and round him tied
The fig-leaf apron. Art began
To throw around the fallen man
A mantle that might nature hide,
Though nature knows she is belied.
“ My love,” he said, “ the years gone by
Have stole no lustre from thine eye,

And time but adds a softer grace
To lines of beauty on thy face.
The tinge of sadness on thy brow
Hath caught angelic brightness now.
And in those orbs of love that roll
I catch sweet glimpses of the soul.
And syren song could ne'er beguile
A wanderer like thy gladsome smile.
Since here I've held thee to my breast,
My heart hath lost its long unrest.
One moment's bliss hath swept away
The pain of many a stormy day.
Since I am thus so fondly blest,
What, love, is now thy dear behest ?
Dost wish to dwell upon a throne,
Or tread all paths that fame hath known,
Or wander where soft sunlight falls
On verdant bowers and palace walls ? ”

“ Hush ! hush ! ” she said ; “ you should not
tease,
I'd ask a richer boon than these—
That sweeter, brighter charm doth bring
Than gilded trappings of a king—
Than sceptered empire e'er unfurled
Or conquest of a changing world.

“ Two hearts beside a cheerful hearth,
And I the best beloved of earth ;
The best beloved the sun hath seen,
Or treads the earth of living green,

To feel one heart, all, all my own,
Ah ! this were better than a throne.
The flag of conquest then I'd furl,
One heart should be my sceptered world."

"A woman's wish, but granted ere
Thy words had fallen on my ear ;
Thou art my empress, unto thee
My soul hath wed its fealty ;
My heart shall own thy regal sway,
And deem it perfect as the day,
And guard thee in its sheen of light
From heat of noon and gloom of night.
I'll crown thy brow with Love's pure kiss,
And print thy lips with gems like this."
O ! very sweet, indeed, to some
Does love with its beguilings come,
When those who've wandered far and wide
May sit together side by side,
'Neath fairest bowers of earthly bliss,
To dream the lover's dream of bliss.

When two swift, fleeting hours had passed,
They rose and to bright parlours passed,
And ere that joyous eve was o'er,
Three stood upon the "tufted floor,"
The man of God, and those bright two—
One strong, one fair, both tried and true.
And there they pledged their changeless truth,
Through time, till death, that nothing ruth
Should ever change or blast its truth ;

And when the proud "I do" was said,
The man of God bowed low his head,
And lifted up his voice in prayer,
That blessings rich fall on that pair.

So we will lift in prayer the soul
That highest heaven may be their goal,
That rarest joys may shower down,
As rich as gems in sceptered crown ;
Till on eternal hills afar,
They glow with love, as glows a star ;
Feed on its beams—heaven's rayless light—
And talk of clouds that dimmed the night
Of earthly love ; and walk up higher
And warm their souls by heaven's fire.

O ! happy hours of wedded bliss !
O ! Eden joys in earth like this !
O, heaven—if heaven's beneath the sun—
'Tis Eden home—there is but one.*
And they did make love's honeymoon
Last though all life—then end too soon.
And Truman bought, wherein to dwell,
The loved old home—fair Eden Dell ;
And built again the mansion fine,
With porticoes enwreathed with vine.
'Mid joyous scenes and rosy hours,
They walked amid its lovely bowers.

* The great statesman, Edmund Burke, bore this testimony to domestic felicity. He said : "So sweet were the enjoyments of domestic life to him, that every care vanished the moment he entered beneath his own roof."

The nearest thing to heaven's dome,
Earth's brightest spot, a lovely home,
Where from the world and its unrest,
The mind at ease, the heart at rest,
Folds wings of love o'er peaceful breast.
And they that often entered there,
Breathed for its peace an earnest prayer,
That all might love so true and well,
All homes be like fair Eden Dell.

For love that stayed, had entered there,
Made it its home and atmosphere ;
Not such a place as many share—
A place to growl and frown with care ;
Nor such as beasts go when they need
To eat—lie down—rise up and feed ;
Nor such as tyrants go—to sway
Despotic power—the Cæsar play—
O'er gentler natures sternly rule—
At home, a lord—abroad, a fool.
Nor where the gentler natures rise
With taunting lip and flashing eyes,
Out-babbling Babel with one tongue,
Till crinoline the sceptre's swung,
And to the last, as first, unfurled,
Drives man from Eden to the world.
O, erring man ! where'er ye roam,
Turn oft and fondly to thy home ;
O, make it what God meant it here—
Life's sweetest boon, love's holy sphere.

At morn, at eve, with loving grace,
Enfold they loved with glad embrace ;
O, kiss away each anxious thought
Of thy fair wife's, and vow that naught
Shall make thee cruel, harsh, unkind.
Enthrone her in thy heart and mind
As God's best angel, lent thee here
To bless thy life with loving cheer.

Man seeks distinction, fame and gain,
And glories in ambition's pain,
And toil for wealth his life employs—
These please him like his childhood toys.
His pleasure is more gold, more land,
And love is second in command.
But woman's sphere is less to shine ;
Home is her temple and her shrine.
Her heart can neither soar nor sing
Unless love shield it with his wing.
Affection's with her nature blent,
Her only starry firmament ;
Where, roofed within its heavenly span,
Man is her idol. Faithless man !

In after years, glad Truman learned
Earl Darring wealth and honour earned,
And to his yearning breast did fold
A love, more true than one of old.
Juanita, tossed from mountain side,
Had still survived and was his bride.

Both, weaned from first love, did entwine
As stately oak and graceful vine,
That tossing storms and tempests thrill
But made to cling the closer still.
The boy of ten, O, where and when
Stood forth among brave, stalwart men
An Indian hunter such as he
From eastern to the western sea ?
He kept with vengeful steel, and brave,
The vow made on his father's grave.

Beaumont, he wed a wealthy shrew,
Who ran him and their fortunes through ;
Till, all unloved, poor and unblest,
He came and went at her behest,
Till joys of life to him were fled
And all its blighted hopes were dead.
He sought the bowl—and naught could check—
He wanders now—a hopeless wreck.

While Truman claimed, with worthy pride,
That all true lovers, far and wide,
Should earn their gold and win their bride.
And noblest bliss he found in store
For those who, when, love's wanderings o'er,
Proved faithful, and this fact was known—
Each loved each for themselves alone,
And mutual love and faith did share,
That time nor wanderings could impair.

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When vesper stars their silver tents
 Pitch on the plains of spangled blue,
And from the starry battlements
 Falls music like the crystal dew,
Two lovers stroll and fondly gaze
 Up to the heavens, as on the day
They caught the pure, celestial blaze,
 Though "silver threads" are 'mong the grey.

The world is old, and hearts are cold,
 And traffic's ships are on the sea,
And men are bold for love and gold,
 And some are false as false can be.
The life they gain's a stormy main,
 A sobbing, bleak and dreary day,
Let love remain to sweeten pain—
 'Tis bright as heaven's starry way.



HEART DROPS.

AH, men and sires ! ye cannot tell
The wealth of woman's love,
The eagle knows his aerie well,
Nor droops his wings, but mounts above,

And o'er it broods with anxious care ;
So woman does love's mantle fling,
With softness of the doves that pair,
And tireless as the eagle's wing.

In all God's million starry spheres
Stand forth no truer, nobler peers
Than God's image wrapt in hopes and fears ;

A worthy man, a lovely woman.
From satellite to central sun,
From angels lost to heavens won,
God ne'er hath blent two hearts as one
So near divine, so grandly human.

God's will ; man should not dwell alone,
But woman's worth and beauty own,
And climb up to her love as to a throne ;
His heart's best true evangel.
He found that nature, ease and art,
Were not enough to nobly start
The true soul fires, but sad the heart
That knows no earthly angel.

The gentle faith, the noble worth,
Of one beloved o'er all the earth,
With graceful charm sat at his hearth ;
His sweetest dearest dream of heaven.
Thy truthful merit could he sing,
He'd seek the harp and angel wing,
Of love's lost jewel heaven could bring,
The cherub from thy bosom riven.

MY SAINTED WIFE.

THOU angel of my better world,
Where joy and peace her flag unfurled
Beside my hearth ! Thou love impeared
Upon my life !
Deep where the heart-throbs rise and swell,
I feel the witchery and the spell
Of thy fair face I loved so well—
My darling wife.

The magic of thy lovely smile
The very angels would beguile,
And thrill their golden harps awhile
With sweeter life.
So tender, loving, true and kind,
So faithful, gentle and refined
Each impulse of thy heart and mind—
My noble wife.

Can I forget the charm and grace
Of loveliness that stamped thy face,
And crowned thee noblest of thy race,
In death or life ?
Can I forget thy faith and trust
In God and Heaven ? And can or must
I deem this providence wise or just—
My angel wife !

All silent as the voiceless night,
With folded hands on breast of white,
In pallid shroud ! O God, the sight !

No pulse of breath.

As white as snows on mountain crest,
The cross of flowers upon thy breast,
Thy weary, helpless hands are pressed
Cold, cold in death.

O rise and stay ! Go not away !
God sent thee on thy bridal day
To be my angel 'mid earth's fray—
My love, my life.

O ! one more smile my grief to 'suage,
One word of love upon life's page,
To cheer me to decrepit age—
From thee, my wife !

I kissed the forehead, cold and fair,
I smoothed the glossy braids of hair,
I bowed my soul in anguished prayer,
That she might live.

“ O spare my love, my noble wife,
My patient martyr weak from strife ;
Restore the angel of my life—
Give back ! O give ! ”

Alas, too late ! too late ! too late !
I've felt the dreaded hand of fate,
I can but mourn and sigh and wait—
My sainted wife.

Beside her cherub boy we laid
Her form to rest beneath the shade,
Where dust is heaped with silent spade—
The close of life.

As slowly sifts life's ebbing sand,
On memory's heights I gaze and stand,
And reach to grasp thy vanished hand—
My angel wife.

Farewell ! I cannot count the cost
Of what I've suffered, loved and lost,
I drift a barque, lone, tempest-tossed
The sea of life.

Thy love hath cheered me on thus far
As fair and perfect as a star,
Which naught on earth could change or mar,
The solace of my life.

But life is short. Soon on that shore
Where Stygian waves are crossed no more
I'll greet the angel I adore—
My sainted wife.

Beyond where flows the restless tide
Of earthly grief, and joy and pride,
Thee and thy angel boy beside—
Thou sleepest well.

But where life's changeful billows toss,
Thy babe and I must mourn thy loss ;
Must taste what pain, and bear what cross—
But God can tell.

Ere passed thy life another came,
A fledgling fair, to bear thy name
And wear thy pure, unsullied fame,
I pray and trust.

For her, for thee, with sad refrain,
With sighing harp to soothe my pain
I'd link thy life without a stain,
To fame most just.

I fear not what may be my lot,
My name may rest unknown, forgot,
But thine unsullied with a spot
Of fault or blame,
Should live renewed in heart and brain,
A consecrated shade and fane
Wherever love and duty reign,
Or truth has name.



KISS OUR DARLING AND COME AWAY.

DEAD ! Our darling is dead, dear wife,
His angel spirit has heavenward fled ;
His little feet will no longer tread
The rugged paths of this sorrowing life.
Kiss his forehead of marble clay,
Kiss our darling and come away.

Fair was his lovely form, dear wife,
Bright and sunny his cherub face ;
See what a dimple the angels did trace,
When they kissed him first on the shores of life.
Kiss him again, for only to-day
Can you kiss our darling, and come away.

Sweet was his lovely smile, dear wife,
Mild and beaming his eyes of blue ;
Fair as the sun, when on diamonds of dew
He climbs the morn of a new waking life.
Kiss our darling—this form is but clay,
The casket is left, but the jewel's away.

The casket is left—even it will not stay
So perfectly chiseled, so white and so fair ;
Sure death cannot spoil so perfect a prayer,
And beauty'll unnerve the dark hand of decay.
O, fair dimpled hands ! how sweetly ye lay !
Folded for ever ; dear wife, come away.

I TURN ANOTHER LEAF OF TIME.

THE sun, wrapt in his mantle red,
 Sinks down behind the crimson West,
The moon comes from her orient bed,
 With silver dripping from her crest ;
The stars peep through the vault of night,
 Like distant hopes that come to cheer
The wanderer with new beams of light
 From some unknown and brighter sphere.

The night is fair, the air is chill,
 A snowy mantle from the skies
Enwraps the earth, so white and still,
 It seems a robe of paradise.
The heaven bends down her starry vault,
 Like memory weeping o'er a grave
Where vanished souls, like stars, are set,
 And dreaming of a voice to save.

I, musing, turn a leaf of time
 Here in the twilight of the year,
While listening to the solemn chime
 Of memories sadder than a tear ;
I gaze toward the golden heights
 Of far-off isles, beyond the shore,
And kiss again, in fancy's flights,
 The face that I shall see no more.

The spring brought forth a tender bloom,
That summer kissed with fragrant breath,
But ah ! the autumn draped his tomb,
And winter was the chill of death.
As seasons swiftly follow each,
So death pursues the steps of life,
And nature hath a silent speech—
The soul that thinks is full of strife.

“We live, we die.” Is that the end
Of our immortal longings here ?
And can this little sentence penned
Sum up life’s heart-ache and its cheer ?
Can joy tread on the heels of grief,
Can sorrow lift the troubled soul,
And bid death turn another leaf
When time has folded up its scroll ?

Love’s jewels gathered in our arms,
Our loved, that have been, shall they be ?
Sure souls have their immortal charms,
And there’s a time when we shall see
I span the space from now till then,
And, in the vision of the mind,
I lift the veil of human ken,
To find the blind but lead the blind.

Yet, in my dreams of grief and love,
A hope looms like a mountain grand,
Where, from its Pisgah heights above,
I view another promised land.

I catch a glimpse of sunlit truth
 Beyond where constellations shine,
Where souls shall taste the fount of youth,
 Sprung from the breast of love divine.

This leaf of time, so sadly turned,
 Is moist with many a falling tear ;
These solemn lessons, deeply learned,
 Are written on the vanished year ;
And, gazing on its chequered page,
 The scenes that were come not again,
Unless fond memory bring them up
 To stir another sea of pain.

A streamlet from the lake divine
 Burst forth within the vale below ;
Fresh from the hand of God it smiled
 And laughed beneath the sunrise glow.
I marked it oft, I loved it well,
 Its sunny, glowing smile to me
Was sweeter than the joyous swell
 Of music rippling o'er the sea.

It was a well-spring of bright love
 That bubbled through the shadowed vale,
And caught the sunlight from above,
 Where joy could spread her buoyant sail.
But on a golden summer eve
 A shadow fell,—I watched, I feared,
And while my soul was bent with grief,
 The golden streamlet disappeared.

I wrestled with a hopeless strife—
Pain set her mark upon my soul,—
For death had stoln a bud of life
That time can never more unfold.
Now climbing slow the hills of faith
I see the golden streamlet run,
Beyond the heights that girt the vale,
And smile beneath a brighter sun.

It sifted through the golden sands,
'Twas purged from all the dross of earth ;
Beyond the vale where sorrow stands,
It dwells a fount of fadeless worth.
And yet I know the mists will rise
Before the dawn, beyond the night,
When I shall know to love is wise,
Affection is all true delight.

I've marked the bounds of pleasure's flight.
I've counted merit o'er and o'er,
The wise may reason wrong or right,
The fool may hoard his paltry store,
But God has set the seal of fate.
True wealth is only of the soul,
And they who dote on earth's estate
Must taste where bitter waters roll.

I gird my soul with strong resolve
To bear the griefs that time shall cost,
And trust the ages will evolve
That love, true love, is never lost.

For still I dream that yet, that yet,
The hopes that are beyond recall,
We'll see where suns shall never set
And sorrow's shadows never fall.

O, loved and lost ! wast thou not sent
To lead us to the God above ?
For where thy angel spirit went
There is the heaven of our love.
If e'er within the golden gate
I wander by the crystal sea,
O, shall I meet thee, know thy fate ?
Else would it be a heaven to me ?

Thy only mark upon earth's breast
Sleeps in the pallid, cold moonlight ;
A lonely grave with snow-robed crest
That peers into the void of night.
It holds the bright and laughing eyes,
The dimpled cheeks that I have kissed,
The angel face I loved to prize,
The cherub form so long we've missed.

But not thy stainless spirit ? no,
I ask where, whither has it flown ?
From star to star, from sun to sun,
Until it reached its Maker's throne ?
A voice from out the ages spoke
From where the burning suns are fed,
“Gird up thy loins, go forth in hope,
The living yet shall see their dead.”

O soul ! O harp of thousand strings !
Oft hath a vanished finger swept
Thy wondrous chords ; and angel wings
Have rustled in thy listening sleep,
Where silence was unuttered thought,
That to the hungry spirit given,
The melodies of earth were caught
And blended with the dream of heaven.

O yearning memories, sad and grand !
Prophetic of a time to be.
O wanderer on a lonely strand
That gazes o'er a boundless sea !
Know many souls in all the past
Have dreamt love opes all doors and bars
Beyond the sunset shores at last,
Where islands glitter like the stars.

How many leaves the book of time
Shall open to my future view,
How many hills of strife to climb
I know not, wish not now I knew.
I gather round me hope and trust
As soldiers cloak their martial forms,
And face the future that I must,
In faith abide the coming storms.



OUR LOVED AND LOST.

Is there no bright, unfading clime,
 Beyond this world of severed ties,
To fill the wants that mock in time,
 And dry the tears from sorrow's eyes?
Where blast of winter never blows,
 And endless spring brings deathless flowers;
Where we may see the face of those
 We loved in this sad world of ours?

Is there no pure, immortal sphere
 Beyond this realm of fleeting time,
Where hopes and fears that mock us here
 Will blossom into bliss sublime?
Where ceaseless joys on angel's wing,
 With golden harps shall chase the hours,
And we shall hear the dear ones sing
 Who loved us in this world of ours?

The summers bloom, the autumns fade,
 And winters blow along our way,
And 'mid earth's changing light and shade
 Are memories of those passed away.
They come amid our griefs and pain,
 Like songs we've heard in days gone by,
Whose murmurs, like the distant main,
 Grow loudest when the storms are nigh.

Bright laurels fade and honours rust,
And oft our barque is tempest-tossed,
And willows wave above the dust
Of those whom we have loved and lost.
Yet, in our bright and saddest dream,
Their silent forms we often see,
Like shadows floating o'er time's stream,
Cast from the vast eternity.

The flowers of springtime in their turn
Bloom in fresh beauty o'er the lea,
And brightest stars that set, return,
And view their faces in the sea.
Beyond the sunset and the night,
Where pain and sorrow has no power,
Our loved and lost shall greet our sight
When we close life's transient hour.

There is a fair, perennial world,
Where hopes and joys that mock us here
Will lift their banners high unfurled
To music of that blissful sphere,
And there our souls with rapture greet,
'Mid anthems of bright rolling hours,
With folded wings in converse sweet,
Those we loved in this world of ours.



SADDEST THOUGHTS MAKE SWEETEST SONG.

WHEN the twilight shades are falling

And the even-tide is near,

Comes the voice of memory calling,

Soft as falling of a tear ;

And from shadows dim and fleeting

Come the saddest songs and greeting ;

Yet the sweetest that I hear.

And I dream the olden dreaming

In the gloaming by the way,

And life's rosy-tinted gleaming

Seems to crown the closing day ;

And my heart and brain and being

Wrapt in visions I am seeing,

Sad, yet brightest that I may !

O ! our saddest thoughts are sweetest !

For they span a broader sea,

Soaring eagle-winged and fleetest

O'er the world of memory.

Hope-crowned, heavenward and untiring,

To the good and loved aspiring,

They are calling unto thee.

Like the murmur of bright rivers

In the Islands of the Blest,

Where the solemn music quivers

Like a birdling in its nest,

Come the smiles of those who love us

From the far-off heavens above us,

And our saddest songs are best.

THE MINSTREL'S FAREWELL.

THE harp is silent, still its strings
Vibrating o'er the spirit flings
The soul-touch of its lingerings,
 The echo of its minstrelsy.

Long ages since creation rang
And all the stars of morning sang,
Still, they in dropping beauty hang,
 A song to all eternity.

If it shall cause one soul to seek
And prize the flush on beauty's cheek,
And sun his soul in love and speak
 New life to its immortal fire ;
'Tis not in vain his harp he strung,
'Tis not in vain the minstrel flung,
Some *heart-drops* from his bosom wrung,
 Upon his trembling untaught lyre.

Love was his motto, love his theme,
Fantastic was its wandering beam,
And shadows flitted through its dream
 The wonders of its mystery.

'Twas sad ; 'twas gay ; it taught to pray ;
'Twas beauteous as the flowers of May ;
It wished to stay, to fly away,
 God knows alone its history.

Like harp *Æolian*; good and true,
God's winds must blow him through and through,
Till polished like a drop of dew,

Who dares the flights of minstrelsy.
Who hath the great magician touch,
That souls entranced may wonder much,
At new creations grandly such,

Must tune and strike it fearlessly.

Who nobly does, must nobly think,
The soul that soars can never sink,
And man's a strange connecting link,

Between frail dust and Deity.
A starlight straying through the gloom,
A flower blooming o'er the tomb,
A spirit fearless of all doom,

Is his blest immortality.

Life's span is short, and duties throng,
Like steel-clad warriors deft and strong,
And who would wake persuasive song,

Before a critic callous world.
Perchance some note of simple strain,
May cheer the heart that's sad with pain,
Then silence and oblivion reign,

Sole victors, with their banners furled.

To be awhile like those who've died,
To tread the earth and see its pride,
To mix where strife and mammon vied,
Is his and duty's chivalry.

Yet knows like Druid sad and lone,
Or Santon in his hut of stone,
This earth, though 'twere a diamond throne,
Is not worth half its rivalry.

Joy stirred the song, ambitions grand,
And fancy spread her rainbow land,
And sorrow took him by the hand,
 So varied is life's fleeting spell.
It led him where the sunlight fades,
Beside the gloomy Stygian shades,
Where dust is heaped with silent spades,
 And lips sigh back no last farewell.

Like eagles that in silence bow
On lonely crag, or mountain brow,
He's watched with kindly sadness, how
 The world's great play goes bravely on.
Hope's banners wave with tears wet through,
Pride struts, and merit lacks her due,
The many toiling for the few,
 Dim starlight and the circling sun.

He saw the bows and meek salaams
Of fawning hearts, that strewed their palms
Before the shoddy tinselled shams
 Of fiction's base and timbrelled lies.
And slavish knees that bent to pride,
And banded pelf, and theft whose stride
Was giant-like, and heaven defied,
 And few avenge, and none despise.

But none are perfect, no, not one,
There's even spots upon the sun,
And few life's checkered course can run,
 Who hath no need of charity.
Life's joys too, like her years, are few,
Between the thorns the rose peeps through,
And little pleasures like the dew,
 Best soften its asperity.

Learn to forgive ; thy frailties own ;
Forgiveness never had been known,
Had man ne'er sinned, law stood alone,
 And mercy first was found in heaven.
Of which bold Lucifer ne'er dreamed,
Nor fallen seraphim. O'er them gleamed
Unpardonning wrath ; and such they deemed
 Man's fate from Eden driven.

O'er God's grand temple doth entwine
This law. *He rules by right divine*
Who rules by love. Thus he doth define
 The tyranny of sceptered power.
Home is man's kingdom. 'Neath its wing
Sweet comforts smile and pleasures sing—
There every man's a patriarch king,
 With jewelled empress and love's dower.

He scanned the past from early dawn,
The world slow marching on and on,
The Present, like a giant born,
 That leaps strong-armed into the fray.

No hoary wizard harper he,
And yet the Future, like a sea,
Spread on his sight, the grand *to be*,
Ere time shall close her hastening day.

When earth shall throb with aching breast,
From swarming vale to mountain crest
With myriad souls ; and life the test
 Of science mixed with toil and tears.
Man's brotherhood shall close the wars,
With policy and cunning jars,
And knowledge front the solemn stars,
 And learn the mystery of the years.

Like pilgrims on Sahara's strand,
Who chase a mirage o'er the sand,
And grasping, find but dust in hand,
 And cheated fall across their graves ;
The simoon on life's desert plain,
The strife for bliss we do not gain,
The blight of hope, the sting of pain ;
 But sweeten death's cold chilling waves.

Harp of the soul ! thy chords are strung
By the hand of Fate. Life's song is sung
'Twixt smiles and tears, from the stars among,
 To the dusky depths vibrating.
While the world's at play, the world so gay,
And few will pause to think or pray,
Till passion's clamour ends the day,
 Where a dreamless night is waiting.

In the bliss to be, the soul is free,
 And the hand of Fate by the crystal sea,
 No more can tune thy minstrelsy

In the isles of the far-off shore.
 But they'll waft their songs with a sweet refrain,
 To hearts that moan like the sobbing main,
 Till they fear no pain, but climb to gain

The peerless heights where the soul can soar.

The echoes die, the harp is still,
 Its cadence hath no power to thrill,
 'Twas music caught from yonder rill,

That sunbeams kissed and let it fall.
 It came, it went—its music blent
 With shadows of the firmament,
 The end is *silence*. God hath meant

That *SILENCE* soon shall come to all.

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